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THE

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE,

VISITATION CHARGES,

SPEECHES, AND MISCELLANIES,

OF THE RIGHT REVEREND,

FRANCIS ATTERBURY, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

WITH HISTORICAL NOTES.

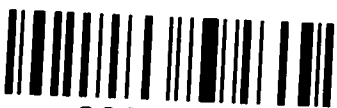
67884

How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!

POPE.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON,
PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS,
AND SOLD BY C. DILLY, IN THE POULTRY,
MDCCLXXXIII.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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor of theſe Volumes acknowledges that, with a zealous admiration of the fine talents of Biſhop ATTERBURY, he once entertained ſome degree of prejudice againſt him, which he ſince diſcovers to have been ill founded; and apprehends, from ſeveral authenticated pieces here offered to the publick, that the Biſhop's character will appear to have been miſrepreſented and injured.

Belles Lettres, however, and not Politics, are the immediate object of this publication; which the reader will eaſily believe, when he is aſſured that it originated from having purchaſed at the ſale of the Hon. Topham Beauclerk's library the pathetic narrative of the laſt illneſs and death of Mrs. Morice. In conſequence of this acquiſition, Mr. Chauncey (a gentleman to whom the Editor is the more obliged as he was totally unknown to him) very kindly contributed ſome original letters to Mr. Williams, which had many years ſince

accidentally fallen into his poſſeſſion; and which, having been principally written about the ſame period with thoſe printed in a quarto pamphlet at Edinburgh, 1768, *that* pamphlet was procured; and the number of letters, augmented by a few addreſſed to Dean Moſs, which were bought at Northampton in a collection of Dr. Zachary Grey's MSS. ſeemed ſufficiently conſiderable to form a volume.

The Editor, however, did not think it adviſeable to print them, till he could obtain every poſſible information towards illuſtrating the life and character of a Prelate of ſuch diſtinguiſhed eminence. That admirable repoſitory of literary treaſures, *The Britiſh Muſeum*, he found, contained ſome original letters of Biſhop Atterbury, which Dr. Birch (had his life been ſpared) intended to have publiſhed. Theſe, by the permiſſion of the Honourable Curators, he tranſcribed; and has ſince enlarged the number from ſingle letters diſperſed in a variety of publications. He is not aſhamed to own that he obtained ſome curious articles from the periſhing volumes of Curll *.

When

* The memory of Edmund Curll has been tranſmitted to poſterity with an obloquy he ill deſerved

When the preſent work was ſo forward as to be publicly announced, a delay in the printing of it was occaſioned by further communications from various friends of the Editor (and, he is proud to add, of the Biſhop's neareſt relations) which have more than doubled his ſtore of original matter; and by this means the publick have a volume added, which they will have no cauſe to regret. The correſpondence of Atterbury with the Lords Orrery and Stanhope, with Swift and Prior, and his pamphlet on the Teſt Act, are now for the firſt time printed; with Four admirable Viſitation Charges, of which that to the dioceſe of Rocheſter, in particular, is of ſuch uncommon excellence, that it would alone have been ſufficient to have eſtabliſhed our Author's reputation as a Writer and a Divine.

His memorable Speech in the Houſe of Lords may alſo be ſaid to be now firſt faith-

ſerved. Whatever were his demerits, they were amply atoned for by his indefatigable induſtry in preſerving our national remains. Nor did he publiſh a ſingle volume, but what, amidſt a profuſion of baſer metal, contained ſome precious ore, ſome valuable reliques, which future collectors could no where elſe have found.

fully publiſhed, as the ſlighteſt compariſon with that erroneouſly printed in the "State "Trials" will evidently ſhew. This Speech the Biſhop feelingly opens, by complaining of the uncommon ſeverity he had experienced in the Tower; which was carried to ſo great a length, that not even his ſon-in-law, Mr. Morice, was permitted to ſpeak to him in any nearer mode than ſtanding in an open area, whilſt the Biſhop looked out of a two pair of ſtairs window. His confinement was extremely rigorous. Nor did the ſeverity of his treatment ceaſe even with his baniſhment. The ſame vindictive ſpirit purſued him in foreign climes. No Britiſh ſubject was even permitted to viſit him without the King's ſign manual, which Mr. Morice was always obliged to ſolicit, not only for himſelf, but for every one of his family whom he carried abroad with him, for which the fees of office were very high.

When Atterbury firſt entered upon his baniſhment, Bruſſels was the place deſtined for his reſidence; but, by the arts and inſtigations of the Britiſh miniſters, he was compelled to leave that place, and retire to Paris. There

There being ſolicited by the friends of the Pretender to enter into their negociations, which he carefully avoided; that he might be the more out of their reach, he changed his abode for Montpelier in 1728, and reſided there about two years.

How far the Biſhop might have been attached in his inclinations to the Stuart family, to which he might be led by early prejudices of education, and the divided opinions of the times, is not neceſſary here to inquire. But that he ſhould be weak enough to engage in a plot ſo inconſiſtent with his ſtation, and ſo clumſily deviſed (to ſay the leaſt of it, and without entering into his ſolemn aſſeverations of innocence) is utterly inconſiſtent with that cunning which his enemies allowed him. The Duke of Wharton, it is well known, was violent againſt him, till convinced by his unanſwerable reaſoning.

It has been ſaid that his wiſhes reached to the Biſhoprick of London, or even to York or Canterbury *. But thoſe who were better acquainted with his views knew that Wincheſter would have been much more deſirable

* See vol. I. p. 131. vol. II. p. 39.

to him than either of the others. And there are thoſe now living, who have been told, from reſpectable authority, that that Biſhoprick was offered to him whenever it ſhould become vacant (and till that event ſhould happen, a penſion of £. 5000. a year, beſides an ample proviſion for Mr. Morice) if he would ceaſe to give the oppoſition he did to Sir Robert Walpole's adminiſtration, by his Speeches and Proteſts in the Houſe of Lords. When that offer was rejected by the Biſhop, then the contrivance for his ruin was determined on.

In his Speech in the Houſe of Lords (ſee vol. II. p. 157.) the Biſhop mentions his being "engaged in a correſpondence with two learned men [Bp. Potter and Dr. Wall] on ſettling the times of writing the Four Goſpels." Part of this correſpondence the Editor has ſeen; and is in hopes of obtaining permiſſion to publiſh it. The ſame ſubject the Biſhop purſued during his exile, having conſulted the Learned of all nations, and had nearly brought the whole to a concluſion when he died. Theſe laudable labours are an ample confutation of Bp. Newton's aſſertion, that Atterbury "wrote little, whilſt in exile, "but

"but a few criticiſms on French authors *." When his body was brought over to be buried in Weſtminſter-abbey, it was accompanied with his MSS. which underwent a ſtrict examination. By the memorandum which immediately follows this advertiſement, it appears that the Biſhop's papers were actually ſeized; but as no literary work of his is now to be found in the State Paper-office, this valuable treaſure (it is feared) is irrecoverably loſt.

Thus far the Editor has given an unvarniſhed narrative of the means by which this publication has been prepared. It would have been more methodical, but that his materials have accumulated as they were paſſing through his hands. And he is now happy to announce, that the immediate deſcendant of Atterbury's firſt and greateſt patron (heir to his great-grandfather's virtues and liberality, as well as to his title and profeſſion) has within theſe few days very politely communicated ſo large a ſtock of valuable unpubliſhed letters to Biſhop Trelawney, that, not finding it poſſible to make room for them but in a

* See vol. II. p. 87.

ſeparate

ſeparate publication, he no longer withholds the preſent volumes from the world, not doubting but they will meet with a favourable reception.

May 1, 1783.

J. N.

Copy

Copy of a Paper that was folded up in the late Biſhop of ROCHESTER's Will *, and ſealed up therewith in a blank cover (endorſed or ſuperſcribed *The Biſhop's Will*) opened before Mr. Morice, at his examination, May 1, 1732, and acknowledged by him.

DELAFAYE †.
JNº COURAND †.

"MEMORANDUM, June the 30th, 1729.

I GIVE to William Walter all my wearing apparel and linen whatſoever.

I would have all my paper books, letters, and writings, put into the ſaid Walter's hands, to be delivered by him to Mr. Morice and Mrs. Morice.

My box of Sermon notes I direct to be burnt without delay.

I deſire Mr. Morice and Mrs. Morice to give to Oſbaldiſton and his wife ſuch part of the *batterie de cuiſine*, and furniture, which I have at Paris, as they ſhall not think fit to carry over to England with them and uſe themſelves.

* Which is printed in this volume, p. 299.
† Under Secretaries of State.

I give

I give to Mr. Salkeld four hundred livres, beſides the quarterly allowance now due to him; and deſire Mr. Morice and Mrs. Morice to do him any further ſervice in their power.

I deſire Mr. Morice to review carefully all my papers, letters, and writings, and deſtroy all ſuch as ought not to be ſeen.

I give to my ever honoured friend the Dutcheſs of Buckingham my diamond ring; thanking her, with my laſt breath, for all the inſtances of her goodneſs to me, and not doubting but ſhe will continue them alſo to Mrs. Morice.

I humbly beg of his Grace the Duke of Ormond, that he will, when he has occaſion, take Mr. Salkeld into his family, whom he will find to be faithful and ſerviceable to him.

I would have the picture of Father Courayer, now in the hands of Mr. Leonard at Paris, given to the Univerſity of Oxford, if they ſhall think fit to put it up in the ſchools gallery.

I give to Mr. Pope any book he ſhall think fit to chooſe out of my ſmall collection, to be preſerved by him in memory of me.

CON-

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

LETTERS to and from Biſhop ATTERBURY.

LETTER		Page
I.	From Mr. Whitfield	1
II.	To Mr. Whitfield	3
III.	From Mr. Smalridge	5
IV.	To his Father	9
V.	From his Father	11
VI.	From Mr. Newton	14
VII.	From Mr. Smalridge	16
VIII.	To Dr. Smalridge	19
IX.	To Sir T. Rawlinſon	21
XI.	From J. G.	23
XII.	To Sir C. Duncombe	24
XIII.	From Mr. Bromley	26
XIV.	To Mr. Plaxton	29
XV.	To Dean Swift	30
XVI.	To Mr. Pope	35
XVII.	To the ſame	37
XVIII.	To the ſame	39
XIX.	From Mr. Pope	41
XX.	To Mr. Prior	47
XXI.	To Dean Stanhope	48
XXII.	From Dean Stanhope	50
XXXIII.	To Dean Stanhope	51
XXIV.	From his Brother	53
XXV.	To his Brother	56
XXVI.	To the ſame	57
XXVII.	To the ſame	59
XXVIII.	From his Brother	60
XXIX.	From Mr. Pope	62
XXX.	To Mr. Pope	66
XXXI.	To the ſame	72

LETTER		Page
XXXII.	To Mr. Pope	77
XXXIII.	To the ſame	81
XXXIV.	From Mr. Pope	84
XXXV.	To Mr. Pope	85
XXXVI.	From Mr. Pope	88
XXXVII.	To Mr. Pope	90
XXXVIII.	From Mr. Pope	91
XXXIX.	To Mr. Pope	94
XL.	To Dean Moſs	97
XLI.	To the ſame	100
XLII.	To Mr. Pope	101
XLIII.	To Dean Moſs	104
XLIV.	To the ſame	105
XLV.	To Mr. Pope	111
XLVI.	From Mr. Pope	115
XLVII.	To Mr. Pope	115
XLVIII.	To his Son	118
XLIX.	To General Dillon	120
L.	To Lord Marr	128
LI.	To the Pretender	129
LII.	From General Dillon	132
LIII.	To Lord Townſhend	134
LIV.	To Mr. Pope	136
LV.	From Mr. Pope	139
LVI.	From the ſame	144
LVII.	To John Cameron of Lochiel	148
LVIII.	Sir H. Maclean, Lochiel, and Clanronald, to the Pretender	151
LIX.	Memorial by the Marquis of Seaforth and Clanronald	153
LX.	Memorial given in to the Bp. of Rocheſter by Sir H. Maclean and Lochiel	155
LXI.	The Pretender to the Marquis of Seaforth, Sir H. Maclean, Clanronald, and Lochiel	159
LXII.	Anſwer to the Pretender by Sir H. Maclean and Lochiel	160

LETTER		Page
LXIII.	Sir H. Maclean to Lochiel	162
LXIV.	The Pretender to Lochiel and Sir H. Maclean	163
LXV.	To Sir H. Maclean	164
LXVI.	Lord Invverneſs to Lochiel	ib.
LXVII.	To Mr. Williams	166
LXVIII.	To the ſame	167
LXIX.	To the ſame	ib.
LXX.	To the ſame	168
LXXI.	To the ſame	169
LXXII.	To the ſame	170
LXXIII.	To Mr. Thiriot	171
LXXIV.	To the ſame	173
LXXV.	To the ſame	175
LXXVI.	To the ſame	177
LXXVII.	To the ſame	179
LXXVIII.	To the ſame	182
LXXIX.	To the ſame	186
LXXX.	To the ſame	188
LXXXI.	To the ſame	189
LXXXII.	To Mr. Williams	192
LXXXIII.	To the ſame	194
LXXXIV.	From Mr. Williams	196
LXXXV.	To Mr. Williams	211
LXXXVI.	To the ſame	212
LXXXVII.	To the ſame	214
LXXXVIII	To Mr. Morice	216
LXXXIX.	To Mrs. Morice	220
XC.	From Mr. Morice	222
XCI.	To Mrs. Morice	224
XCII.	To Mr. Williams	227
XCIII.	From Mr. Morice	230
XCIV.	From Mrs. Morice	232
XCV.	From Mr. Morice	233
XCVI.	From the ſame	236
XCVII.	Mr. Evans's Diary of a Journey and Voyage from Weſtminſter to Bourdeaux and Toulouſe	238

LETTER		Page
XCVIII.	Mr. J. Evans to his Brother in London	244
XCIX.	To Mr. Pope	245
C.	Mr. J. Evans to his Brother	251
CI.	To Mr. Pope	259
CII.	To * * * * * *	260
CIII.	To Mr. Dennis	262
CIV.	To Monſ. Rollin	263
CV.	To Mr. ———	266
CVI.	Mrs. Williams to her Son	267
CVII.	To Mr. Williams	269
CVIII.	To Mr. Pope	273
CIX.	The Bp. of Rocheſter's Vindication of himſelf, Smalridge, and Aldrich	276
CX.	To Mr. Williams.	2[illegible]
CXI.	To Mrs. ——	295
CXII.	Anecdote in a ſpare leaf before Sir N. Brett's tranſlation of Father Paul	297
CXIII.	The Biſhop's Will	299

MISCELLANIES.

I. Dr. Smalridge's ſpeech to the Upper-houſe of Convocation, when he preſented Dr. Atterbury as Prolocutor, 1710. 303

II. Dr. Atterbury's Speech on his Election to the office of Prolocutor, 1710. 312

III. Dr. Atterbury's Speech at Oxford, on the day of his admiſſion to the Deanry of Chriſt Church, 1711. 319

IV. Dr. Atterbury's Speech, when he preſented Lord Harley to his degree of M. A. 327

V. Antonius Muſa's Character, repreſented by Virgil, in the perſon of Iapis 329

Remarks on it, by Dr. Templeman 367

Remarks, by the Editor, on Atterbury's Iapis 372

Additions and Corrections 377

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Afterwards Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

LETTER I.

To Mr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY, Student of Chriſt-Church in Oxford [probably from Mr. WHITFIELD *, to whom the following Letter is addreſſed.]

SIR, Covent Garden, Dec. 1, 1687.

I Received your poeſy † this morning; for which I return my thanks. It hath given me and Sir Thomas Travill, who gives you his ſervice, very good diverſion, and is able to bear the teſt without the conſideration

* W. Whitfield, of Chriſt Church, took his degree of M. A. June 3, 1684.

† Thoſe probably on a lady's fan.

you put me in mind of in the latter end of your letter. In your gueſſes about the anſwer to Mr. Dryden you are in the right, only as to that particular that it was Mr. Brown's; but it was not that which I meant, that being verſe, and come out this day, which you ſhall have by the next coach. I have not read it, ſo that I can give you no previous character of it, if I durſt.

My lord Scarſdale has loſt his regiment; which is given to the Duke of St. Albans: who ſucceeds him in his Lieutenancy of Derbyſhire is not yet known. The prevalency of my Lord Mayor's * party is known very much by this, that the King hath been perſuaded, through their interceſſions, to permit taking down Corniſh's quarters †. I am in very great haſte, your moſt humble ſervant and real friend.

* Sir John Peake.

† This was the celebrated patriotic ſheriff, whoſe name is ſo familiar in our hiſtory. He was tried and convicted of being concerned in the ſame plot for which Lord Ruſſel, Sydney, and others, ſuffered; and was executed two days after his trial, Oct. 21, 1685. To add to the ignominy of his ſentence, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered, within ſight of his own houſe. His quarters were expoſed on Guildhall, and from the above paſſage appear to have remained there above two years.

LET-

LETTER II.

Mr. ATTERBURY to Mr. WILLIAM WHITFIELD, at Saliſbury-houſe, Strand.

SIR, Jan. 21, 1687-8.

I Aſk your pardon, that through want of leiſure and abſence from town I could not comply with your deſire till now. Giovanni della Caſa archbiſhop of Benevento was the Pope's Nuntio at Venice in 1548, as you will find in Sleidan's Commentaries, lib. xxi. who there mentions that piece. He was reputed, and is now, an excellent poet, and one of the moſt polite writers of his age, and is quoted by all critics in that kind as ſuch; nor do I find that piece objected to him by any of the Italians, how ill ſoever the Tramontanes might reliſh it. I remember to have ſomewhere read, that, being to preſent a petition to the Pope, by miſtake he gave him a copy of bawdy verſes, which was ſaid to be the reaſon that he did not riſe to greater preferment. I do not find that work ever anſwered; but you may be fully ſatisfied, by conſulting the *Indices Prohibitorii*, or

Expurgatorii, which, after other editions, are printed in folio, at Geneva 1677. The book I have not now by me. The impreſſion of Caſa's poem, in 1545; no place named, but by the paper and print I judge at Baſil; but there is a very fine impreſſion at Florence, 1550 or 51; with public knowledge, no queſtion. The title is *Tutte le Opere del Berni ed altri.* Theſe are the only editions I have ſeen. His other poems and proſe in Italian are often printed; but the beſt edition is that with Menagius's notes, at Paris, 1567. His Latin works are printed at Florence, 1667. For church-matters or controverſies, he meddled not with them, otherwiſe than as a political miniſter, nor ever writ any thing in that kind. This is what occurs at preſent to, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,

F. A.

LET-

LETTER III.

To Mr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

[Probably from Mr. SMALLRIDGE.]

Sept. 1, 1690.

I Thank you heartily for your accounts relating to Bury's * caſe, and will ſatisfy myſelf. I need not do it in many words. The facts I have ſent to my Lord †; and ſhould have been glad you had not tied me up in the circumſtances, wherein upon that account I am religious. Pr'ythee give me a little more liberty; it is on your account, as well as mine, I deſire it; and I ſhould be very ſorry to loſe the occaſion. Two things I would know further: One is, Who drew up the propoſitions to be cenſured, ſince the two Profeſſors did not? The other is, Whether by the larger ſtatutes (for in thoſe of common uſe I can find no room for puniſhing the authors of heretical books) there is

* Arthur Bury, Rector of Exeter college, Oxford, whence he was ejected, 1690, by Biſhop Trelawney, the viſitor of that college, for writing a book, called, "The naked Goſpel," in which he was ſuppoſed to favour the Socinian ſcheme. See Wood's Ath. Ox. II. 949.

† Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Biſhop of Exeter.

no way to fall upon the perſon, be it by expulſion or any other cenſure? If there be, why is it not followed, ſince the Apology * is ſufficiently provoking? Let me hear by the next poſt after you receive this. I give you no further account of my matter till I have made an end; but only thus much: After J. James's letter † to me, which I thought ſlight enough, I told him I knew he did not want underſtanding, and would not believe he wanted friendſhip, letting him know withal it was not a thing I valued but on the account I acquainted him with at Oxford: he has, on that ſcore, preſſed it; and my Lord thinks it beneath me, but has promiſed him to write to me about it (which he ſays he deſired of him, to ſatisfy me he had done me right). I ſay what is fit to be ſaid to the Doctor on that hint; but ſtay for my Lord's letter, to reſolve whether I will have it or no, if (as I ſuppoſe) I may; perhaps I ſhall cloſe with his opinion, and refuſe it; but at preſent I judge I ſhall tell him freely my reaſon why I would have it,

* "An Apology for writing the Naked Goſpels." See Wood, *ubi ſup.*

† John James, D. D. at that time chancellor of the church of Exeter.

and

and then leave him to judge of my reaſon, and diſpoſe on't as he pleaſes; for I will by no means have it paſs for an obligation. It is a greater to be denied. I thought to have ſaid nothing of this buſineſs of mine, and ſelf runs into every line. I hear your friend Duke* has been at Glouceſter, preached againſt Sir John Guiſe, and fled the town. I ſend this by an honeſt warm fellow, W. Wotton, Schoolmaſter of this town, and brother to a ſtudent † of our houſe. If you are civil to him with a due care of your health, I will not complain of it. The Dean of Briſtol ‡ ſent me the decree || by poſt: pray, when you ſee him, thank him for it; and tell him, if he is not furniſhed from better hands with the paſſages of this town, I am ready to return him the obligation. We are like at the aſſizes to have two very pretty tryals here; one is Wotton's, he brings his action againſt

* Richard Duke, M. A. of Trinity-College, Cambridge, who had obtained a Prebend of Glouceſter, in 1688; and "who," ſays Swift to Stella, "was one of the *wits* when we were chil-"dren; but turned parſon, and left it." His life has been written by Dr. Johnſon.

† John Wotton, of Chriſt Church, took the degree of M. A. July 2, 1689.

‡ Dr. W. Levett, principal of Magdalen-hall.

|| Againſt Dr. Bury, of which ſee Wood, *ubi ſup.*

a man for ſaying he was expelled St. John's for drinking the Devil's health. Sufficiently falſe the ſtory is. The other is one Mr. Heath, a parſon too, who brings his action againſt a man for ſaying he is a B—. This is falſe too; I believe it will appear ſo upon tryal; but there are foul ſtories will come out upon mitigation of damages (I doubt) of having raſcally bedfellows, ſoliciting them, &c. ſo that he will be ruined unleſs the judge keeps them from all ſuch ſort of evidence. This man, Sir, has given out he he is got between me and my Biſhop. He is wiſe at leaſt, you will own, in ſaying ſo. I do not hear that any more than I believe it; but ſhall be at the tryal, and give an account of it you may be ſure; he deſerves that for his vanity. I hear nothing from Wh——* of late. Remember me to King †, and anſwer my laſt. Adieu.

* Moſt probably Whitfield.

† Another contemporary wit, a ſtudent of Chriſt Church, and at that time M. A. afterwards LL. D. Advocate of Doctors Commons, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty and Keeper of the Records in Ireland, and Vicar General to Lord Primate Marſh. Dr. King's life alſo has been written by Dr. Johnſon. His Original Works were collected, by the Editor of theſe Letters, in three volumes, 8vo, 1776.

LET-

LETTER IV.

Mr. F. ATTERBURY to his Father *.

Oxon, Oct. 24, 1690.

——————— My pupil, I never had a thought of parting with, till I left Oxford.—I wiſh I could part with him to-morrow on that ſcore; for I am perfectly wearied with this nauſeous circle of ſmall affairs, that can now neither divert nor inſtruct me. I was made, I am ſure, for another ſcene, and another ſort of converſation; though it has been my hard luck to be pinned down to this. I have thought and thought again, Sir, and for ſome years; now I have never been able to think otherwiſe, than that I am loſing

* Dr. Lewis Atterbury, then Rector of Milton, or Middleton Keynes, in Bedfordſhire; he was unfortunately drowned near his own houſe in 1693. The preſent Extract is preſerved by Mr. Budgell, not only to ſhew what opinion our great Genius had of Mr. Boyle, but likewiſe as an evidence what the conſciouſneſs of his own abilities forced him to think of *himſelf*, while he was yet a young man.

time every minute I ſtay here. The only benefit I ever propoſe to myſelf by the place is ſtudying; and that I am not able to compaſs. Mr. Boyle takes up half my time, and I grudge it him not; for he is a fine gentleman; and while I am with him I will do what I can to make him a man *: college and univerſity buſineſs take up a great deal more; and I am forced to be uſeful to the Dean in a thouſand particulars; ſo that I have very little time.

Sir, your moſt dutiful ſon,

FR. ATTERBURY.

* Mr. Atterbury was as good as his word: The late Earl of Orrery, who was a fine gentleman when he was put into his hands, came out of them a man, in the beſt and trueſt ſignification of the word. To his Tutor he probably owed a good part of that fine reliſh he had for the writings of the antients. BUDGELL.

LETTER V.

From Mr. LEWIS ATTERBURY to his ſon FRANCIS, at his Chambers in Chriſt-Church, in Oxford.

Milton, Nov. 1, 1690.

I KNOW not what to think of your uneaſineſs. It ſhews unlike a Chriſtian, and ſavórs neither of temper nor conſideration. I am troubled to remember it is habitual. You uſed to ſay, "When you had "your degrees, you ſhould be able to ſwim "without bladders." You ſeemed to rejoice at your being moderator, and of your *quantum* and ſublecturer; but neither of theſe pleaſed you; nor was you willing to take thoſe Pupils the houſe afforded you, when maſter; nor doth your lectures pleaſe, or noblemen ſatisfy you. But you make yourſelf and friends uneaſy: cannot truſt Providence.

Do your duty, and ſerve God in your ſtation, until you are called to ſomewhat better. Man's ways are not in himſelf, nor can all your projecting change the colour of one of your

your hairs, which are numbered, and a ſparrow falls not to the ground without a divine overſight. What may we think of our ſtations? You need not doubt but I could wiſh you all the great things you are capable of; but I can neither ſecure them to you nor myſelf; but muſt leave all to time and Providence. I am not wanting in pains and proſpect, and deny myſelf more in toiling and ſparing than you ever did or will do, and all I ſee to little purpoſe, when it is of no better effect with you. It hath coſt me ſeveral journeys to ſettle things with my brother; and your brother knows no more than he heard from me or his wife, for it was done in his abſence, and he knows not (nor they) that I deſigned for you. Beſides, I have obliged myſelf to be his bailiff as long as I live; and for Riſſington, it coſt me long and wet journeys, beſides expence. Madam Bray* is very civil to me, without the Dean's interpoſing. I met her at the Wells. If ſhe would give you the next turn, on my death or reſignation, it would be ſomewhat; but you may enjoy it better, and without charge,

* The Brays were patrons of the rectory; to which Dr. Atterbury had been preſented in 1654.

or

or loſs of any thing in Oxford, under my title: it may cloſe with every preferment elſewhere better, when not charged with this. I know, and have been aſſured, that ſhe had rather have me there than Chetwode *, and he hath another argument (beſides his own expence) to incline him to peace, in that I may make him pay my charges, and refund our main profits. If you can do any thing to make him ſenſible of it, it may do well. For matching, there is no way for preferment like marrying into ſome family of intereſt, either biſhop, or archbiſhop's, or ſome courtier, which may be done, with accompliſhments, and a portion too; but I may write what I will, you conſider little, and diſquiet yourſelf much. That God would direct and ſeaſon you with his fear, is the earneſt prayer of your loving father,

LEWIS ATTERBURY.

* Knightley Chetwode obtained, in 1686, the Rectory of Great Riſſington, where he built a large handſome houſe for his ſucceſſors. He commenced D. D. 1691; obtained the adjacent rectory of Little Riſſington in 1702; was inſtalled Dean of Glouceſter in 1707; and died April 4, 1720.

I paid

I paid poſtage to London for your two laſt letters according to your new orders, and ſuppoſe you were excuſed for that ſtage, as I was not charged for yours to London from Oxford. I intend to be in London the 11th inſtant.

LETTER VI.

Mr. NEWTON to Mr. ATTERBURY.

London, Nov. 15, 1690.

DEAR MR. ATTERBURY,

I Received the ſurplice this night, by Moore's coach; for the trouble I have given, and the care you have taken in this matter, I give you a thouſand thanks. I ſhould be glad to receive your directions how to pay the money it coſt. Lieutenant Colonel Rycaut, ſometime Deputy Governor of Cork, has enlarged himſelf, and got out of the Tower; which my Lord Lucas thinks reflects ſo much upon his diligence, that he offers £1000 to any body that ſhall apprehend him; and Rycaut's warder, who is ſuppoſed to have been inſtrumental in his eſcape, is taken into cuſtody.

tody. My Lord Godolphin took his place this day at the Treaſury-board, in the room of Sir John Lowther, who is to be principal ſecretary of ſtate, and an earl *. Sir Scrope How †, it is ſaid, will ſucceed him in the office of Vice Chamberlain. Dr. Sherlock's book ‡ is variouſly talked of. It is commonly ſaid, that he has not well differenced our preſent caſe, and that of ſubmiſſion to Oliver's government. I am not a judge of any thing but his law; and though I am not a good judge of that neither, yet I am lawyer enough to know that it is abſurd to talk of a patent of naturalization, and to ſay that an act of parliament cannot be repealed by conſequence, &c. Adieu. 10 o'clock.

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JAMES NEWTON.

* This was an idle report of the day. Henry Lord Viſcount Sidney was appointed Secretary of State; and Sir John Lowther did not obtain a peerage till May 28, 1696, when he was created Viſcount Lonſdale.

† Of whom ſee Collins's Peerage, 1779, vol. VII. p. 324.

‡ "The caſe of the Allegiance due to ſovereign Princes ſtated and reſolved, &c. 1690." 4to. by Dr. William Sherlock, who obtained, in 1691, the Deanry of St. Pauls.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To Mr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

[Probably from Mr. SMALRIDGE.]

Feb 23, 1690-91.

I AM like to be in earneſt, when I talk of ſtaying till April before I go to Exeter; for I hear nothing from my Lord * yet, though the Fellow's dead. I wrote to him about a week or more ſince, to thank him for his good intentions, which Dr. James had acquainted me with; and gave the Doctor too an account that I did ſo. The Doctor wiſhes I had not (not for my ſake I ſuppoſe), and ſuppoſes my Lord intended to give me the firſt notice of it himſelf. He tells me I am very much obliged to my Lord, for he has been much importuned for ſome of his relations (if ſo, I muſt have an eye upon theſe relations) and others. He ſays too, there is another falling; perhaps then my

* Biſhop Trelawney.

Lord

Lord ſtays to ſatisfy two at once. Newey* has writ to Dr. James; and he ſays my Lord is ſatisfied with his reaſons; but perhaps that is more than he knows. You are reſolved to beſtir yourſelf, you ſay, in your office in the houſe †, foreſee ſome trouble and ill-will, and are yet reſolved for the good of the houſe: a hero! I ſuppoſe you expect to do little good but upon the Weſtminſters. No gruffneſs, I beſeech you; uſe them civily, and ſtick to your point. As to your other buſineſs, I heartily wiſh myſelf to recover the misfortune of beginning at the wrong end. Nicholſon ‡ is the beſt Expounder of our Catechiſm. I know Tully has a good Catechiſm in Latin, if you bate his ſcepticiſm; a point, I ſuppoſe, you will take time enough to ſettle. I would not uſe many books of that kind, unleſs I had time to make one out of them for my own uſe; and then indeed I would follow a method, which ſhould be wholly my own

* Thomas Newey, of Chriſt Church, M. A. 1682; one of the Proctors in 1689; D. D. 1701; Chancellor of the church of Exeter in 1704, and Præcentor in 1706.

† Q. *Moderator*, or *Maſter?* See p. 11.

‡ Wm. Nicholſon Biſhop of Glouceſter. He publiſhed his Expoſition of the Catechiſm in 1655; and died Feb. 5, 1671.

too. Your main work, I think, will lie in the Commandments and Creed. For the firſt, I never found any one better than Thomas Aquinas, nor do I eaſily believe ſhall ever look much further, at leaſt there is my ſtaff. I need not tell you of the Biſhop of Cheſter * and ſome others in the ſecond; but two I will mention, that may otherwiſe perhaps eſcape you. One is Gill on the Creed: the beſt uſe I have made of him is to know the Heretics who have oppoſed it, and their opinions. Perhaps others have done it better; but I have not heard of them. And the other is Dr. Jackſon †, in three volumes; they were for the main preached as ſermons. He has a hard ſort of a ſtyle, but was a gallant fellow, take my word for it; though ſome of Oley's ‡ commendations (who put them

* Dr. John Pearſon. See his book on the Creed.

† Thomas Jackſon, D. D. Dean of Peterborough, and Preſident of Corpus Chriſti College, Oxford. His Works (with a Life of him by E. Vaughan, a Fellow of the ſame College) were publiſhed by Barnabas Oley, B. D. Fellow of Clare-hall, and Vicar of Great Granſden in Huntingdonſhire, in three volumes, folio, 1673.

‡ When he publiſhed Jackſon's Works Oley lamented "the feebleneſs of his memory, which "has ſometimes been ſo nullified (but for a very "little moment, I bleſs GOD) that I could not re- "member

them out) would make one ſick. If I were in my own ſtudy, and among my own papers, perhaps I might give you ſome better hints. At preſent theſe are enough to tire you; the rhetorical part I need ſay nothing of to you; nor perhaps need any one elſe. Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

Dr. ATTERBURY to Dr. SMALLRIDGE.

DEAR GEORGE, Friday Noon. [1706.]

I Happened, about a fortnight ago, to dine with Mrs. Aſtell*: ſhe ſpoke to me of my ſermon†, and deſired me to print it;

"member the name of any one in my pariſh, "where I have been vicar forty years." He was turned out of his Fellowſhip living for his adherence to the Crown, but reſtored on the King's return; after which he was promoted to a prebend at Worceſter, and the Archdeaconry of Ely. He died Feb. 20, 1685-6. Beſides Jackſon's Works (which Oley inſcribed to his patron Archbiſhop Sheldon), he publiſhed Herbert's Country Parſon, with a Preface. See Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy, p. 141. and Bentham's Ely, p. 279.

* Mrs. Mary Aſtell, an ingenious and pious lady, as appears by many of her publications: ſhe died at Chelſea, May 11, 1732. Her life is printed in the firſt volume of the Biographia Britannica, 1778, p. 312. where is alſo an *imperfect* copy of this letter to Dr. Smallridge.

† On the election of th Lord Mayor in 1706.

and after I had given her the proper anſwers, hinted to me, that ſhe would be glad of peruſing it: I complied with her, and ſent her the ſermon next day. Yeſternight ſhe returned it, with this ſheet of her remarks, which I cannot forbear communicating to you, becauſe I take them to be of an extraordinary nature, conſidering they come from the pen of a woman. Indeed, one would not imagine a woman had written them. There is not an expreſſion that carries the leaſt air of her ſex from the beginning to the end of it. She attacks me very home, you ſee, and artfully enough, and under pretence of taking my part againſt other Divines, who are in Hoadly's * meaſures. Had ſhe as much good-breeding as good-ſenſe, ſhe would be perfect; but ſhe has not the moſt decent manner of inſinuating what ſhe means, but is now and then a little offenſive and ſhocking in her expreſſions; which I wonder at, becauſe a civil turn of words, even where the matter is not pleaſing, is what her ſex is always miſtreſs of: ſhe, I think, is wanting in it. But

* Who had juſt before attacked the celebrated ſermon on 1 Cor. xv. 9. in "A Letter to Dr. Francis "Atterbury, concerning Virtue and Vice, 1706."

her

her ſenſible and natural way of writing makes amends for that defect; if indeed any thing can make amends for it. I dread to engage her; ſo I may write a general civil anſwer to her, and leave the reſt to an oral conference. Her way of ſolving the difficulty about ſwearing to the Queen is ſomewhat ſingular.

You will bring this with you to Henry Brydges's * to-morrow. Perhaps I may call upon you between twelve and one, in order to our going thither together; if I were ſure you would be at home, I would. But if I do, and find you are gone abroad, there is no inconvenience in it: I can follow you alone. Yours. Adieu.

LETTER IX.

Dean of CARLISLE to Sir T. RAWLINSON.

MY LORD, Oct. 7, 1706.

QUIET at home, and conqueſt abroad, are two of the greateſt bleſſings that can happen to a people; and theſe have remark-

* Second ſon of James Lord Chandos, and brother to the firſt Duke of that name. He was afterwards Archdeacon and Prebendary of Rocheſter, and Rector of Agmondeſham, Bucks; and died May 9, 1728, at the age of 54.

ably diſtinguiſhed the year of your Lordſhip's magiſtracy *; which, as it hath been a continued ſcene of victories and ſucceſſes, ſo it began and ended without any of thoſe unnatural ſtruggles for the chair which have ſo long and often diſturbed the peace of this great city.

That thoſe paſſions, which ſeem now to be ſomewhat calmed, may be entirely laid aſleep, and never more awakened; that the city may flouriſh in trade and wealth, and all manner of outward advantages; particularly, that it may never want ſuch magiſtrates to guide and govern it, as your Lordſhip and your worthy Succeſſor †, is the ſincere wiſh and hearty prayer of, my Lord, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

FR. ATTERBURY.

* Sir Thomas Rawlinſon was Lord Mayor in 1706. The preſent letter was an addreſs prefixed to a Sermon preached on the election of his ſucceſſor.

† Sir Robert Bedingfield, whoſe niece was married to Dr. Atterbury's brother.

LETTER XI.

J. G. to Dr. ATTERBURY, Archdeacon * of Totneſs, at Exeter, Devonſhire.

DEAR ATTERBURY, May 9, 1707.

YOU are very juſt to me in believing that I am extremely pleaſed to hear of any thing that tends to your ſatisfaction and advantage: my Lord has acquitted himſelf very honourably and very kindly in this matter; and you are now become ſo eaſy in your private fortune, as to have your whole mind at liberty for public concerns. I ſuppoſe Dr. Kennet's † deſign, in the book ‡ you mention, is nothing elſe but to make uſe of this favourable juncture, for the better vending ſome old collections he had by him; and if

* As Dr. Atterbury had then the *higher* title of "Dean of Carliſle," this ſuperſcription is remarkable.

† Dr. White Kennet, then Archdeacon of Huntingdon, and afterwards ſucceſſively Dean and Biſhop of Peterborough.

‡ Either the third volume of the "Complete "Hiſtory of England,, 1706," folio; or the "Regiſter," which was poſthumouſly publiſhed, from his MS. Collections, in 1728.

another hand were employed upon the ſame occaſion, it would be much more acceptable to all perſons for whom you have any value. Kennet tells me there is a private paper handed about concerning convocation-matters *; but it is publiſhed no farther than the Biſhop's party, on whoſe ſide it is writ. The two turns † you left to my care are ſupplied. Strafford told me you intended to ſtay another week; and that made me reſolve to wiſh you joy of your canonry at Exeter, as indeed I am heartily glad of it, being very faithfully and affectionately yours. My wife is pretty well, and gives you her ſervice and joy. J. G.

LETTER XII.

Dean of CARLISLE to Sir C. DUNCOMBE ‡.

MY LORD, June 11, 1709.

I SEND this Sermon, now printed, to your Lordſhip, at whoſe earneſt and repeated deſire I preached it; for whom I profeſs myſelf,

* See a liſt of theſe papers, Biog. Brit. vol. I. p. 346.

† At St. Paul's poſſibly; ſee Letter XIV.

‡ Sir Charles Duncombe was Lord Mayor of London in 1709. This letter was prefixed to a Spital Sermon at St. Bride's.

ſelf, on many accounts, to have a particular regard; and whom I ſhall at all times be ready in all Chriſtian ſervices to obey.

Illneſs and other reaſons, with which it is unneceſſary to trouble the world or your Lordſhip, have ſo long retarded the publication of this diſcourſe, that it may ſeem leſs proper and ſeaſonable in one or two paſſages of it: thoſe I mean, where a near proſpect of peace is mentioned. For it hath pleaſed God, ſince it was preached, to remove that great bleſſing further from us, and place it more out of ſight: not, I hope, without a merciful intention of giving us, in his good time, what we have not now aſked in ſuch a ſolemn manner as became us; and of enhancing the value of the gift, by the delay of it. I am ſure, how long ſoever we may wait for it, it will be beſtowed much ſooner than we ſhall deſerve it.

My Lord, the ſubject of this diſcourſe is charity; and the deſign of it is to ſtir up the minds of thoſe whom God's good Providence hath bleſſed with great abundance; and, by that means, with a power of bleſſing many others. On this account (without other conſiderations) I could not have pitched on a

name to which I might have inſcribed it more properly than that of your Lordſhip. I offer it to you, my Lord, with all the reſpect that becomes me; and with hearty wiſhes, that the earthly felicities you poſſeſs may, by your wiſe and good uſe of them, lead to the enjoyment of thoſe which are eternal. I am your Lordſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant, FR. ATTERBURY.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. BROMLEY * to Dr. ATT[illegible]

SIR, Sept. 23, 1710.

I AM to thank you for two Letters, which came ſafe to me; the firſt dated Thurſday the 14th, the other the 21ſt inſtant; and am much pleaſed to find what the firſt promiſed is now performed. This muſt give great ſatisfaction to our friends, who were before deſponding upon the continued delays, which gave ſuch advantage to our enemies, that I fear ſome ſpeedy alteration in the com-

* William Bromley, eſq. one of the repreſentatives for the univerſity of Oxford, in the parliaments of 1709, 1701, and 1705. He was elected Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, Nov. 23, 1710; and died Feb. 6, 1732.

miſſions

miſſions of peace and lieutenancy will be neceſſary, to recover the ground they have gained againſt the elections. I ſhall be glad by ſo good a hand as yours to convey my congratulations to Mr. St. John and Sir Simon Harcourt, which I always intended them as ſoon as I ſhould hear of their promotions *. Will you give me leave at the ſame time to mention to you the recommending, to Mr. St. John, Mr. John Newcomen for one of his clerks? He was in that employment for two years, under the Earl of Sunderland †. He was not put in upon the ſcore of his principles (which I am aſſured are very good), but for his money, having purchaſed it. I am not acquainted with him, but he is nephew to Dr. Morton ‡ (an honeſt Prebendary of Durham); and at his deſire, and upon the earneſt ſolicitations of ſeveral of our friends in the North, I did recommend him

* Mr. St. John ſucceeded Mr. Boyle, as Secretary of State, two days before this letter was written; Sir Simon Harcourt was made Attorney General (for the ſecond time) Sept. 27.

† Secretary of State, from Dec. 3, 1706, till June 14, 1710.

‡ John Morton, D. D. Rector of Bolden, afterwards of Eggleſcliff, and at laſt of Sedgefield, and Archdeacon of Northumberland. He died Nov. 10, 1722, aged 78.

to

to Lord Dartmouth*, but was too late in my application for him. If Mr. Secretary, upon his enquiry, hears a good character of him, and will be pleaſed to entertain him, it will be very obliging. I have a true value and friendſhip for both theſe gentlemen; and therefore their preferments are very acceptable to, Sir, your very affectionate and faithful ſervant, W. BROMLEY.

Our ringing of bells in this neighbourhood, and particularly at Coventry, began yeſterday, and has continued all this day and this evening. Lord Leigh has fired his guns three times; I mention him, becauſe Dyer † took no notice of them as part of Dr. Sacheverell's entertainment ‡.

LET-

* Who had ſucceeded the Earl of Sunderland.

† *Dyer* circulated at that time a *written* letter of news, in the ſame manner as the parliamentary minutes were a few years ago to be met with in all coffee-houſes. It was entitled to little credit, if Mr. Addiſon's repreſentation may be truſted. Honeſt Vellum, in "The Drummer," "cannot but believe that his maſter is living "(among other reaſons) becauſe the news of his "death was firſt publiſhed in Dyer's Letter." A ſon of the news-writer (Thomas Dyer, Eſq. of Gray's-Inn) left £20,000. in 1748, to Chriſt's Hoſpital.

‡ In the beginning of May, 1710, Sacheverell entered upon a triumphant progreſs to take poſ-

ſeſſion

LETTER XIV.

Dean of CARLISLE to Mr. G. PLAXTON*.

REV. SIR, Bridewell, Sat. Morn. Jan. 20, 1711.

THE incloſed came ſafe to me laſt night, from Dr. Williams, the Biſhop of London's Chaplain. As I remember, you mentioned a deſire of a turn at St. Paul's. If one will be grateful to you, and you pleaſe to let me know ſo much, I will tranſmit your name to the Chaplain. It is the third Sunday, and the 21ſt day of January. Return the incloſed. I am, Rev. Sir, your very faithful and moſt humble ſervant, FR. ATTERBURY.

ſeſſion of a living in Wales. He was magnificently entertained at Oxford by the Univerſity, and received in the other great towns he paſſed through with loud congratulations.

* The Rev. George Plaxton, Rector of Donington in Shropſhire, whoſe "Natural Obſervations "made in the pariſhes of Kinardſey and Doning-"ton" are printed in Phil. Tranſ. vol. xxvi. p. 2418. and were ridiculed by Dr. King, in "The Welſh Schoolmaſter," a humorous paper in "The Uſeful Tranſactions." See his Works, 1776, vol. II. p. 67.—Mr. Plaxton was alſo Rector of Berwick in Elmet, in Yorkſhire; whence "he went into the South, and, acting imprudent-"ly, went to ruin." Dr. Burton, as cited in Britiſh Topography, vol. II. p. 444.

LET-

LETTER XV.

Biſhop ATTERBURY to Dean SWIFT.

Bromley *, April 6, 1716.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

MY gout kept me ſo long a priſoner at Weſtminſter this winter, that I have fixed at Bromley this ſpring much ſooner than ever I yet did; for which reaſon my meeting with Dr. Younger † will be more difficult than it would be had I been ſtill at the Deanry ‡.

The beſt (or rather the worſt) is, that I believe he can ſay nothing to you, upon the matter about which you write, which will pleaſe you. His deanry is of the old foundation; and in all ſuch foundations the deans have no extraordinary power or privilege, and are nothing more than reſidentiaries, with a peculiar corps belonging to them as deans; the firſt of the chapter, but ſuch,

* In Kent, where the Biſhops of Rocheſter have an epiſcopal palace.

† John Younger, D. D. of Magdalen College, Oxford. He obtained the Deanry of Saliſbury in 1705.

‡ Of Weſtminſter, which has long been connected with the biſhopric of Rocheſter.

whoſe preſence is not neceſſary towards the diſpatch of any one capitular act, the ſenior reſidentiary ſupplying their abſence, in every caſe, with full authority. Thus, I ſay, the caſe generally is in the old deanries, unleſs where the local ſtatutes may have expreſsly reſerved ſome peculiar power or privilege to the deans of thoſe churches. But none of them, I dare ſay, have a negative, either by common law, cuſtom, or local ſtatute. Thus much to ſhew you, that a nice ſearch into the peculiar rights of the dean of Sarum will be needleſs, if not miſchievous to you.

The three deanries * which I have had are all of the new foundation, by Hen. VIII. or queen Elizabeth. In the charters of all there is a clauſe, impowering the dean to make, puniſh, and unmake, all the officers. In the ſtatutes of one of them (Carliſle) the dean's conſent, in all the *graviores cauſæ*, is made expreſsly neceſſary; and in the other two, nothing from the foundation of thoſe churches ever paſſed the ſeal without the dean's *ſigilletur* firſt written on the leaſe, patent, preſentation, &c. which is a manifeſt and unconteſted proof of his negative. As to the power of propoſing, that I apprehend not to be ex-

* Carliſle, Chriſt Church, and Weſtminſter.

cluſive

cluſive to the other members of chapters. It is a point chiefly of decency and convenience; the dean being the principal perſon, and ſuppoſed beſt to be acquainted with the affairs of the church, and in what order they are fitteſt to be tranſacted. But if any one elſe of the body will propoſe any thing, and the reſt of the chapter will debate it, I ſee not how the dean can hinder them, unleſs it be by leaving the chapter; and that itſelf will be of no moment in churches where his abſence doth not break up and diſſolve the chapter; as it does, where his conſent to any thing there treated of is expreſsly required before it can paſs into an act. Where, indeed, he is allowed ſuch a negative, he is generally allowed to make all propoſals; becauſe it would be to no purpoſe for any one to make a propoſition, which he can quaſh by a diſſent: but this is not, I ſay, a matter of right, but prudence.

Upon the whole, the beſt advice I can give you is, whatever your powers are by ſtatute or uſage, not to inſiſt on them too ſtrictly in either of the caſes mentioned by you, unleſs you are very ſure of the favour and countenance of your viſitor. The lawyers, you

will

will find, whenever ſuch points come before them for a deciſion, are very apt to diſregard ſtatutes and cuſtom in ſuch caſes; and to ſay, that their books make the act of the majority of the corporation the legal act of the body, without conſidering whether the dean be among the minority or no. And therefore your utmoſt dexterity and addreſs will be neceſſary, in order to prevent ſuch a trial of your right at common law; which it is ten to one (eſpecially as things now ſtand) will go againſt you. If the refractory part of your chapter are ſtout, and men of any ſenſe, or ſupported underhand (the laſt of theſe is highly probable), you had better make uſe of expedients to decline the difficulty, than bring it at preſent to a deciſion. Theſe are the beſt lights, and this the beſt advice, I can give you, after a long experience* of the natural conſequence of ſuch

* "The impetuous and deſpotic manner in which Dr. Atterbury reſolved to carry every thing, made his opponents more tenacious of their rights, and inclinable to make fewer conceſſions, the more he endeavoured to graſp at power. His friend Dr. Smalridge, who ſucceeded him both at Carliſle and Chriſt Church, is ſaid to have lamented his hard fate, in being forced to carry water after him, to extinguiſh the flames which his litigiouſneſs had every where occaſioned." STACKHOUSE.

ſtruggles, and a careful ſearch into the foundation of the powers and privileges claimed and diſputed on the one ſide and the other. I wiſh I could ſay any thing more to your ſatisfaction, but I cannot; and I think, in all ſuch caſes, the beſt inſtance I can give you of my friendſhip, is not to deceive you.'

There is a ſtatute* in the latter end of king Henry the Eighth's reign worthy of your peruſal. The title of it relates to the leaſes of hoſpitals, &c.; and the tenor of it did, in my apprehenſion, ſeem always to imply, that, without the dean, maſter, &c. nothing could be legally done by the corporation. But the lawyers will not allow this to be good doctrine; and ſay, that ſtatute (notwithſtanding a conſtant phraſe of it) determines nothing of this kind; and, at the moſt, implies it only as to ſuch deanries, &c. where the dean, maſter, &c. have the right of a negative by ſtatute or uſage. And few lawyers there are who will allow even thus much. I cannot explain myſelf farther on that head; but, when you peruſe the ſtatute, you will ſee what I mean; though,

* 33 Henry VIII. c. 27.

after

after all, it does not, I believe, include Ireland. However, I look upon it as a declaration of the common law here in England.

I am ſorry you have any occaſion to write to me on theſe heads, and much ſorrier that I am not able to give you any tolerable account of them. God forgive thoſe who have furniſhed me with this knowledge, by involving me deſignedly into thoſe ſquabbles! I thank God, I have forgiven them.

I will enter into nothing but the enquiries of your letter; and therefore add not a word more, either in Engliſh or Latin, but that I am, with great eſteem, good Mr. Dean, your very affectionate humble ſervant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XVI.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Dec. 1716.

I Return your * preface, which I have read twice with pleaſure. The modeſty and good ſenſe there is in it, muſt pleaſe

* The General Preface to Mr. Pope's Poems, firſt printed in 1717, the year after the date of this letter.

every one who reads it: and ſince there is nothing that can offend, I ſee not why you ſhould balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing ſaid there which you may have occaſion to unſay hereafter: of which you yourſelf are the beſt and the only judge. This is my ſincere opinion, which I give becauſe you aſk it: and which I would not give though aſked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being ſenſible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpoſe in things of this nature; which I never underſtood well, and now underſtand ſomewhat leſs than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; eſpecially ſince you have had the goodneſs often and patiently to hear what I have ſaid againſt rhime, and in behalf of blank verſe; with little diſcretion perhaps, but I am ſure without the leaſt prejudice: being myſelf equally incapable of writing well in either of thoſe ways, and leaning therefore to neither ſide of the queſtion, but as the appearance of reaſon inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years ſtanding, and which therefore I ſhall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to

polite writing, I ſhall ſeldom differ from you or if I do, ſhall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am as much as I ought to be, that is as much as any man can be, Your, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XVII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 18, 1717.

I Hoped to find you laſt night at Lord Bathurſt's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc* * with

* A Tragedy written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth (and much the beſt performance of that age) by Sackville afterwards Earl of Dorſet, Lord Treaſurer to Queen Elizabeth, and Thomas Norton, one of the tranſlators of the Pſalms. It was then very ſcarce, but was reprinted by Mr. Dodſley, under the inſpection of the ingenious Mr. Spence †, in 1736. But that edition is of no

† The malevolence of Curll, in an Epiſtle to Mr. Pope, 1737, thus vented itſelf on this occaſion againſt four characters of diſtinguiſhed reputation:

"'Tis kind indeed a Livery Muſe to aid,
"Who ſcribbles Farces to augment his Trade.
"Where You and Spence and Glover drive the nail,
"The Devil's in it if the plot ſhould fail."

with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot telling me he ſhould ſee you, I depoſited the book in his hands; out of which, I think my Lord Bathurſt got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If Gorboduc ſhould ſtill miſs his way to you, others are to anſwer for it; I have delivered up my truſt. I am not ſorry your Alcander * is burnt; had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the firſt page, and put it with your leave among my curioſities. In truth, it is the only inſtance of that kind I ever met with, from a perſon good for any thing elſe, nay for every thing elſe to which he is pleaſed to turn himſelf.

value, owing to its having been printed from the republication of a ſpurious copy, publiſhed without the conſent of the authors. In the ſame imperfect manner it appeared in the firſt edition of Mr. Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays; but has ſince been more carefully given to the world, in the laſt edition of that work.

* An heroic Poem written at 15 years. "Alcander," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "was burnt by the "perſuaſion of Atterbury." This letter does not ſeem to imply quite ſo much as Dr. Johnſon (from Warton's Eſſay on Pope, p. 83.) here gathers from it. Some of the anonymous examples of the Bathos in Mr. Pope's Eſſay on that ſubject are ſaid to have been part of that poem. Warton, Ib.

Depend upon it, I ſhall ſee you with great pleaſure at Bromley; and there is no requeſt you can make to me, that I ſhall not moſt readily comply with. I wiſh you health and happineſs of all ſorts, and would be glad to be inſtrumental in any degree towards helping you to the leaſt ſhare of either. I am always, every where, moſt affectionately and faithfully, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XVIII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Bromley, Nov. 8, 1717

I Have nothing to ſay to you on that melancholy ſubject *, with an account of which the printed papers have furniſhed me, but what you have already ſaid to yourſelf.

When you have paid the debt of tenderneſs you owe to the memory of a Father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your

* "In this year Pope's father died ſuddenly, in his 75th year, having paſſed twenty-nine years in privacy. He is not known but by the character which his ſon has given of him." Dr. JOHNSON.

own eaſe and happineſs. You have it now in your power, to purſue that method of thinking and living which you like beſt. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and to aſſure you, that there is no man living, who wiſhes you better, or would be more pleaſed to contribute any ways to your ſatisfaction or ſervice.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation, I find to be reviſed, and augmented in ſeveral places, as the title-page of my third edition pretends it to be. When I ſee you next, I will ſhew you the ſeveral paſſages altered and added by the author, beſide what you mentioned to me.

I proteſt to you, this laſt peruſal of him has given me ſuch new degrees, I will not ſay of pleaſure, but of admiration and aſtoniſhment, that I look upon the ſublimity of Homer and the majeſty of Virgil with ſomewhat leſs reverence than I uſed to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to ſhew me in the firſt of theſe any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the greatneſs, and juſtneſs of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring.

What I looked upon as a rant of Barrow's*, I now begin to think a ſerious truth, and could almoſt venture to ſet my hand to it,

" Hæc quicunque legit, tantum cecinisse putabit
" Mæoniden ranas, Virgilium culices."

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town, the duke of Buckingham† continued ſo ill that he received no meſſages. Oblige me ſo far as to let me know how he does; at the ſame time I ſhall know how you do, and that will be a double ſatisfaction to your &c. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. POPE to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

MY LORD, Nov. 20, 1717.

I Am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my Father's death, and the deſire you expreſs that I ſhould improve this

* Dr. Samuel Barrow, the Phyſician, in the verſes prefixed to the Poem.

† John Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamſhire and Normanby. His Grace got the better of the illneſs here alluded to; and lived till Feb. 24, 1720-21.

incident

incident to my advantage. I know your Lordſhip's friendſhip to me is ſo extenſive, that you include in that wiſh both my ſpiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendſhip, to open my mind unreſervedly to you on this head. It is true, I have loſt a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tye: I thank God another ſtill remains (and long may it remain!) of the ſame tender nature: "Genitrix eſt mihi"——and excuſe me if I ſay with Euryalus,

"——nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis."

A rigid Divine may call it a carnal tye, but ſurely it is a virtuous one: at leaſt I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preſerve a good parent's life and happineſs, than I am of any ſpeculative point whatever.

"Ignaram hujus quodcunque periĉli
"Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?"

For ſhe, my Lord, would think this ſeparation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the ſucceſs of ſuch an adventure;

for

for an adventure it is, and no ſmall one, in ſpite of the moſt poſitive divinity. Whether the change would be to my ſpiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profeſs, as I can poſſibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks ſo, juſtify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To ſuch an one, the part of *joining* with any one body of Chriſtians might perhaps be eaſy, but I think it would not be ſo, to *renounce* the other.

Your Lordſhip has formerly adviſed me to read the beſt controverſies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a ſecret? I did ſo at fourteen years old; for I loved reading, and my father had no other books. There was a collection of all that had been written on both ſides in the reign of King James the Second: I warmed my head with them, and the conſequence was, that I found myſelf a Papiſt and a Proteſtant by turns, according to the laſt book I read *. I am afraid moſt Seekers

* "In 1723, Pope appeared before the Lords at the memorable trial of Biſhop Atterbury, with whom he had lived in great familiarity, and frequent correſpondence. Atterbury had honeſtly re-

Seekers are in the ſame caſe, and when they ſtop, they are not ſo properly converted, as out-witted*. You ſee how little glory you would gain by my converſion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordſhip and I are both of the ſame religion if we were thoroughly underſtood by one another; and that all honeſt and reaſonable Chriſtians would be ſo, if they did but talk enough together every day, and had nothing to do together, but to ſerve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

recommended to him the ſtudy of the popiſh controverſy, in hope of his converſion; to which Pope anſwered in a manner that cannot much recommend his principles, or his judgement. In queſtions and projects of learning they agreed better. He was called at the trial to give an account of Atterbury's domeſtic life, and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for plots. Pope had but few words to utter, and in thoſe few he made ſeveral blunders. His letters to Atterbury expreſs the utmoſt eſteem, tenderneſs, and gratitude: *Perhaps*, ſays he, "it is not only in this world that I may have "cauſe to remember the Biſhop of Rocheſter." At their laſt interview in the Tower, Atterbury preſented him with a Bible." Dr. JOHNSON.

* Thus Craſhaw, the intimate friend of Pope, being deprived of his fellowſhip for refuſing the Covenant, was reduced to great ſtraits, and by Catholic artifices perverted to the church of Rome; not *converted*, but rather, as Pope ſays, *out-witted*.

As

As to the *temporal* ſide of the queſtion, I can have no diſpute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumſtances of life, and all the ſhining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myſelf to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and beſides, it is a real truth, I have leſs Inclination (if poſſible) than Ability. Contemplative life is not only my ſcene, but it is my habit too. I began my life where moſt people end theirs, with a diſreliſh of all that the world calls Ambition: I don't know why it is called ſo, for to me it always ſeemed to be rather *ſtooping* than *climbing*. I will tell you my political and religious ſentiments in a few words. In my politicks, I think no further than how to preſerve the peace of my conſcience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are ſo far of God, as they are rightly underſtood, and rightly adminiſtered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it muſt be by greater inſtruments

inſtruments than I am. I am not a Papiſt, for I renounce the temporal invaſions of the Papal power, and deteſt their arrogated authority over Princes and States. I am a Catholick, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word. If I was born under an abſolute Prince, I would be a quiet ſubject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due ſenſe of the excellence of the Britiſh conſtitution. In a word, the things I have always wiſhed to ſee are not a Roman Catholick, or a French Catholick, or a Spaniſh Catholick, but a true Catholick: and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his preſent Majeſty may be, and all future Majeſties! You ſee, my Lord, I end like a preacher: this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and ſincere thanks, ever your, &c. A. POPE.

LETTER XX.

Biſhop ATTERBURY to Mr. PRIOR.

Deanry, New-year's day, 1717-18.

I Make you a better preſent than any man in England receives this day: two poems * compoſed by a friend of mine, with that extraordinary genius and ſpirit which attend him equally in whatever he ſays, does, or writes. I do not aſk your approbation of them. Deny it, if you can, or if you dare. The whole world will be againſt you; and ſhould you therefore be ſo unfortunate in your judgement, you will, I dare ſay, be ſo wiſe and modeſt to conceal it For, though it be a a very good character, and what belongs to the firſt pen in the world, to write like nobody; yet, to judge like nobody, has never yet been eſteemed a perfection.

When you have read them, let me ſee you at my houſe; or elſe you are in danger, lame as I am, of ſeeing me at yours. And the difference in that caſe is, that, whenever you have me there, in my preſent

* The "Solomon" and "Alma" of Prior.

condition,

condition, you cannot eaſily get rid of me; whereas, if you come hither, you may leave me as ſoon as you pleaſe, and I have no way to help myſelf, being confined to my chair juſt as I was when you ſaw me laſt. If this advantage will not tempt you rather to make than receive the viſit, nothing elſe will.

Whether I ſee you or not, let me at leaſt ſee ſomething under your hand, that may tell me how you do, and whether your deafneſs continues. And if you will flatter me agreeably, let ſomething be ſaid, at the end of your letter, which may make me for two minutes believe that you are half as much mine, as I am your faithful humble ſervant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XXI.

Bp. ATTERBURY to Dr. STANHOPE *.

MR. DEAN, Bromley, Sunday-noon, Jan. 1, 1718-19.

IT is high time that Mr. Archer ſhould be licenſed; and I wiſh I had an opportunity of diſcourſing him and Mr. Sherlock for

* This truly amiable Divine was born at Hertiſhorn, in Derbyſhire, March 5, 1659-60; and was edu-

for half an hour, about the methods of reſtoring the uſe of public baptiſms, in *all* caſes but *that* mentioned in the rubrick. My mind is much bent upon it; and I wiſh alſo I had your opinion and aſſiſtance in the matter.

I ſhall be here till Wedneſday morning, and ſhould be glad to ſee them any afternoon; or, if they had rather come to Weſtminſter, let me know ſome time before-hand, and I will be free from other company. I wrote to you on this head to Canterbury, I think, about three months ago. I deſire you will quicken them, that there may be no further delay; and am, Reverend Sir, your very affectionate brother,

FR. ROFFEN.

educated ſucceſſively at Uppingham, Rutland, and Eaton, whence he was elected to King's College, Cambridge; became B. A. 1681; M. A. 1685; Vicar of Lewiſham 1689; D. D. July 5, 1697; Vicar of Deptford 1703; and Dean of Canterbury the ſame year. He was alſo Chaplain to King William and Queen Mary, and to Queen Anne; and died, univerſally beloved, March 18, 1727-8.

LETTER XXII.

Dean STANHOPE to Biſhop ATTERBURY.

MY LORD, Lewiſham, Jan. 1, 1718-19.

MR. Sherlock and Mr. Archer had waited on you ſooner, but that the former was confined for two or three weeks, with a complaint in one of his eyes. They both deſired to wait on you at Bromley, hoping to find you more at leiſure there; and I will contrive, if poſſible, to ſend them to-morrow or Tueſday. I can very truly ſay, that I am in no degree the occaſion of this delay; and would now wait on your Lordſhip with them, were it not my misfortune to be confined by illneſs. The *private baptiſms* I have long diſcouraged, and, by Mr. Sherlock's help, brought ſo many to church, that for ſeveral years paſt, I may venture to ſay, the number of thoſe at *home*, in my time, bear no proportion to what uſed to be in that of my predeceſſor at Deptford. Thoſe at Lewiſham, I believe, are ſcarce one in three months, nor have been a long time; and of them, the great diſtance from the church is generally

the

the inducement for allowing it. But I ſhall be highly content with your Lordſhip's expreſs prohibitions to indulge the liberty, which creates much trouble, and turns to little advantage. And had I not at firſt been countenanced by my ſuperiors, I had reſiſted this practice from the beginning; and am perfectly willing to do it now. But I will trouble your Lordſhip no longer, than to profeſs myſelf, with all poſſible duty, your Lordſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant,

GEORGE STANHOPE.

LETTER XXIII.

Biſhop ATTERBURY to Dean STANHOPE.

GOOD MR. DEAN, Jan. . . 1718-19.

I AM perfectly ſatisfied, by your letter, and by what Mr. Sherlock has ſaid to me, that all care will be taken (as I find a great deal has been already) to bring all the children to be baptized at church, who are not really in danger of death.

I thank you heartily for what you have done, and ſhall do further in this matter; and, having your kind aſſiſtance towards making things perfectly regular at Deptford,

doubt not but, by God's bleſſing, I ſhall be able to effect what I purpoſe in all other parts of my dioceſe, as I have done it in ſeveral already.

Mr. Sherlock deſired ſomething under my hand, that he might ſhew to thoſe who preſſed him to give private baptiſm to their children.

I told him, if the addition of the particular clauſe to that purpoſe, which I now inſert in every licence, were not ſufficient, I would do in that kind whatever he ſhould deſire.

Should you happen to come to town before I return to Bromley, I will adjuſt that matter with you.

I know your bringing things to bear at Deptford will be of great influence towards my ſucceeding in the attempt every where elſe; and therefore I preſs this point ſo earneſtly upon you.

You have always had worthy good men for your curates; and, in my opinion, never had better than now. And their zeal and firmneſs in the caſe will make every thing eaſy both to you and me. I am, with an hearty regard, good Mr. Dean, your very affectionate brother, FR. ROFFEN.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

Dr. LEWIS ATTERBURY * to Bp. ATTERBURY.

DEAR BROTHER, April . . . 1720.

IT is reported that the Archdeacon [of Rocheſter] is dead, and I have ſent my ſervant to inform me, whether it is ſo or not.

* Dr. Lewis Atterbury, elder brother of the Biſhop, was born at Caldecot, in the pariſh of Newport-Pagnel, in Buckinghamſhire, the ſecond of May, 1656. He was educated at Weſtminſter School, under the celebrated Dr. Buſby, between whom, and our Divine's father, Dr. Lewis Atterbury, there was a friendſhip and intimacy. In the eighteenth year of his age he was ſent to Chriſt-Church in Oxford, and matriculated in that univerſity the tenth of April, 1674, under the tuition of Dr. George Walls. The twenty-firſt of September, 1679, he was ordained Deacon at Chriſt-Church, by Dr. John Fell, Biſhop of Oxford, and Dean of that college. He commenced Maſter of Arts the fifth of July, 1680; and, the year following, was ordained Prieſt, at Bugden, by Dr. Thomas Barlow, Biſhop of Lincoln. In 1683, he officiated as Chaplain to Sir William Pritchard, Knight, then Lord Mayor of London. In February, 1684, he was inſtituted Rector of Sywell in Northamptonſhire; which living he afterwards reſigned, upon his accepting of other preferment. The eighth of July, 1687, he accumulated the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Civil Law. In December, 1688, he married Pe-

not. I have ſince conſidered all that you ſaid to me yeſterday, and, both from reaſon

nelope, the daughter of Mr. John Bedingfield. In 1691, we find him Lecturer of St. Mary Hill in London; and, not long after his marriage, he ſettled at Highgate, where he ſupplied the pulpit of the Reverend Mr. Daniel Latham, who was very old, and had loſt his ſight. Upon the death of this gentleman, Dr. Atterbury was unanimouſly elected, the ſixteenth of June, 1695, by the truſtees of that chapel, to be their preacher; being, at the ſame time, one of the ſix Preaching Chaplains to the Princeſs Anne of Denmark, at Whitehall and St. James's: which place he continued to ſupply, after that Princeſs's acceſſion to the throne, and likewiſe during part of the reign of King George I. In September, 1707, he was preſented, by the Queen, to the rectory of Sheperton in Middleſex, the incumbent thereof being deprived for neglecting to take the oaths within the time limited by law. On the third of March, 1719, he was collated by Dr. John Robinſon, Biſhop of London, to the rectory of Hornſey in Middleſex; in which pariſh the chapel of Highgate is ſituated. When he firſt ſettled at Highgate, obſerving the difficulties of the poor for want of a good phyſician or apothecary, he ſucceſsfully applied himſelf to the ſtudy of phyſic, and practiſed it gratuitouſly among his poor neighbours. Dr. Atterbury never roſe to any dignity in the Church, as might have been expected from the power and intereſt of his brother. He publiſhed ſeveral Sermons and other pieces, of which an accurate liſt may be ſeen in the Biographia; and, after his death, two volumes of his Sermons were publiſhed, 1743, by the Reverend Mr. Edward Yardley, Archdeacon of Cardigan.

and

and matter of fact, ſtill am of opinion, that there can be no juſt matter of exception taken.

I ſhall only lay down two or three inſtances which lie uppermoſt in my thoughts. Your Lordſhip very well knows, that Lanfranc, Archbiſhop of Canterbury *, had a brother for his Archdeacon; and that Sir Thomas More's Father was a Puiſne Judge, when he was Lord Chancellor †. And thus, in the Sacred Hiſtory, did God himſelf appoint, that the ſafety and advancement of the Patriarchs ſhould be procured by their younger brother; and that they, with their Father, ſhould live under the Protection and Government of Joſeph. I inſtance in thoſe obvious examples, only to let your Lordſhip ſee, that I have canvaſſed theſe matters in my own thoughts; and I ſee no reaſon but to depend on your kind intentions, intimated in your former letter, to your moſt affectionate brother and humble ſervant,

LEWIS ATTERBURY.

* From 1070 till 1093.—Anſchibillus was made Archdeacon in 1075.

† On the diſgrace of Wolſey, in 1530, the great ſeal was intruſted to Sir Thomas More, who was the firſt layman that enjoyed that honour, which he reſigned in 1533, and was executed in 1535. His father, Sir John, outlived him 35 years.

LETTER XXV.

The BISHOP to his BROTHER.

Bromley, Wedneſday, April. . . . 1720.

DEAR BROTHER,

YOUR Letter directed to Weſtminſter found me here this morning. I hope to be at Weſtminſter to-morrow. In the mean time you may aſſure yourſelf of any thing that is in my diſpoſal. At preſent the Gentleman * you mention is well, and likely to continue ſo. His diſtemper is the ſame as mine, though he has it in a worſe degree. However, he is 16 or 17 years younger than I am, and may probably therefore outlive me. When he was in danger of late, the firſt perſon I thought of was you. But there are objections againſt that, in point of decency, which, I own, ſtick with me; and which, after I have laid them before you, you ſhall allow, or over-rule, as you think fit. It had been a much properer poſt for

* Thomas Sprat, M. A. (ſon to the famous Biſhop of that name). He was Archdeacon of Rocheſter; and a prebendary of Weſtminſter, Wincheſter, and Rocheſter. He died May 10, 1720.

my

my Nephew *, if God had pleaſed to ſpare his life. You need not mention any thing of this kind to me; for you may depend upon it, you are never out of the thoughts of your ever affectionate brother,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XXVI.

The BISHOP to his BROTHER.

DEAR BROTHER. Deanry, Tueſday Night.

I Hope you have conſidered the matter of the Archdeaconry, and do at laſt ſee it in the ſame light that I do. I proteſt to you,

* Dr. Lewis Atterbury had three ſons; of whom the firſt and ſecond died in their infancy. The third, named Bedingfield Atterbury, was born Jan. 8, 1693, and, after a ſchool education at Weſtminſter, was admitted at Chriſt-Church, Oxford, and matriculated April 9 1712. There he ſtudied till he commenced A. M. June 20, 1718, and took Deacon's orders. Thoſe, who knew him, give him the character of a ſober, modeſt, and ingenious young Gentleman: but the hopes, which his Parents and Friends conceived of him, were ſoon diſappointed, for he died of the ſmall-pox, December 27, 1718. The mother, grieved for the loſs of a favourite ſon, did not many years ſurvive him, for ſhe died on the firſt of May 1723.

I cannot

I cannot help thinking it the moſt unſeemly indecent thing in the world, and I am very ſure, the generality of thoſe, whoſe opinions I regard, will be of that opinion. I was ſo far from apprehending that ſuch a ſtation, under me, would be in the leaſt welcome to you, that I diſcourſed of it, and propoſed it to another perſon * ſome time ago, and am entered very far into engagements on that head; and, had you not written to me, I do frankly own, that I ſhould never have ſpoken a word to you about it. Believe me, when I tell you, that this is a plain ſtate of the fact; and, ſhould you at laſt come to be of my opinion, I dare ſay, you will not, at long run, think yourſelf miſtaken. I am ſure, I ſhall not be at eaſe till you are in ſome good dignity in the church; ſuch as you, and I, and all the world ſhall agree, is every way proper for you. I am, dear brother, yours moſt affectionately,

FR. ROFFEN.

* Dr. Brydges. See the next Letter.

LETTER XXVII.

The BISHOP to his BROTHER.

DEAR BROTHER, May 20, 1720.

THE perſon, to whom I told you I had gone very far towards engaging myſelf for the Archdeaconry, was Dr. Brydges*, the Duke of Chandos's brother; and him I am this day going to collate to it. I hope you are convinced by what I have ſaid, and written, that nothing could have been more improper, than the placing you in that poſt, immediately under myſelf. Could I have been eaſy under that thought, you may be ſure, no man living ſhould have had the preference to you. I am, dear brother, yours moſt affectionately,

FR. ROFFEN.

* Dr. Brydges was an old and intimate acquaintance of the Biſhop. See above, p. 21. He died May 9, 1728.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dr. LEWIS ATTERBURY to the BISHOP.

DEAR BROTHER,

I AM obliged to you for the favour of your laſt, and more particularly for giving me a reaſon for your diſpoſal of the Archdeaconry and Prebend annexed, when you was not obliged to give any reaſon at all. I cannot yet imagine what indecency there can be to have raiſed your elder brother in place under you, which doth not bear more hard ſuppoſing the perſon to be the brother of a Duke. There is ſome ſhew of reaſon, I think, for the non-acceptance, but none for the not giving it. And ſince your Lordſhip was pleaſed to ſignify to me that I ſhould over-rule you in this matter, I confeſs it was ſome diſappointment to me; though, ſince you did not think fit to beſtow it on me, I think you have given it to one of the moſt deſerving perſons I know of, who will add more to the honour of the place, than I could have received from it. I hope I ſhall be content with that meaner poſt in which I am; my time, at longeſt, being but ſhort

in

in this world, and my health not ſuffering me to make thoſe neceſſary applications others do: nor do I underſtand the language of the preſent times, for, I find, I begin to grow an old-faſhioned gentleman *, and am ignorant of the weight and value of words, which in our times riſe and fall like ſtock. I did

* After this period, the infirmities of old age, and a ſtroke (though a gentle one) of the palſey, made him leſs conſtant in the pulpit, and occaſioned his going frequently to Bath, where he died, after a ſhort illneſs, on the 20th of October A. D. 1731. In his will, he gave ſome few books to the libraries at Bedford and Newport, and his whole collection of pamphlets, amounting to upwards of 200 volumes, were by the directions in it ſent to the library of Chriſt Church, Oxford. He charged his eſtate for ever with the payment of 10*l.* yearly to a ſchool-miſtreſs, to inſtruct girls at Newport-Pagnel, which ſalary he had himſelf in his life-time paid for many years. He remembered ſome of his friends, and left a reſpectful legacy of "an hundred pounds to his dear Bro-"-ther, in token of his true eſteem and affection," as the words of the will are; and gave the whole remainder of his fortune (after the death of his only grand-daughter, who ſurvived him little more than ſeven months) to the Biſhop's ſon, Mr. Oſborne Atterbury, who at the time of his uncle's death was in the Eaſt Indies, but returned in 1732, and after ſome time was ordained by his father's great rival Biſhop Hoadly; and in June 1746 obtained the living of Oxhill, Warwickſhire.

not think that Dr. Brydges would have took up with an Archdeaconry, when his brother can make him a Biſhop when he pleaſes: though, had your Lordſhip put me in that poſt, I ſhould not have endeavoured to have over-ruled you a ſecond time. I am your affectionate brother and humble ſervant,

LEWIS ATTERBURY.

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. POPE to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I Hope you have ſome time ago received the ſulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as inſtances (how ſmall ones ſoever) that I wiſh you both health and diverſion. What I now ſend for your peruſal, I ſhall ſay nothing of; not to foreſtall by a ſingle word what you promiſed to ſay upon that ſubject. Your Lordſhip may criticize from Virgil to theſe Tales*; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyſſop. I have ſome cauſe, ſince I laſt waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be

* Arabian Tales; ſee p. 66.

had, were mankind wiſe enough to go thither to conſult you. The fate of the South-ſea ſcheme has much ſooner than I expected verified what you told me. Moſt people thought the time would come; but no man prepared for it, no man conſidered it would come "like a thief in the night," exactly as it happens in the caſe of our death. Methinks God has puniſhed the avaricious, as he often puniſhes ſinners, in their own way, in the very ſin itſelf: the thirſt of gain was their crime, that thirſt continued became their puniſhment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined they had (among whom is your humble ſervant*) I

* "In this diſaſtrous year (1720) of national infatuation, when more riches than Peru can boaſt were expected from the South Sea, when the contagion of avarice tainted every mind, and even poets panted after wealth, Pope was ſeized with the univerſal paſſion, and ventured ſome of his money. The ſtock roſe in its price; and he for a while thought himſelf *the Lord of thouſands*. But this dream of happineſs did not laſt long, and he ſeems to have waked ſoon enough to get clear with the loſs only of what he once thought himſelf to have won, and perhaps not wholly of that." Dr. JOHNSON.—Mr. Pope did not ſell out; and the ſtock he had was at one time valued at between twenty and thirty thouſand pounds.

would

would have them ſenſible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Heſiod's maxim, who, after half his eſtate was ſwallowed by the *Directors* of thoſe days, reſolved that *half* to be *more than the whole* *.

Does not the fate of theſe people put you in mind of two paſſages, one in Job, the other from the Pſalmiſt?

* Mr. Pope ſeems to have been much pleaſed with this application of Heſiod's aphoriſm. He uſed it in a letter to Mr. Digby, as appears by that gentleman's anſwer: "I fear there are few "beſides yourſelf that will be perſuaded by old "Heſiod, that *half is more than the whole*. "I know not whether I do not rejoice in your "ſufferings; ſince they have ſhewn me your "mind is principled with ſuch a ſentiment; I aſ- "ſure you I expect from it a performance greater "ſtill than Homer." In a former letter, Mr. Digby ſays, "They tell me you was ſoon con- "tent; and that you cared not for ſuch an in- "creaſe as others wiſhed you. By this account "I judge you the richeſt man in the South-ſea, "and congratulate you accordingly."

In his "Imitations of Horace," Book II. Sat. II. 133, deſcribing his own ſituation, Mr. Pope ſays,

"In South-ſea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
"The lord of Thouſands, than if now *excis'd*;
"In foreſt planted by a Father's hand,
"Then in five acres now of rented land.
"Content with little, I can piddle here,
"On brocoli and mutton, round the year."

"Men

"Men ſhall groan out of the city, and "hiſs them out of their place.

"They have dreamed out their dream, "and awaking have found nothing in their "hands."

Indeed the univerſal poverty, which is the conſequence of univerſal avarice, and which will fall hardeſt upon the guiltleſs and induſtrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The univerſal deluge of the South-ſea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *Unrighteous* men: but it is ſome comfort to me that I am not one of them, even though I were to ſurvive and rule the world by it. I am much pleaſed with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's: He ſays, the Government and South-ſea company have only locked up the money of the people, upon conviction of their Lunacy (as is uſual in the caſe of lunaticks), and intend to reſtore them as much as may be fit for ſuch people, as faſt as they ſhall ſee them return to their ſenſes.

The latter part of your letter does me ſo much honour, and ſhews me ſo much kindneſs, that I muſt both be proud and pleaſed

in a great degree; but I aſſure you, my Lord, much more the laſt than the firſt: for I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart, which truly reſpects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality, one way; but I find not the leaſt ſymptoms in my head of any foundation for the other. In a word, the beſt reaſon I know for my being pleaſed, is that you continue your favour toward me; the beſt I know for being proud, would be that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be ſuch a phyſician as does not only *repair*, but *improve*. I am, with ſincereſt eſteem, and moſt grateful acknowledgement, your, &c. A. POPE.

LETTER XXX.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

THE Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I received not till Monday night, together with your letter for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever ſince I returned hither from Weſtminſter on Saturday-night laſt; it has found its way into my hands as well as legs; ſo

ſo that I have been utterly incapable of writing: this is the firſt letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written I fear *vacillantibus literis*, as Tully ſays Tyro's letters were, after his recovery from an illneſs. What I ſaid to you in mine * about the monument was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I ſee you, you ſhall. I hope you may be at the Deanry towards the end of October, by which time I think of ſettling there for the winter. What do you think of ſome ſuch ſhort inſcription as this in Latin, which may in few words ſay all that is to be ſaid of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deſerves?

"IOHANNI DRIDENO,
"Cui Poeſis Anglicana
"Vim ſuam, ac Veneres debet;
"Et ſiquâ in poſterum augebitur laude,
"Eſt adhuc debitura:
"Honoris ergo P. &c."

To ſhew you that I am as much in earneſt in the affair as you yourſelf, ſomething I

* In ſome Letter which has not been preſerved.

will ſend you too of this kind in Engliſh. If your deſign holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his buſto above—may not lines like theſe be graved juſt under the name?

" This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's aſhes juſt,
" Here fix'd his name, and there his laurel'd buſt,
" What elſe the Muſe in marble might expreſs,
" Is known already; Praiſe would make him leſs."

Or thus,

" More needs not; where acknowledg'd merits
" reign,
" Praiſe is impertinent, and cenſure vain."

This you will take as a proof of my zeal at leaſt, though it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read it over, I will forgive you if you ſhould not once in your life-time again think of it *.

And now, Sir, for your " Arabian Tales." Ill as I have been almoſt ever ſince they came

* Neither of the Biſhop's propoſals was adopted. Under the buſt of this admirable Poet is inſcribed,

" I. DRYDEN.
" Natus 1632; mortuus Maii 1, 1700."

And below that,

" JOHANNES SHEFFIELD, Dux Buckinghamienſis,
" poſuit."

to

to hand, I have read as much of them as ever I ſhall read while I live. Indeed they do not pleaſe my taſte: they are writ with ſo romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of Eaſtern manners, are yet, upon any ſuppoſition that can be made, of ſo wild and abſurd a contrivance (at leaſt to my Northern underſtanding), that I have not only no pleaſure, but no patience, in peruſing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian ſcreens: which at firſt glance may ſurprize and pleaſe a little: when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear ſo extravagant, diſproportioned, and monſtrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him ſeek for relief from ſome other object.

They may furniſh the mind with ſome new images; but I think the purchaſe is made at too great an expence: for to read thoſe two volumes through liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance; and to read them with pleaſure would be dangerous on the other ſide, becauſe of the infection. I will never believe that you have any keen reliſh of them, till I find you write worſe than you do, which I dare ſay I never ſhall. Who that Petit de la Croiſe is, the

pretended author of them *, I cannot tell; obſerving how full they are in the deſcription of dreſs, furniture, &c. I cannot help thinking them the product of ſome Woman's imagination: and, believe me, I would do any thing but break with you rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am ſorry that I was ſo true a prophet in reſpect of the South Sea; ſorry I mean as far as your loſs is concerned; for in general I ever was and ſtill am of opinion, that, had

* Not the *pretended Author*, but the real tranſlator from an Arabic MS of the tales, which is in the French King's library. What was tranſlated in ten ſmall volumes is not more than the tenth part of the original. The Eaſtern people have been always famous for this ſort of compoſition: in which much fine morality is conveyed; not indeed in a ſtory always repreſenting life and manners, but ſuch as the Eaſtern ſuperſtitions made paſs amongſt the people for ſuch. Their great genius for this kind of writing appears from theſe very tales. But the policy of ſome of the later princes of the Eaſt greatly hurt it, by ſetting all men upon compoſing them, to furniſh matter for their coffee-houſes and places of reſort; which were enjoined to give this entertainment to the people, with deſign to divert them from politics, and matters of ſtate. This collection is ſo ſtrange a medley of ſenſe and nonſenſe, that one would be tempted to think the col-

had that project taken root and flouriſhed, it would by degrees have overturned our conſtitution. Three or four hundred millions was ſuch a weight, that whichſoever way it had leaned muſt have borne down all before it.—But of the dead we muſt ſpeak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden ſays ſomewhere, "Peace be to its manes!"

Let me add one reflection, to make you eaſy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have loſt beyond what you ventured, conſider that your ſuperfluous gains would

collector was ſome coffee-man, who gathered indifferently from the beſt and worſt. The contrivance he has invented of tying them together has led him into ſuch a blunder that often one could not be ſurprized at anything. The tales are ſuppoſed to be told to one of the Kings of Perſia of the ancient race before Mahomet, and yet the ſcene of ſome of them is laid in the court of Harown Alraſchid the twenty-ſixth Chalif, and the fifth of the race of Abbaſides. Theſe are amongſt the beſt, and, indeed, it is no wonder. He was, of all the Chalifs, the moſt munificent, and the greateſt encourager of letters; ſo that it was natural for men of genius in after-times to do this honour to his memory. But the Biſhop talks of *Petit de la Croiſe*. M. Galland was the tranſlator of the *Arabian tales*. The name of the other is to the collection, called the *Perſian tales*, of which I have nothing to ſay. WARBURTON.

have ſprung from the ruin of ſeveral families that now want neceſſaries! a thought, under which a good and good-natured man, that grew rich by ſuch means, could not, I perſuade my ſelf, be perfectly eaſy. Adieu and believe me ever, your, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XXXI.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

March 26, 1721.

YOU are not yourſelf gladder you are well than I am; eſpecially ſince I can pleaſe myſelf with the thought that when you had loſt your health elſewhere, you recovered it here. May theſe lodgings never treat you worſe, nor you at any time have leſs reaſon to be fond of them!

I thank you for the ſight of your verſes*; and, with the freedom of an honeſt, though perhaps injudicious friend, muſt tell you, that though I could like ſome of them if they were any body's elſe but yours, yet, as they are yours and to be owned as ſuch, I can

* The Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt. See p. 73. In Pope's Works is a Letter to Mr. Pope on the ſame ſubject, from Lord Chancellor Harcourt.

ſcarce

ſcarce like any of them. Not but that the four firſt lines are good, eſpecially the ſecond couplet*; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a leſs eſtabliſhed fame; but from you I expect ſomething of a more perfect kind, and which, the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourſelf: it is your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be

* The Epitaph, as finally ſettled, ſtands thus:

"To this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the friend moſt lov'd, the ſon muſt dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If Pope muſt tell what Harcourt cannot ſpeak.
Oh, let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And with a Father's ſorrow mix his own!"

This epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful introduction of the name, which is inſerted with a peculiar felicity, to which chance muſt concur with genius, which no man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with ſervile imitation. I cannot but wiſh that, of this inſcription, the two laſt lines had been omitted, as they take away from the energy what they do not add to the ſenſe. Dr. JOHNSON.

The ſixth line was originally,

"Harcourt ſtands dumb, and Pope is forc'd to
"ſpeak."

more

more careleſs than you would otherwiſe be in your compoſures.

Thus much I could not forbear ſaying; though I have a motion of conſequence in the Houſe of Lords* to-day, and muſt prepare

* In a caſe where Bp. Atterbury as Dean of Weſtminſter, and four Prebendaries of that church, were appellants, againſt a decree obtained in chancery by five other Prebendaries and Dr. Freind the Maſter of Weſtminſter School, directing certain iſſues to be tried at law. The Biſhop prevailed; the decree was reverſed on the 16th of May, 1721; and the new dormitory was, in conſequence, directed to be built in the College-garden, as a more proper place than where the old one ſtood.

The following memorial, which was preſented to king George the Firſt, Dec. 8, 1718, was moſt probably penned by Atterbury: "The Biſhop of Rocheſter Dean of Weſtminſter, and the Chapter of that Church, humbly repreſent to your majeſty, that Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory founded the college of Weſtminſter, which has in all times ſince been highly favoured by your Majeſty's royal anceſtors, and has bred up great numbers of men uſeful both in Church and State; among whom are ſeveral who have the honour at preſent to ſerve your majeſty in high ſtations. That the dormitory of the ſaid colloge is in ſo ruinous a condition, that it muſt of neceſſity be forthwith rebuilt; the expence of which building (beſides other charges, that may thereby be occaſioned) will, according to the plan now humbly preſented to your majeſty, amount to upwards of five thouſand pounds. As a foundation for the raiſing of this ſum, a legacy has

pare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worſe, having no other at hand. I wiſh you the continuance of your health moſt heartily; and am ever your, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

P. S. I have ſent Dr. Arbuthnot the Latin MS. * which I could not find when you left

has been left by one †, who was a member of this college: and there is good reaſon to believe, that divers perſons of quality, who owe their education to this place, may be diſpoſed to favour this deſign, if they ſhall be incited by your Majeſty's royal example. The ſaid Biſhop and Chapter therefore humbly hope, that your Majeſty will, as an encouragement to learning, be pleaſed to beſtow your royal bounty on this occaſion, in ſuch meaſure as to your Majeſty's high wiſdom ſhall ſeem proper."

* Of Huetius, biſhop of Avranches, left after his death. He was a mean reaſoner: he once attempted it in a vaſt collection of fanciful and extravagant conjectures, which he called a *demonſtration*; mixed up with much reading, which his friends called learning, and delivered (by the allowance of all) in good Latin. This not being received for what he would give it, he compoſed a treatiſe *of the weakneſs of the human underſtanding*: a poor ſyſtem of ſcepticiſm; indeed little other than an abſtract from *Sextus Empiricus*.

WARBURTON.

† Sir Edward Hannes. King George I. gave 500*l.* King George II. 1000*l.* the Parliament 1200*l.* and Mr. Morrice (the ſon-in-law of Bp. Atterbury) 500*l.* See the further hiſtory of this Dormitory in Widmore, p. 168.

me; and I am ſo angry at the writer for his deſign, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear ſending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief Reaſoner of that philoſophic farce is a Gallo-Ligur, as he is called——what that means in Engliſh or French, I cannot ſay—but all he ſays is in ſo looſe and ſlippery and trickiſh a way of reaſoning, that I could not forbear applying the paſſage of Virgil to him,

" Vane Ligur, fruſtraque animis elate ſuperbis!
" Nequicquam patrias tentaſti lubricus artes—"

To be ſerious, I hate to ſee a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which ſays nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of diſtruſting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falſehood can in any caſe be diſtinguiſhed from each other. Could that bleſſed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to ſay it can), we ſhould then be in the moſt uncomfortable and wretched ſtate in the world; and I would in that caſe be glad to exchange my Reaſon, with a dog for his Inſtinct, to-morrow.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Sept. 27, 1721.

I Am now confined to my bed-chamber, and to the matted-room, wherein I am writing, ſeldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner unleſs when company, to whom I cannot excuſe myſelf, comes, which I am not ill pleaſed to find is now very ſeldom. This is my caſe in the ſunny part of the year: what muſt I expect, when

"——inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum?"

"If theſe things be done in the green tree, "what ſhall be done in the dry." Excuſe me for employing a ſentence of Scripture on this occaſion; I apply it very ſeriouſly. One thing relieves me a little under the ill proſpect I have of ſpending my time at the Deanry this winter; that I ſhall have the opportunity of ſeeing you oftener; though, I am afraid, you will have little pleaſure in ſeeing me there. So much for my ill ſtate of health, which I had not touched on, had

not

not your friendly letter been ſo full of it. One civil thing that you ſay in it made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller; and poſſeſſed of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade*, had you not beſtowed it on one who has no right to the leaſt part of the character. If you have not read the verſes lately, I am ſure you remember them becauſe you forget nothing:

" With ſuch a grace you entertain,
" And look with ſuch contempt on pain, &c."

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very ſame rhymes and words [*appear* and *clear*] that the couplet but one after that does—and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the firſt of theſe couplets; for there it runs thus,

" So lightnings in a ſtormy air
" Scorch more, than when the ſky is fair."

You will ſay that I am not very much in pain, nor very buſy, when I can reliſh theſe amuſements: and you will ſay true; for at preſent I am in both theſe reſpects very eaſy.

I had

I had not ſtrength enough to attend Mr. Prior * to his grave; elſe I would have done it, to have ſhewed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me †.

He

* Who died at Wimple, Sept. 18, 1721, and was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey on the 25th.

† Two ſevere Epigrams againſt Atterbury have been aſcribed to Prior, and are both inſerted in the late collection of his works. One of them, admitted by Warburton into Pope's Works, 1751, but ſince rejected, runs thus:

"Meek Francis lies here, Friend. Without ſtop or ſtay,
As you value your peace, make the beſt of your way.
Tho' at preſent arreſted by Death's caitiff paw,
If he ſtirs, he may ſtill have recourſe to the law.
And in the King's Bench ſhould a verdict be found
That by livery and ſeiſin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himſelf what is ſtrictly his due,
And an action of treſpaſs will ſtraightway enſue,
That you, without right, on his premiſſes tread,
On a ſimple ſurmiſe that the owner is dead."

The other was occaſioned by the funeral of the Duke of Buckingham, whom Prior ſurvived but a few months:

"I have no hopes," the Duke he ſays, and dies;
"In ſure and certain hopes," the Prelate cries;
Of theſe two learned Peers, I pr'ythee, ſay, man,
Who is the lying Knave, the Prieſt or Layman?

The

He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spenser: and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the Triplet * he wrote for his own Epitaph; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster.

I am pleased to find you have so much pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it) so much health, at Lord Bathurst's: may my Lord have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood, and using it when built, as you have in designing it! I cannot send a wish after him that means him more happiness, and yet, I am sure, I wish him as much as he wishes himself. I am, &c.

FR. ROFFEN.

The Duke he stands an Infidel confest,
"He's our dear Brother," quoth the lordly Priest.
The Duke, though Knave, still "Brother dear" he cries;
And who can say, the Reverend Prelate lies?

* "To me 'tis given to dye, to you 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even,
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven!"

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

NOTWITHSTANDING I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning; yet I foreſee it will not reach you till Wedneſday morning: and before ſet of ſun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanry. I hope, did I ſay? I recall that word, for it implies deſire: and God knows that is far from being the caſe. For I never part with this place but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worſt of company in the world, my own; and ſee either none beſide, or what is worſe than none, ſome of the Arrii or Seboſi of my neighbourhood: characters, which Tully paints ſo well in one of his Epiſtles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption, they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named thoſe gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place *, and, by pointing it out to you, give you the pleaſure of peruſing the epiſtle,

* This either the Biſhop forgot to do; or the firſt Editor of the Letter neglected to preſerve it.

which is a very agreeable one if my memory does not fail me.

I am ſurprized to find that my Lord Bathurſt and you are parted ſo ſoon. He has been ſick, I know, of ſome late tranſactions; but ſhould that ſickneſs continue ſtill in ſome meaſure, I prophecy it will be quite off by the beignning of November; a letter or two from his London-friends, and a ſurfeit of ſolitude, will ſoon make him change his reſolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleaſure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal*, or ſome ſuch trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, abſolutely require, my attendance at Weſtminſter; where, I hope, the prophet will now and then remember he has a "bed and a candleſtick†." In ſhort, I long to ſee you, and hope you will come, if not a day, yet at leaſt an hour ſooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that ſatisfaction. I am now, I thank God, as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk ſcarce at all without crutches: and I would willingly compound the matter with the

* In this paper he was in the following year ſeverely attacked by Biſhop Hoadly.

† 2 Kings, iv. 10.

gout,

gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worſe; but that is a vain thought, I expect a new attack long before Chriſtmas. Let me ſee you therefore while I am in a condition to reliſh you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I ſhall (and muſt) ſay, "I have no pleaſure in them."

I will bring your ſmall volume of Paſtorals along with me, that you may not be diſcouraged from lending me books, when you find me ſo punctual in returning them. Shakſpeare * ſhall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, though you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text; I have had ſome reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing ſtanding juſt as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleaſure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I ſhall ſcarce repeat that pleaſure any more, having *other work to do*, and *other things to think of* †, but none that will inter-

* Mr. Pope's edition of Shakſpeare was publiſhed in 1721, in ſix volumes, 4to. "On this "undertaking, to which Pope was induced by a "reward of two hundred and ſeventeen pounds, "twelve ſhillings, he ſeems never to have reflected "afterwards without vexation." Dr. JOHNSON.

† It is very eaſy *now* to apply a meaning to theſe remarkable expreſſions.

fere with the offices of friendſhip, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die, your, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

P. S. Addiſon's works came to my hands yeſterday. I cannot but think it a very odd ſett of incidents, that the book ſhould be dedicated by a * dead man † to a dead man; and even that the new ‡ patron, to whom Tickell choſe to inſcribe his verſes, ſhould be dead alſo before they were publiſhed. Had I been in the Editor's place, I ſhould have been a little apprehenſive for myſelf, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You ſee, when I am converſing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admoniſhes me once more to bid you adieu!

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. POPE to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

MY LORD, Feb. 8, 1721-2.

IT is ſo long ſince I had the pleaſure of an hour with your Lordſhip, that I ſhould begin to think myſelf no longer "Amicus

* Mr. Addiſon. † Mr. Craggs. ‡ Lord Warwick.

"omnium

"omnium horarum," but for finding myſelf ſo in my conſtant thoughts of you. In thoſe I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wiſh and hope one day to ſee you really) in my garden at Twitnam. When I went laſt to town, and was on wing for the Deanry, I heard your Lordſhip was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I ſincerely wiſh you whatever you wiſh yourſelf, and all you wiſh your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is juſt to tell you ſo, till in perſon I find you as I deſire, that is, find you well; eaſy, reſigned, and happy, you will make yourſelf, and (I believe) every body that converſes with you; if I may judge of your power over other men's minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over thoſe of A. POPE.

LETTER XXXV.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PERMIT me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to deſire of you a complete copy of thoſe verſes on Mr. Addi-

ſon *; ſend me alſo your laſt reſolution, which ſhall punctually be obſerved in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again ſolicited by another Lord, to whom I

* Theſe verſes were originally ſent in MS. to Mr. Addiſon in 1715. An able vindication of Addiſon was written by Mr. Jeremiah Markland, then a young man, and afterwards the celebrated critic. Both were printed together, by Curll, ſo early as 1717. And perhaps this circumſtance may furniſh a clue to what has been ſo ably diſcuſſed by Judge Blackſtone, in the "Biographia Britannica," under the article *Addiſon*. The epiſtle to Arbuthnot was not publiſhed till January, 1735. That to Auguſtus, with ſome others, appeared in 1738.—"I "have ſeen Mr. Pope's beſt performances, and "find that he pleaſes the town moſt when he is "moſt out of humour with the Court. He has "made very free with his gracious Majeſty, in the "Epiſtle to Auguſtus. But he had loſt his fa-"vourite Bill; even my Lord Harvey had car-"ried a point againſt him; and while he is "*angry*, he will never be *idle*. In this laſt epiſ-"tle † he ſeems to have recanted all he had before "ſaid of Addiſon." *MS. Letter from Mr. Clarke to Mr. Bowyer, July* 6, 1738.

† ——" (Excuſe ſome courtly ſtrains)
"No whiter page than Addiſon remains;
"He from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
"And ſets the paſſions on the ſide of truth;
"Forms the ſoft paſſions with the gentleſt art,
"And pours each human virtue in the heart."
Ver. 215—220.

 have

have given the ſame anſwer as formerly. No ſmall piece of your writing has been ever ſought after ſo much: it has pleaſed every man, without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real ſtrength lies, I hope you will not ſuffer that talent to lie unemployed. For my part, I ſhould be ſo glad to ſee you finiſh ſomething of that kind, that I could be content to be a little ſneered at in a line or ſo, for the ſake of the pleaſure I ſhould have in reading the reſt. I have talked my ſenſe of this matter to you once or twice; and now I put it under my hand, that you may ſee it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you, I cannot ſay: but it pleaſes me to have an opportunity of ſhewing you how well I wiſh you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I deſire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing to which you ſhall pleaſe to turn your pen. Not but that I have ſome little intereſt in the propoſal, as I ſhall be known to have been acquainted with a man * that was capable of excelling in ſuch different manners, and did ſuch honour to his country and language;

* This was effectually done by an elegant epitaph.

and yet was not diſpleaſed ſometimes to read what was written by his humble ſervant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. POPE to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 14, 1721-2.

I Was diſappointed (much more than thoſe who commonly uſe that phraſe on ſuch occaſions) in miſſing you at the Deanry, where I lay ſolitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you; and I wiſh every thing may ſucceed as you deſire in your own family, and in that which I think you no leſs account your own, and is no leſs your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true Friends of it, and to your power its protector. Though the noiſe and daily buſtle for the publick be now over *, I dare ſay a good man is ſtill tendering its welfare; as the ſun in the winter, when ſeeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better ſeaſon. No man wiſhes your Lordſhip more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you ſhould

* Alluding to the diſſolution of the Parliament, four days before.

under-

underſtand the value of it: but I do not wiſh you a jot leſs concerned or leſs active than you are, in all ſincere, and therefore warm, deſires of public good.

I beg the kindneſs (and it is for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as ſoon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper viſit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your Viſiter, but your Lodger, and I accuſe myſelf of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no ſmall ſatisfaction to me) but the beſt reaſon, the ſeeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you ſo (and I dare ſay you will, till I forfeit what I think I never ſhall, my veracity and integrity) I ſhall eſteem myſelf fortunate, in ſpite of the South-ſea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I cannot tell you how ſorry I am, you ſhould be troubled anew by any ſort of people. I heartily wiſh, *Quod ſupereſt, ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the ſame: who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as fooliſh as if I were a Great man.

I am, &c. A. POPE.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

March 16, 1721-2.

AS a viſitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what other denomination ſoever), you are always welcome to me; and will be more ſo, I hope, every day that we live: for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myſelf, beſt when we have both of us leaſt buſineſs. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the ſtations in which I was placed *: but God, that knows my heart, knows I never loved it; and am ſtill leſs in love with it than ever, as I find leſs temptation to act with any hope of ſucceſs. If I am good for any thing, it is *in angulo cum libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been ſpent, and perhaps muſt ſtill be ſpent, far otherwiſe. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty, in any poſt, or in any reſpect, how little ſoever I may like my employment, and how hopeleſs ſoever I may be in the diſcharge of it.

* In his offices at Chriſt Church, and in his ſeveral Deanries.

In

In the mean time the judicious world is pleaſed to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart deſpiſe. Let them think as they will, ſo I might be at liberty to act as I will, and ſpend my time in ſuch a manner as is moſt agreeable to me. I cannot ſay I do ſo now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not uſe them to my ſatisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy * manner; and how long, or how little a while it may be ſo taken up, God only knows, and to his will I implicitly reſign myſelf in every thing.

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. POPE to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

MY LORD, March 19, 1721-2.

I AM extremely ſenſible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in abſence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourſelf

* In his Lady's laſt ſickneſs; whom, it is remarkable, he never expreſsly mentions in any one of his letters; though in p. 94. he ſeems to ſpeak about her with much tenderneſs. She died April 20, 1722.

on

on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good will, and of the warmth which is in you inſeparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a freſh inſtance of partiality. I hope the advance of the fine ſeaſon will ſet you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up to Mount, in a point of view to ſhew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I ſhall be in danger to boaſt like Nebuchadnezzar of the things I have made, and to be turned to converſe, not with the beaſts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I ſhall take to be no great puniſhment: for indeed I heartily deſpiſe the ways of the world, and moſt of the great ones of it.

"Oh, keep me innocent, make others great!"

And you may judge how comfortably I am ſtrengthened in this opinion, when ſuch as your Lordſhip bear teſtimony to its vanity and emptineſs. *Tinnit, inane eſt*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the beſt thing I have the luck

to remember in that great Poet Quarles, (not that I forget the Devil at bowls *; which I know to be your Lordſhip's favourite cut, as well as favourite diverſion.)

The ſituation here is pleaſant, and the view rural enough, to humour the moſt retired, and agree with the moſt contemplative. Good air, ſolitary groves, and ſparing diet, ſufficient to make you fancy yourſelf (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your ſtation) one of the Fathers of the Deſart. Here you may think (to uſe an author's words, whom you ſo juſtly prefer to all his followers that you will receive them kindly, though taken from his worſt work †)

"That in Eliah's banquet you partake,
"Or ſit a gueſt with Daniel at his pulſe."

I am ſincerely free with you, as you deſire I ſhould, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would ſee Lord Carteret or any body elſe, I have another chariot, beſides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in

* One of the quainteſt of Quarles's Emblems.

† Paradiſe Regained." I ſuppoſe this was in compliment to the Biſhop. It could hardly be his own opinion. WARBURTON.

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a nut-ſhell. But if you would be entirely private, nobody ſhall know any thing of the matter. Believe me, my Lord, no man is with more perfect acquieſcence, nay with more willing acquieſcence (not even any of your own Sons of the Church) your obedient, &c. A. POPE.

LETTER XXXIX.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leiſure in the world, I have no leiſure, no ſtomach, to write to you; the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes *: I am convinced that it muſt be ſo; and yet make a ſhift to flatter myſelf ſometimes with the thought that it may poſſibly be otherwiſe. And that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reaſon, does for a few moments make me eaſy, however not eaſy enough in good earneſt to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore

* His lady was then in her laſt illneſs. See above, p. 91.

wonder

wonder not that I do not anſwer your kind letter. I ſhall anſwer it too ſoon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do ſo, no conveniences will be wanting: for I will ſee nobody but you and your mother, and the ſervants. Viſits to Stateſmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) inſipid things; let the men that expect, that wiſh to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they ſhall hear of me at their doors: and when they want me, I ſhall be ſure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will deſpiſe me ſo much, and I ſhall court them ſo little, that we ſhall both of us keep our diſtance.

When I come to you, it is in order to be with you only; a preſident of the council, or a ſtar and garter, will make no more impreſſion upon my mind, at ſuch a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the ſight of a puppet-ſhow. I have ſaid to Greatneſs ſome time ago—"Tuas tibi res habeto, Ego-"met curabo meas." The time is not far off when we ſhall all be upon the level: and I am reſolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them

now:

now: for he is ſo, that neither ſeeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue, and leſs pride: and then I will court them as much as any body; till they reſolve to diſtinguiſh themſelves ſome way elſe than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and I think I have a right) to be as proud as they are: though, I truſt in God, my pride is neither of ſo odious a nature as theirs, nor of ſo miſchievous a conſequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking—when I ſat down to write, I intended only to excuſe myſelf for not writing; and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I muſt diſlodge; I am preparing for it; for I am at this moment building a vault in the Abbey for me and mine. 'Twas to be in the Abbey, becauſe of my relation to the place; but it is at the Weſt door of it: as far from Kings and Kæſars as the ſpace will admit of.

I know not but I may ſtep to town to-morrow, to ſee how the work goes forward; but if I do, I ſhall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter, but that they tell me it will coſt you nothing, and that our privilege

of

of Franking * (one of the moſt valuable we have left) is again allowed us. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XL.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Dean Moss †.

GOOD MR. DEAN, Bromley, Monday morning.

I Have made a ſhift (notwithſtanding my mind at preſent is far otherwiſe employed) to

* Which had been ſuſpended by the diſſolution of the parliament.

† Robert Moſs was born at Gillingham in Norfolk 1666; admitted ſizar at Corpus Chriſti College, Cambridge, 1682; B. A. and Fellow 1685; B. D. 1699; acquired great reputation both as a diſputant and preacher; was a candidate for the place of Public Orator, which he loſt by a very few votes; preacher at Gray's Inn, 1698; aſſiſtant preacher to Dr. Wake at St. James's, 1699; chaplain in ordinary to King William; created D. D. 1705, when Queen Anne viſited the Univerſity of Cambridge. Upon the reſignation of Dr. Stanhope 1702, the pariſhioners of St. Lawrence Jewry invited him to accept their Tueſday lecture; and on the death of Dr. Roderick the Queen nominated him to the Deanry of Ely, in May 1712; and, it is ſuppoſed, would have advanced him to the Biſhoprick had ſhe ſurvived Biſhop Moore. This was the higheſt, but not the laſt, promotion he obtained in the church; for in 1714 the rectory of Gliſton, or Geddleſton,

to run over the pamphlet * you ſent me, which I had not ſeen before, having been here now for eleven days, and out of the way of all ſuch papers.

Your gueſs as to the hands from whence it came may be right: however, I cannot but ſuſpect a little that ſome of my own Bench had the direction of it. You know which of them † it was that declared in the debate, "that Heathens themſelves ought to be encouraged by Laws made in their favour, "if they were uſeful to the Government." And that is the darling notion of the book from one end to the other. Let it come from whence it will, it is a deteſtable piece, written with ſo much inſincerity, and ſuch con-

in Hertfordſhire, was given him by Dr. Robinſon, Biſhop of London. He died, aged 63 years, March 26, 1729, totally debilitated by the gout and other infirmities, and was buried in the preſbytery of his own cathedral under a plain ſtone with a ſimple inſcription. I have a Life of him in MS. by his relation Dr. Z. Grey; which probably may be hereafter printed.

* A pamphlet occaſioned by an act for granting liberty to the Quakers to uſe an affirmation inſtead of an oath, which was paſſed in 1722.

† It was Dr. Kennet, Biſhop of Peterborough. Bp. Atterbury ſpoke warmly againſt the bill; and joined in the Proteſt, which he probably drew up, as he did many others at that period.

tempt of Religion, as cannot but give every good man that reads it grief and indignation. But this is the hour of Darkneſs, and of the Power thereof.

It is certain the writer deſerves to be chaſtiſed; and I am glad you think of undertaking that work. For myſelf, the melancholy circumſtances I am in (and how long I ſhall continue in them God knows) will not ſuffer me to turn my thoughts that way, to any purpoſe. However, I will be as uſeful to you in the attempt as I am able to be, eſpecially, if it pleaſes God to remove the cloud that at preſent hangs over my mind. I have no gueſs at the time when I ſhall be able to ſtir from hence; that depending all together on an event, the iſſue of which I muſt attend, but can no ways foreſee. But ſhould I be able to come to the Deanry, or ſee you here, and diſcourſe you on that ſubject, I will do it moſt gladly; being from the bottom of my heart concerned to ſee ſuch notions countenanced in a Chriſtian ſtate, and the abettors of them preferred and applauded.

Good Mr. Dean, I can ſay no more to you now, but that I will, as I have opportunity, conſider the Book a little, and give

you my thoughts of it (ſuch as they are) when I ſee you.

In the mean time, I pray God to proſper your good intentions; and to raiſe up from among the Clergy men of the like ability, zeal, and courage, who may ſtand in the gap, and reſiſt that ſpirit of irreligion which is breaking (or rather has broken) in upon us. I am always affectionately yours,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLI.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Dean Moss.

GOOD MR. DEAN, Bromley, May 4, 1722.

YOU have heard in how melancholy a way my time has been taken up *, and do not wonder at my not anſwering yours. I am not yet recovered from my double indiſpoſition of body and mind. However, I intend to be at the Deanry ſome part of the approaching week, and ſhould be glad to ſee you there at any time after four o'clock on Monday next, or before ten on Wed-

* By Mrs. Atterbury's illneſs, which had terminated in her death but a few days before. She died April 26. See p. 91.

neſday.

neſday. I do not judge as you do as to the time's being paſt for anſwering that piece. I ſhould think it were better to defer it ſtill longer; and not (as I before ſaid) to trace him καθ' ὁδόν: for he does not deſerve it; but to ſingle out the places moſt exceptionable, and, after expoſing them, take an occaſion from the whole to advance ſomewhat that is new and affecting on the ſubject; and carry on the charge ſtill farther againſt that pernicious, however countenanced, Sect. But of this you are the beſt judge. I am, Sir, your affectionate brother and humble ſervant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I Had much ado to get hither laſt night, the water being ſo rough that the ferrymen were unwilling to venture. The firſt thing I ſaw this morning, after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindneſs of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aſide between us for

67884

the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wiſhes you all manner of happineſs. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleaſing impreſſion upon me that will not ſoon be effaced.

Lord Bolingbroke has preſſed me terribly to ſee him at Dawley, and told me, in a manner betwixt kindneſs and reſentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and muſt expect that ill health will render a good ſhare of it uſeleſs; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account ought by me to be cheriſhed, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my ſun-dial, "Vivite, ait, fugio." I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unneceſſary avocations and amuſements. There are thoſe that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like; If they perſiſt in their intentions, I muſt apply myſelf to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that ſhall not hinder me from employing myſelf alſo in a way which

which they do not like. The givers of trouble one way ſhall have their ſhare of it another; that at laſt they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myſelf, with the few (the very few) friends I like, for that is the point, the ſingle point, I now aim at; though I know the generality of the world, who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverſe of this character belongs to me. I do not know how I have rambled into this account of myſelf; when I ſat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been ſure, without my telling you, that my right hand is at eaſe; elſe I ſhould not have overflowed at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I underſtood, becauſe it ſeems to tend towards employing me in ſomething that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourſelf, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earneſt on ſuch an occaſion than I, for I love you, as well as eſteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain, and a fine Thruſh, have been ſeverally endea-

vouring to call off my attention, but both in vain; nor ſhould I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me reſolve to break through a new temptation, before it has taken too faſt hold on me. I am, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLIII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Dean Moss.

GOOD MR. DEAN, June 6, 1722.

I HAVE been out of order ever ſince I ſaw you; a great cold I caught, by expoſing myſelf too much to the blaſt of an Eaſt wind, gave me a new fit of the gout, which is not yet entirely gone off. However, I have peruſed your papers* as attentively, and to as much purpoſe, as my want of health and books (in this place) would permit. And you ſhall certainly have them returned to you, by a ſure hand, before you ſet out for Ely on Monday next. In the mean time, I beg you to recollect who it was you ſaw at the Dean-

* Dr. Moſs's anſwer to the pamphlet mentioned in p. 98. It does not appear to have been ever publiſhed. By a MS. letter from Dr. Webſter to Dr. Z. Grey, I find that it was offered to a bookſeller in 1732 for ten pounds.

ry,

ry, or coming out of the Deanry, at or about the time that Mr. Walpole was there, or when he parted from me, about three weeks ago. I have a reaſon for this enquiry, which you ſhall know if I live to ſee you again. In the mean time be as particular in this matter as your memory will give you leave; and let me have a few lines from you about it as ſoon as you can conveniently. If you put your Letter into the hands of Frank Winkles, Clerk of the Works at Weſtminſter-Abbey, he will take care of conveying it to your affectionate brother and faithful ſervant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLIV.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Dean Moss.

GOOD MR. DEAN, Bromley, June 9, 1722.

I THANK you for your letter, and will trouble you no farther on that head. You ſhall know my meaning in that enquiry if I live to meet you upon your return from Ely.

As to your papers, I have read them thrice, and with ſome attention; ſuch as my preſent indiſpoſition and want of books at this place

would permit me to uſe. And I began to ſet down in writing ſome ſmall remarks on particular places: but I found them to be of ſo little moment in themſelves, and yet likely to be ſo numerous, that as I could not well go through with the trouble of putting them down in paper, ſo I was glad, upon a review of them, to find that that labour ſeemed needleſs: for they related chiefly to the manner of expreſſion, which, though it be not ſuch here and there as perhaps I ſhould have pitched upon (for every man has his particular caſt of words and turn of ſtyle), yet may for all that be better than what I ſhould have ſubſtituted, as being more ſuitable to the way of writing you have propoſed to yourſelf, and which you have all along uniformly purſued, and, in my judgement, to very good purpoſe. However, as the gravity and weight of your expreſſion is the diſtinguiſhing character of it, I could wiſh that ſome paſſages (they are very few), which ſeem to carry the leaſt air of levity in them, might be altered or omitted, ſuch as that of *paying compliments to a maſk*—that of *ſpinning glaſs*; and one or two more, I think, of the like kind; which, when you read them over again

for

for the preſs, you cannot miſs. In other reſpects, I almoſt every where perfectly approve your manner of writing, as well as reaſoning. Only I cannot but wiſh (as I ſaid to you at firſt) that you had paid leſs reſpect to the performance, and conſidered it in a much ſlighter and more contemptuous manner; and only taken occaſion from thence to ſay what you thought proper to be offered to the publick, without purſuing him *pedetentim* through all his cavils and evaſions. But ſince you have thought fit to take that way (which will alſo have its uſe), I ſee not how what you have written in the whole can be ſhortened in the parts, ſo as to anſwer your profeſſed deſign in writing. And this I ſay after endeavouring, here and there, to contract what you had ſaid, and finding that it would not be of a piece with the reſt, nor anſwer your purpoſes, if I did ſo.

Therefore, though I am ſorry the piece is ſo large, yet I ſee not how it can be conveniently abridged; and am ſure, that, long as it may be, whoever reads it attentively will find in every part of it what will make him good amends for his trouble.

The

The matter of fact about the Petition * itſelf is of importance, and abſolutely neceſſary to be told; and I doubt not but the Biſhops concerned will be eaſy on that head; I am ſure they ought to be: and, if they are not, that itſelf is a new reaſon why they ſhould be put upon publickly owning what was tranſacted in ſecret; if that point can be gained, and made conſiſtent with the decency and duty that is to be paid them.

Your defending a rejected Petition, and an expunged Proteſt †, can ſurely be attended with no juſt objection, ſince you pretend to know nothing of the debates and proceedings within doors, beyond what Joſhuah himſelf has printed; nor to conſider any arguments but his againſt that Petition and thoſe Reaſons. The Lords might have ſuch as induced them to reject and expunge; and yet this pretended Quaker may not have hit upon them.

As to the ſtatutes ſuppoſed to give the Quakers the name of Chriſtians, you allow

* That of the London Clergy againſt the Quaker's Bill. It is printed in the Political State, vol. XXIII. p. 112. Dean Moſs was the firſt who ſigned it.

† This Proteſt is alſo printed in the Political State, p. 185.

too

too much in what you ſay on that head: for there is not a ſingle paſſage in any act of parliament, but that you have cited, where the word Chriſtian is uſed concerning them; and that only ſays, they ſhall ſubſcribe a profeſſion of *their Chriſtian belief*, which they may do, nay and even be orthodox in that belief; and yet, if they either hold opinions directly deſtructive of thoſe articles of faith they profeſs, or renounce the known inſtitutions of Chriſt, be for all that no Chriſtians; nor does any act of parliament ever ſtyle them ſo.

I ſhall ſay nothing to you about the inſtances of the Lord Advocate's petitioning in 1588, but this; that Gibſon obſerved, there was no mention of its being preſented even in the larger entries of Sir Symonds Dewes's printed account of that ſeſſion; which aſſertion, whether it be true or no, I have not enquired, as not thinking it very material.

That part of your Book which relates to the divine inſtitution of an oath, and that other which concerns the duty of the magiſtrate with reſpect to Religion, are what need not have been offered in anſwer to that ſhuffling writer; but, ſince you have been at the pains of drawing them up, they ought not, I am ſure, to be loſt: for thoſe points are

treated

treated by you with great ſolidity and prudence; and your way of ſtating them will be of good uſe.

I had ſome trouble in marſhaling your ſeparate papers, which, either by me, or you, or both of us, were put much out of order. I ſuppoſe, I have, as I now ſend them back, reſtored them to the order in which you deſigned them. If, after all, you accuſe me for not having done what you had hopes I would have done, in relation to your MS. I have two things to ſay for myſelf, and can ſay both of them very ſincerely. The firſt is, that ill health has been for theſe two months paſt my perpetual portion; and that, mixed with ſome melancholy and ſhocking accidents of life, has hindered me from employing my mind in earneſt on any ſubject of conſequence; though, I thank God, I am now going to be more at eaſe than I was in thoſe particulars.

Another thing that hindered me putting down my thoughts at large, was a reſolution to ſee you again, and diſcourſe over all matters verbally; and I had appointed, in my mind, yeſterday for that purpoſe; and had diſpoſed all my matters, and ordered my coach, for that little journey. But I was pre-

prevented by incidents that it is not now worth while to trouble you with; and muſt now be neceſſarily confined here for a few days longer.

I wiſh you a good journey to Ely; and hope for your return about the beginning or middle of Auguſt. Whenever it is, you will let me know of it; and then, if I am in a condition of doing farther ſervice (farther do I ſay? I have done none hitherto), I will not decline it. In the mean time, and always, look upon me as your very affectionate brother and faithful ſervant, FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLV.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

June 15, 1722.

YOU have generally written firſt, after our parting; I will now be beforehand with you in my enquiries, how you got home and how you do, and whether you met with Lord ——, and delivered my civil reproach to him, in the manner I deſired? I ſuppoſe you did not, becauſe I have heard nothing either from you or from him on that head; as I ſuppoſe I might have done if you had found him.

I am

I am ſick of theſe men of quality; and the more ſo, the oftener I have any buſineſs to tranſact with them. They look upon it as one of their diſtinguiſhing privileges, not to be punctual in any buſineſs, of how great importance ſoever; nor to ſet other people at eaſe, with the loſs of the leaſt part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpoſe? or how can I alter it?

I long to ſee the original MS. of Milton: but do not know how to come at it, without your repeated aſſiſtance.

I hope you won't utterly forget what paſſed in the coach about Sampſon Agoniſtes. I ſhall not preſs you as to time; but ſome time other I wiſh you would review and poliſh that piece. If, upon a new peruſal of it (which I deſire you to make), you think as I do, that it is written in the very ſpirit of the Ancients; it deſerves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and ſtandard of Tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a ſtory taken out of the Bible; which is an objection that, at this time of day, I know is not to be got over. I am, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. POPE to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

July 27.

I Have been as conſtantly at Twitenham as your Lordſhip has at Bromley, ever ſince you ſaw Lord Bathurſt. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanry, and moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human glory.

The Dutcheſs's * letter concerns me nearly, and you know all my thoughts without diſguiſe: I muſt keep clear of flattery; I will: and as this is an honeſt reſolution, I dare hope your Lordſhip will not be ſo unconcerned for my keeping it, as not to aſſiſt me in ſo doing. I beg therefore you would repreſent thus much at leaſt to her Grace, that as to the fear ſhe ſeems touched with, [that the Duke's memory ſhould have no advantage but what he muſt give himſelf, without being beholden to any one friend;] your Lordſhip may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and chriſtian plainneſs, tell her, that no man

* The Dutcheſs of Buckingham.

can have any other advantage; and that all offerings of friends in ſuch a caſe paſs for nothing. Be but ſo good as to confirm what I have repreſented to her, that an inſcription in the ancient way, plain, pompous, yet modeſt, will be the moſt uncommon, and therefore the moſt diſtinguiſhing manner of doing it. And ſo I hope ſhe will be ſatisfied, the Duke's honour be preſerved, and my integrity alſo, which is too ſacred a thing to be forfeited, in conſideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) honour or diſtinction whatever, which thoſe of their rank can beſtow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but never ſo much, as when they imagine us under any obligation to ſay one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind tranſition you make from common buſineſs, to that which is the only real buſineſs of every reaſonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, though not ſo much as I ought. I am pleaſed with thoſe Latin verſes extremely, which are ſo very good that I thought them yours, till you called them an Horatian cento, and then I recollected

collected the *disjecti membra poetæ*. I will not pretend I am ſo totally in thoſe ſentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: You tell me I have them, as the civileſt method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have them. I ought firſt to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good prophane writers, eſpecially the Moraliſts, &c. before I can be worthy of taſting that ſupreme of books, and ſublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendſhip and charity toward me continue ſo far) be the beſt guide to your, &c. A. POPE.

LETTER XLVII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

July 30, 1722.

I Have written to the Dutcheſs * juſt as you deſired, and referred her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather becauſe your opinion in the caſe is ſincerely mine: and if it had not been ſo,

* Dutcheſs of Buckingham.

you yourſelf ſhould not have induced me to give it. Whether and how far ſhe will acquieſce in it, I cannot ſay; eſpecially in a caſe where ſhe thinks the Duke's honour concerned; but ſhould ſhe ſeem to perſiſt à little at preſent, her good ſenſe (which I depend upon) will afterwards ſatisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to morrow to the Deanry, and I believe I ſhall ſtay there till I have ſaid "Duſt to duſt," and ſhut up that * laſt ſcene of pompous vanity.

'Tis a great while for me to ſtay there at this time of the year; and I know I ſhall often ſay to my ſelf, while I am expecting the funeral,

"O Rus, quando ego te aſpiciam! quandoque
"licebit
"Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!"

In that caſe, I ſhall fancy I hear the ghoſt of the dead, thus intreating me,

"At tu ſacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
"Oſſibus & capiti inhumato
"Particulam dare——

* This was the Funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Biſhop officiated as Dean of Weſtminſter, in Auguſt, 1722. POPE.

"Quinquam

" Quanquam feſtinas, non eſt mora longa;
" licebit
" Injecto ter pulvere, curras."

There is an anſwer for me ſomewhere in Hamlet to this requeſt, which you remember though I do not. " Poor Ghoſt, thou " ſhalt be ſatisfied!"—or ſomething like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me ſome amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well: I ſhould always, could I always be here—

" ——Sed me
" Imperioſa trahit Proſerpina: vive, valeque."

You are the firſt man I ſent to this morning, and the laſt man I deſire to converſe with this evening, though at twenty miles diſtance from you,

" Te veniente die, Te, decedente, requiro."

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLVIII.

Bp. ATTERBURY to his Son at Oxford.

DEAR OBBY, [Of uncertain date.]

I THANK you for your letter, becauſe there are manifeſt ſigns in it of your endeavouring to excel yourſelf, and by conſequence to pleaſe me. You have ſucceeded in both reſpects, and will always ſucceed, if you think it worth your while to conſider what you write, and to whom, and let nothing, tho' of a trifling nature, paſs thro' your pen negligently: get but the way of writing correctly and juſtly, time and uſe will teach you to write readily afterwards; not but that too much care may give a ſtiffneſs to your ſtyle, which ought in letters, by all means, to be avoided. The turn of them ſhould be always natural and eaſy, for they are an image of private and familiar converſation. I mention this with reſpect to the four or five firſt lines of yours, which have an air of poetry, and do naturally reſolve themſelves in blank verſe. I ſend you the letter again, that you yourſelf may now make the ſame obſervation; but you took

took the hint of the thought from a poem, and 'tis no wonder therefore if you have heightened your phraſe a little, when you were expreſſing it. The reſt is as it ſhould be, and particularly there is an air of duty and ſincerity in it, that, if it comes from the heart, is the moſt acceptable preſent you can make me: with theſe good qualities, an incorrect letter would pleaſe me; and without them, the fineſt thoughts and language would make no laſting impreſſion upon me. The Great Being ſays, (you know) "my ſon, give me thy heart—" implying, that without it all other gifts ſignify nothing: let me conjure you, therefore, never to ſay any thing, either in a letter or common converſation, that you do not think; but always let your mind and your words go together, even on the moſt ſlight and trivial occaſions. Shelter not the leaſt degree of inſincerity under the notion of a compliment, which (as far it deſerves to be practiſed by a man of probity) is only the moſt civil and obliging way of ſaying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwiſe throws away truth for good breeding; I need not tell you how little his character gets by ſuch an exchange. I ſay not this as if I ſuſ-

pected that in any part of your letter you intended only to write what was proper, without any regard to what was true; for I am reſolved to believe that you were in good earneſt from the beginning to the end of it, as much even as I am, when I tell you that I am your loving father, FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLIX.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER * (under a fictitious name) to General DILLON.

SIR, April 20, 1722.

I Ought to acknowledge in form the ſeveral papers I have ſucceſſively received from you, if I were capable at preſent of doing

* This letter, and the two which follow it, are aſcribed to Bp. Atterbury on the authority of the higheſt court of judicature in the kingdom; and are placed a little out of the regular order of their dates, as introductory to his commitment to the Tower. It appears, by the Report of the Committee of the Houſe of Commons, "That when the Biſhop was taken into cuſtody, vaſt numbers of letters and papers were found in his houſe, bearing date before the year 1713; but from that time downwards few of any conſequence, except what are here printed.

One was from the Dutcheſs [redacted]d, dated January 14, 172[redacted] in which are theſe words: "I "reſolved [redacted] ſend what I received; for though it "had

doing any thing regularly; but indeed I am not, as Hatfield well knows, and why I am not.

" had not happened to belong to the perſon I ad-
" dreſſed it to, I was ſure it could not be put into
" better hands."

This paſſage makes it highly probable, that the Biſhop uſed to receive letters from abroad directed by fictitious names; which is ſtill further confirmed by the following circumſtances:

In the cypher which Layer owned to be received from Sir William Ellis, the Biſhop of Rocheſter is deſigned by the name of Juſtus.

Neynoe declared, that in the letter which Kelly ſhewed him from Dillon's Secretary, there were compliments to the Biſhop of Rocheſter by the name of Naunton.

Among the Biſhop's letters was found one directed to Mr. Dubois, not ſigned with any name, nor dated from any place. It was in the following words: "Sir, Forgive my ſilence. You eaſily conceive
" the difficulties I am under in that regard. I write
" this only to aſſure you of my ſincereſt and unal-
" terable reſpect; and refer you to the worthy
" bearer for news, and for every thing, which
" otherwiſe I ſhould have found ſome way or other
" of writing to you myſelf. I have heard nothing
" from you ſince the letter I had about two months
" ago by Mr. Johnſon, to which I immediately in
" his hand returned my anſwer. A rumour has
" reached me of your having written hither ſince;
" but I can find nobody that owns he has ſeen your
" letters. I am always, Sir, your truly obedient,
" and [redacted]mble ſervant."

The Committee obſerved, That Johnſon was the name by which Kelly conſtantly went, as appeared to

not. Some time muſt paſs before I am any way capable of buſineſs; in the mean time you

to them from ſeveral affidavits: and that he was at Paris the 16th of December, 1721. N. S. and ſet out in two or three days after for England, as appeared from the pocket-book taken upon him: and the letter to Dubois ſeemed to intimate ſuch a correſpondence as made it unſafe to write openly, and without diſguiſe.

Among the Biſhop's papers was found another latter, dated Rouen, Jan. 15th, 1722, without any name; and the ſuperſcription torn off. Which letter is mentioned to be ſent by an honeſt gentleman; and the writer of it deſires to know how he may direct; and deſires to be directed to by the name of Wiſhart, at Mr. Arbuthnot's, at Rouen, which is probably a fictitious direction, no name being ſubſcribed to the letter. He likewiſe mentions a former letter, ſent under cover to their common friend Sir Red. Who Sir Red. is, did not appear to the Committee; but they found one Sir Red. Everard inſerted in Plunket's cypher, and deſigned by the fictitious name of Fly.

Among the Biſhop's papers were likewiſe found two letters from Captain Charles Halſtead of Greenwich; the perſon who was ſent to Bilboa, to tranſport the late Duke of Ormond to England.

Some letters were intercepted, which there was good reaſon to believe were from the Biſhop of Rocheſter; and one of theſe letters being ſigned T. Jones, and another T. Illington, the Committee laid before the Houſe the evidence they found of the Biſhop's being deſigned by thoſe two names, collected from circumſtances, which, being in themſelves ſeemingly minute, and of little conſequence,

you are in the right to preſs the gentlemen concerned by all manner of ways you can think

quence, were for that reaſon more frankly confeſſed by thoſe who were obſtinate in concealing ſtronger proofs; and yet at the ſame time led directly to the diſcovery of the perſon meant by thoſe names.

On the 11th of May, Motfield (who is the ſame with Muſgrave, that is, the Lord Marr) ſent a letter to Mr. Illington, encloſed under cover to Kelly; in which, after acknowledging the receipt of Illington's letter of the 20th of April, he adds, "I did not expect ſo ſoon after to have heard of a loſs you have had ſince; for which I condole with you, and nothing which concerns you ſo near can fail touching me, as in friendſhip it ought. It is, though, becoming us, as it is our duty, to ſubmit with reſignation to what the juſt and great God thinks fit to order for us in this vain and tranſitory world; but you know ſuch things ſo much better than I, that I will not trouble you with ſaying any more upon it."

This laſt paragraph ſeems to point out the character and function of the perſon to whom the letter was writ.

Motfield adds, "I would fain hope that your own diſtemper will ſoon give you eaſe;" which agrees with the circumſtance of the Biſhop's being ill of the gout at the time of his wife's death.

The packet was directed to Mr. Chivers, and conſiſted of three letters, one to Chivers himſelf, ſigned J. Jones; another to Muſgrave, ſigned T. Illington; a third to Mr. Jackſon, ſigned 1378; which number are found by the decypherers to denote the proper name of a perſon beginning with

think of, to furniſh what, by being hitherto not ſupplied, has rendered the thing impracticable. They were deſirous of having that matter entirely in their own manage-

the letter R; in the cypher made uſe of in theſe three letters, the order of which was alphabetical. All the three letters were dated the 20th of April, and appear by the matter to be from the ſame perſon, which prove 1378 to be the ſame with Jones and Illington. The letters to Muſgrave and Jackſon were encloſed in that to Chivers.

The perſon who dictated theſe letters ſpeaks of himſelf as being in ill health, in great pain, under ſome ſad and melancholy circumſtances, which made him uncapable of doing any thing regularly at that time, but which he expected would ſoon blow over; which agrees with the Biſhop's circumſtances at that time, whoſe wife was extremely ill, and died ſix days after; and he himſelf, as has been obſerved before, was at that time afflicted with the gout.

The Committee obſerved further, from this letter to Dillon, that the Biſhop had contracted a great intimacy and familiarity with a profeſſed Roman Catholic, who appeared openly in arms againſt King William in Ireland; and, being obliged to leave that country at the capitulation of Limerick, had ever ſince adhered to the ſame cauſe in foreign parts, and was then more active and induſtrious than any other of the Pretender's agents in theſe kingdoms. He was a lieutenant-general, and had a command of one of the Iriſh regiments in the French ſervice. It appears alſo by the Report, that, after Kelly's being taken into cuſtody, the management of the Biſhop's correſpondence was undertaken by Carte the Hiſtorian.

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ment, and I not unwilling that they ſhould have it, being always diffident of ſucceſs on my part upon interpoſitions of that kind; and therefore it gave me no concern to be ſo freely excuſed from any ſhare (as I was for a great while) in that trouble. At laſt, indeed, when the point was found upon trial to be more difficult than they expected, I was preſſed to undertake the matter; but ſo late, that I did not think it reaſonable for me then to interpoſe; nor can I yet undertake any thing of that kind, it being what (ſince ſome former miſmanagement wherein I was deeply concerned) I have conſtantly declined, hoping that I might not be altogether unuſeful to the ſervice, if I went on to promote it in my own, that is, in another way. I ſtill hope ſo, and that a little time (which muſt be employed in doing nothing but ſolliciting ſupplies) will give me room for entering into meaſures that may be ſomewhat more ſignificant than thoſe formerly taken; this *I ſhall endeavour* *, being at

* The Government having reaſon to ſuſpect the Biſhop to be concerned in a plot in favour of the Pretender; he was apprehended, Aug. 24, 1722, and committed to the Tower. Various methods, it is ſaid, were attempted, and various times

at preſent perfectly tired by the diſtracting meaſures which have been taken from ſeveral quarters, by perſons no ways equal to the

times fixed, for putting the plot in execution. The firſt intention was to have procured a regular body of foreign forces to invade theſe kingdoms, at the time of the elections for members of parliament. But the conſpirators, being diſappointed in this expectation, reſolved next to make an attempt at the time it was generally believed his Majeſty intended to go to Hanover, by the help of ſuch officers and ſoldiers as could paſs into England, unobſerved, from abroad, under the command of the late Duke of Ormond; who was to have landed in the river, with a great quantity of arms, provided in Spain for that purpoſe. The Tower, at the ſame time, was to have been ſeized, and the city of London made a place of arms. But this deſign alſo being diſappointed by many concurring events, the conſpirators found themſelves under a neceſſity of deferring their enterprize till the breaking-up of the camp: during which interval, they laboured, by their agents and emiſſaries, to corrupt and ſeduce the officers and ſoldiers of the army; and depended ſo much on their defection as to entertain hopes of placing the Pretender on the throne, though they ſhould have no aſſiſtance from abroad. What ſhare our Prelate was ſuſpected to have had in this conſpiracy, appears from the Report, which charges him with carrying on a traiterous correſpondence, in order to raiſe an inſurrection in the kingdom, and to procure foreign forces to invade it. In ſupport of which accuſation the three letters here printed were produced. The Biſhop's Speech in his own Defence ſhall appear in the preſent volume.

work,

work, and at the ſame time not agreeing among themſelves. This is all I can ſay at preſent, but that I am, with the ſame entire reſpect and fidelity I ever was, Sir, your moſt, &c. T. JONES.

I have communicated the copies of Mr. Mansfield's and Jacob's letters, which beſides the G..... (whereof they had a copy) were the only ones of thoſe tranſmitted, that I was directed, or indeed thought proper ſo to do. Though I have for ſome time thought that nothing of importance ſhould be truſted to the poſt, and am reſolved myſelf not to ſend that way; yet the death of Lord Sunderland * makes ſuch a caution more indiſpenſably neceſſary, for you may depend upon it that thoſe in power here will now enter into meaſures of more ſeverity and ſtrictneſs, and employ all their diligence, as well as power, on ſuch occaſions.

* He died April 19, 1722, the day preceding the date of this letter.

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LETTER L.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER (under a fictitious name) to Lord MARR, under the name of MUSGRAVE.

SIR, April 20, 1722.

I Received from Mr. Hatfield (after a long intermiſſion of ſuch favours) a letter which was very welcome to me. I have alſo conſidered carefully what he had to offer to me in particular, and entirely agree with what is propoſed; but my preſent ſad circumſtances (of which he has already informed you) will not ſuffer me to be active ſoon, or even ſet forward the affairs entruſted with me in ſo ſpeedy a manner as I could wiſh. The beſt is, that as I cannot act openly, ſo neither is there, I think, any immediate need of it, ſome time being requiſite towards ripening matters, in order to fix the C..... .....'d, which, if haſtily begun, may be attended with ſuſpicions and other Inconveniences; but you may depend upon it, that the.....s committed to my care ſhall be forwarded in due time to the perſons con-

concerned, as alſo all ſuch other ..... s as I judge, and at the time I judge, they will beſt promote the ſervice. What is to be wiſhed for, is, that the perſon whom I am to act with would come to town, and his doing ſo may be facilitated better from your ſide, than by any thing that can be done here; by that time he comes, I hope I ſhall be able to take my part with him. I add no more now, being very unfit to ſay even thus much, but that I am, with entire reſpect and confidence, Sir, &c. T. ILLINGTON.

LETTER LI.

The Bp. of ROCHESTER to THE PRETENDER.

To Mr. JACKSON, under the cover of Mr. GORDON le fils, Banquier à Boulogne ſur Mer.

SIR, April 26, 1722.

I AM ſorry to find by yours, which Hatfield brought, that you know our circumſtances on this ſide ſo well, becauſe that knowledge does not, I apprehend, give you any advantageous opinion of us; however, let that be as it will, it is not fit you ſhould be deceived, and rely on more than will be

made good to you. If you gueſs at my right mind, I dare ſay it was agreeable to your own; and that you could not but ſee through the forwardneſs of all thoſe unſupported, pretending people. Notwithſtanding this opportunity is elapſed, I agree with you, another may offer before the end of the year, though not perhaps every way ſo favourable. However, it became me to ſpeak ſtrongly on that head, eſpecially at the time when the ..... was drawn, which was long before it was tranſmitted, for it was kept back a great while, in hopes that deeds might have accompanied words, and ſent at laſt rather to juſtify the writer in reſpect to that part he had undertaken, than to puſh on any deſign in ſo unprovided a condition. I find I was not miſtaken, and am glad it was not ſo, though every word of that ..... paſſed the view and approbation of the perſons concerned; but they were to be, and ſhall always be by me, treated tenderly; though nothing ſhall engage me to enter deep with them for the future. I had taken this reſolution before Hatfield's return, and am pleaſed to find that you concur with me in opinion. As ſoon as God reſtores me to my health, and ſome

other melancholy circumſtances are blown over, which will be as ſoon as there is any occaſion for me, I will not be idle. In the mean time give me leave to withdraw myſelf ſeemingly from any engagement of this kind; I ſhall return to it, I doubt not, with more ability to promote the work *: not that I will decline any proper occaſions that may offer themſelves to converſe freely with the men, and in the manner, I have been uſed to do, for it is fit upon all accounts I ſhould do ſo; but by little and little that confidence will cool, and make room, I hope, for ſomewhat of a more ſolid and important nature. I dictate this in great pain; and for that reaſon, and becauſe I am not at preſent in any readineſs to go further, ſhall add only my faithful aſſurances of an entire and unalterable reſpect for you. R.

* The reſtleſs Biſhop of Rocheſter, diſappointed in his hopes of a primacy, with ſuperior abilities, a claſſical purity of language, and an auſtere dignity of action, ſtood forth the champion of a conſtitution which he attempted to ſubvert, and of a church whoſe principles he poſſibly diſbelieved.... The Archbiſhoprick of York was refuſed him in one reign; and it is ſaid that he entertained hopes of being bribed with that of Canterbury in the next. Dr. MATY.

LETTER LII.

General DILLON (under the name of DIGBY) to Biſhop ATTERBURY, under the diſguiſe of a female name.

To Mrs. WESTERN *, incloſed to Mr. GEORGE WILLIAMS, at Mrs. HARBIN's over againſt Somerſet-Houſe.

DEAR MADAM, Saturday, July 25, 1722.

I Cannot on any reaſonable grounds complain of your ſilence, though long it appears, becauſe I am informed of the ſituation of your health, and the concerns your family are in, *by bankrupts and law-ſuits* †. Permit me, however, to fulfill a part of my duty, in preſenting you my beſt reſpects, and unalterable attachment to you and yours. I wiſh this may find you ſo far recovered from paſt miſchances, as that you may be once more in a humour of affording me a comfor table line. I have *all the ſtock I bought* lying by, and I intend it ſhall remain ſo,

* This name is clearly proved in the Report to mean the Biſhop.

† The few words printed in Italics are all that were attempted to be diſguiſed in the preſent letter; and thoſe are ſufficiently explained in the Report.

until

until you adviſe me of a proper time to diſpoſe of it; being fully convinced that, in the ſlippery age we live in, I cannot confide to any better than you. I hear many ſay, that *our ſtocks* will infallibly riſe again to a good height, by Mr. Walpole's wiſe and able management; from whence I ſhould hope not to be ſo much a loſer in reſerving mine. Still my lights at this diſtance can be but very imperfect: therefore, *dear Madam*, I will earneſtly pray your direction, when you find leiſure to grant me this favour, as alſo of forgiving this trouble, for which I offer amends in any manner I can be of ſervice to you. The few acquaintances of yours I converſe with in theſe parts are well; and rely, as I do, on your friendly advice, in a moſt particular manner, about their concerns in the *funds*. They deſire you will be pleaſed to admit Mr. Skinner * to receive your commands, who is directed to call upon you, and explain ſome particulars too tedious for a letter. He ſeems to be very ready at buſineſs, and will obey your orders punctually. I am, with the greateſt eſteem and ſincerity, dear Madam, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,] DIGBY.

* Who in other letters is called Stanley.

LETTER LIII.

Biſhop ATTERBURY to Lord TOWNSHEND.

MY LORD, The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I am thankful for the favour of ſeeing my daughter any way, but was in hopes the reſtraint of an officer's preſence in reſpect of her might have been judged needleſs, at a time when her huſband is allowed to be as often and as long with me as he pleaſes without witneſs, eſpecially ſince we have been parted now for near eight months *, and muſt ſoon, if the Bill takes place †, be parted for ever.

My Lord, I have many things to ſay to her, in relation to herſelf, her brother ‡, and my little family affairs, which cannot with eaſe, to her or me, be ſaid in preſence of others; and I dare ſay your Lordſhip does not apprehend that the ſubject of our converſation will be of ſuch a nature as to deſerve to be

* The Biſhop was apprehended Aug. 24, 1722.

† It paſſed the Houſe of Commons on the 9th of April; and received the royal aſſent May 27.

‡ This is the only paſſage in any of the Biſhop's letters (except the one immediately addreſſed to him) in which his ſon is mentioned.

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in any degree watched or reſtrained. She has been the comfort of my life, and I ſhall leave her with more regret than I leave my preferments (though when I am ſtripped of them I ſhall have nothing to ſupport me). Nor is there ſcarce any loſs, beſides that of my country, which will touch me ſo nearly.

Your Lordſhip, who is known to be a tender father*, will feel what I ſay; and conſider how far it is fit to indulge me in ſo innocent a requeſt. It is a little thing I aſk; but nothing is little that can give any relief to a man in my ſad circumſtances, which deſerve your Lordſhip's compaſſion, and I hope will obtain it.

I am, with all reſpect, your Lordſhip's moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

FR. ROFFEN.

* "This nobleman is beloved by every body that "knows him." MACKY.—"I except one!" SWIFT. —"Slow in his parts, rough in his manner, impa- "tient of contradiction; the humane, generous, "and benevolent Lord Townſhend was inelegant "in his language, often perplexed in his argu- "ments; but always ſpoke ſenſibly, and with a "thorough knowledge of the ſubject." Dr. MATY. He retired from public buſineſs in 1730, and died in June 1738.

LETTER LIV.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR, The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I thank you for all the inſtances of your friendſhip, both before and ſince my misfortunes. A little time will compleat them, and ſeparate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world ſoever I am, I will live mindful of your ſincere kindneſs to me; and will pleaſe myſelf with the thought, that I ſtill live in your eſteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no diſtance of time or place, will alter you in that reſpect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you ever ſince I knew you, and ſhall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you ſo; as the caſe will ſoon be. Give my faithful ſervices to Dr. Arbuthnot*, and thanks for

* Some hints, probably, towards his defence.—"Tell Dr. Arbuthnot" (ſays Pope in a letter to Gay) "that even pigeon-pies and hogs-puddings "are thought dangerous by our governors; for "thoſe that have been ſent to the Biſhop of Ro-"cheſter are opened, and prophanely pryed into "at the Tower. It is the firſt time that dead "pigeons

for what he ſent me, which was much to the purpoſe, if any thing can be ſaid to be to

" pigeons have been ſuſpected of carrying intelli-
" gence. To be ſerious, you and Mr. Congreve
" and the Doctor will be ſenſible of my concern
" and ſurprize at his commitment, whoſe welfare
" is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I
" think myſelf a moſt unfortunate wretch: I no
" ſooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my
" eſteem to any man, but he either dies, like Mr.
" Craggs, or is ſent to impriſonment, like the
" Biſhop. GOD ſend him as well as I wiſh him,
" manifeſt him to be as innocent as I believe him,
" and make all his enemies know him as well as I
" do, that they may think of him as well!"—A few extracts from a letter on this occaſion by Dean Swift (who had been paſſing the ſummer *à la bagatelle* in the North of Ireland) may perhaps be not unacceptable: " Strange revolu-
" tions ſince I left you: a Biſhop of my old ac-
" quaintance in the Tower for treaſon; and a
" Doctor of my new acquaintance [Dr. Bolton]
" made a Biſhop..... I eſcaped hanging very nar-
" rowly a month ago; for a letter from Preſton,
" directed to me, was opened in the poſt-office,
" and ſealed again in a very ſlovenly manner;
" when Manley found it only contained a requeſt
" from a poor curate. This hath determined me
" againſt writing treaſon..... It is ſaid that Kelly
" the parſon is admitted to Kelly the ſquire; and
" that they are cooking up a diſcovery between
" them, for the improvement of the hempen ma-
" nufacture. It is reckoned, that the beſt trade in
" London this winter will be that of an evidence.

" As

to the purpoſe in a caſe that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be ſuch, that neither my friends need bluſh for me, nor will my enemies have great occaſion of triumph, though ſure of the victory. I ſhall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I queſtion whether I ſhall be permitted to ſee him, or any body, but ſuch as are abſolutely neceſſary towards the diſpatch of my private affairs. If ſo, God bleſs you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever purſue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing *, to ſay ſomewhat about my way of ſpending my time at

" As much as I hate the Tories, I cannot but pity " them as fools. Some think likewiſe, that the " Pretender ought to have his choice of two caps; " a red cap or a fool's cap. It is a wonderful thing " to ſee the Tories provoking his preſent Majeſty; " whoſe clemency, mercy, and forgiving temper, " have been ſo ſignal, ſo extraordinary, ſo more " than humane, during the whole courſe of this " reign; which plainly appears, not only from " his own ſpeeches and declarations, but alſo from " a moſt ingenious pamphlet juſt come over, re- " lating to the wicked Biſhop of Rocheſter."

Dr. Swift to Robert Cope, Eſq.

* He did call upon him; though to very little purpoſe. See above, p. 43.

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the Deanry, which did not ſeem calculated towards managing plots and conſpiracies. But of that I ſhall conſider.——You and I have ſpent many hours together upon much pleaſanter ſubjects; and, that I may preſerve the old cuſtom, I ſhall not part with you now till I have cloſed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will I know readily and not without ſome degree of concern apply to your ever affectionate, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

" Some natural tears he dropt, but wip'd
" them ſoon:
" The world was all before him, where to
" chuſe
" His place of reſt, and Providence his Guide."

LETTER LV.

Mr. POPE to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

April 20, 1723.

IT is not poſſible to expreſs what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for ſome time paſt, and ſhall think of nothing ſo long for the time to come. The greateſt comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attend-

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ed you in your journey, to which I had brought that perſon * to conſent, who only could have hindered me, by a tye which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more ſtrong, than that of friendſhip. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely eſteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or ſecret conveyance to ſecure it; which no bills can preclude, and no Kings prevent; a way that can reach to

* The mother of Mr. Pope, with whom Bp. Atterbury appears to have been no ſmall favourite. When he was for the laſt time at Twickenham, Mr. Pope tells Mr. Digby, "There are certain old "people who take up all my time, and will hardly "allow me to keep any other company. They "were introduced here by a man of their own ſort, "who has made me perfectly rude to all my con- "temporaries, and will not ſo much as ſuffer me "to look upon them. The perſon I complain of "is the Biſhop of Rocheſter. Yet he allows me "(from ſomething he has heard of your character "and that of your family, as if you were of the "old ſect of moraliſts) to write three or four ſides "of paper to you, and to tell you (what theſe "ſort of people never tell but with truth and "religious ſincerity) that I am, and ever will be, "yours, &c."

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any part of the world where you may be, where the very whiſper or even the wiſh of a friend muſt not be heard, or even ſuſpected: by this way, I dare tell my eſteem and affection of you to your enemies in the gates; and you, and they, and their ſons, may hear of it.

You prove yourſelf, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your defence, and your reputation by it, is a point of the higheſt concern to me; and aſſuring me it ſhall be ſuch, that none of your friends ſhall bluſh for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourſelf the beſt and moſt laſting juſtice: the inſtruments of your fame to poſterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to ſome great and uſeful work, and calls you to it this ſevere way? you may more eminently and more effectually ſerve the publick even now, than in the ſtations you have ſo honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon *: is it not the latter, the diſ-

* Clarendon indeed wrote his beſt works in his baniſhment; but the beſt of Bacon's were written before his diſgrace; and the beſt of Tully's after his return from exile. WARBURTON.

graced part of their lives, which you moſt envy, and which you would chooſe to have lived?

I am tenderly ſenſible of the wiſh you expreſs, that no part of your misfortune may purſue me. But God knows I am every day leſs and leſs fond of my native country (ſo torn as it is by Party rage), and begin to conſider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleaſing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully aſſure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I ſhall think oftener or better than of you. I ſhall look upon you as in a ſtate between both, in which you will have from me all the paſſions and warm wiſhes that can attend the living, and all the reſpect and tender ſenſe of loſs that we feel for the dead. And I ſhall ever depend upon your conſtant friendſhip, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to ſee or hear the effects of them: like the truſt we have in benevolent

lent ſpirits, who, though we never ſee or hear them, we think are conſtantly ſerving us, praying for us.

Whenever I am wiſhing to write to you, I ſhall conclude you are intentionally doing ſo to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never ſhall ſuffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remembered) the honour, the pleaſure, the pride I muſt ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have diſtinguiſhed me, how cordially you have adviſed me! In converſation *, in ſtudy, I ſhall always want you and wiſh for you: in my moſt lively, and in my moſt thoughtful hours, I ſhall equally bear about me the impreſſions of you; and perhaps it will not be in this life only, that I ſhall have cauſe to remember and acknowledge the friendſhip of the Biſhop of Rocheſter †. I am, &c. A. POPE.

* "How pleaſing Atterbury's ſofter hour!
"How ſhin'd the ſoul, unconquer'd in the Tower,"
are the words of Pope, when deſcribing a number of his ſelect friends; and among theſe, as Dr. Warton obſerves, Atterbury was his chief intimate.
"Ev'n mitred Rocheſter would nod the head,"
Pope elſewhere ſays, in words characteriſtic of the very geſture our Biſhop uſed when he was pleaſed."

† On this head, ſee, *particularly*, vol. II. p. 79.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. POPE to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

[May,] 1723.

ONCE more I write to you as I promiſed, and this once I fear will be the laſt*! The curtain will ſoon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wiſh you a long good night. May you

* One more very affecting letter will be found in vol. II. p. 79. It is without a date, but muſt have been written, I apprehend, in the very beginning of June.—In Mr. Pope's Letters to a Lady, June 3, 1723, he ſays, "I am at preſent under "the afflicting circumſtance of taking my laſt "leave of one of the trueſt friends I ever had, "and one of the greateſt men, in all polite learn-"ing, as well as the moſt agreeable companion, "this nation ever had."—On the ſubject of Friendſhip, Mr. Pope had declared, in a former Letter, "I have ever believed this as a ſacred maxim, "that the moſt ingenious natures are the moſt "ſincere; and the moſt knowing and ſenſible minds "made the beſt friends. Of all thoſe that I have "thought it the felicity of my life to know, I have "ever found the moſt diſtinguiſhed in capacity, "the moſt diſtinguiſhed in mortality; and thoſe "the moſt to be depended on, whom one eſteemed "ſo much as to deſire they ſhould be ſo."

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enjoy a ſtate of repoſe in this life, not unlike that ſleep of the ſoul which ſome have believed is to ſucceed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the paſt, let it only image to you what has pleaſed you beſt; ſometimes preſent a dream * of an abſent friend, or bring you back an agreeable converſation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think leſs of the time paſt than of the future; as the former has been leſs kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your Studies; they will tend to the benefit of men againſt whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all Poſterity: and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing elſe is worth your care. What is every year of a wiſe man's life but

* "Life's vain amuſements, amidſt which we
"dwell;
"Not weigh'd, or underſtood, by the grim
"God of hell!

"ſaid a heathen poet, as he is tranſlated by a "Chriſtian Biſhop, who has firſt by his exhorta- "tions, and ſince by his example, taught me to "think as becomes a reaſonable creature—but he "is gone!" Pope to Mr. Blount, June 27, 1723.

a cenſure or critique on the paſt? Thoſe whoſe date is the ſhorteſt, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy deſpiſes the infant, the man the boy, the philoſopher both, and the chriſtian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you will never ſuffer your age to be but a ſecond infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than thoſe toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little ſociety, and made a citizen of the world at large, you ſhould bend your talents not to ſerve a Party, or a few, but all mankind. Your Genius ſhould mount above that miſt in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to ſhine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the buſineſs and the glory of your preſent ſituation. Remember it was at ſuch a time, that the greateſt lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the moſt, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they

they gave light, and that they became Guides to mankind.

Thoſe aims alone are worthy of ſpirits truly great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be yours. Reſentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguiſhed, in the nobleſt minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than thoſe of the firſt, and better principles than thoſe of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whoſe thoughts and whoſe hearts are enlarged, and cauſe them to prefer the Whole to any part of mankind, eſpecially to ſo ſmall a part as one's ſingle ſelf.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a ſpirit entered into another life *, as one juſt upon the edge of Immortality; where the paſſions and affections muſt be much more exalted, and where you ought to deſpiſe all little views, and all mean retroſpects †. Nothing

* The Biſhop of Rocheſter went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris, Feb. 15, 1732. POPE.

† Notwithſtanding this, Mr. Pope was convinced, before the Biſhop's death, that during his baniſhment he was in the intrigues of the Pretender: though, when he took his laſt leave of Mr.

thing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with eſteem and admiration.

I am, with the greateſt ſincerity, and paſſion for your fame as well as happineſs, your, &c. A. POPE.

LETTER LVII.*

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to JOHN CAMERON of Lochiel.

SIR, May 27, 1725.

THERE being matters of great conſequence on which I ſhould be extremely glad to have your opinion and advice,

Pope, he told him, "he would allow him to ſay "his ſentence was juſt, if he ever found he had any "concerns with that family in exile." WARBURTON. —That he had ſuch concerns, is too evident by the letters which are next to be exhibited.

* This and the nine following articles are reprinted *literatim* from a pamphlet which firſt appeared at Edinburgh in 1768, 4to, under the title of "The Private Correſpondence of Dr. Francis "Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter, and his "friends

vice, together with that of ſome others, I ſend you my ſervant, to beg the favour of you to come to Paris, if you can, and as ſoon as you can poſſibly, there being no time to be

" friends in 1725; [then] never before publiſhed."
" The pamphlet was thus introduced: " Biſhop
" Atterbury, in one of his private letters to his
" friend Mr. Pope, obſerves, that the world miſ-
" took his character. ' To be quiet,' ſays he,
" and live to myſelf, with the few, the very few
" friends I like, is the point, the ſingle point, I
" now aim at; though I know, the generality
" of the world, who are unacquainted with my
" intentions and views, think the very reverſe of
" this character belongs to me.' Letter to Mr.
" Pope, April 6, 1722.

" With what equanimity Biſhop Atterbury en-
" dured the rigors of his exile, with what unre-
" mitting ardor he loved, and reverenced, and
" even idolized the Britiſh Conſtitution, will
" appear from another private letter addreſſed to
" the ſame friend, November 22, 1731. ' After
" all, I do and muſt love my country, with all
" its faults and blemiſhes. Even that part of
" the conſtitution which wounded me unjuſtly,
" and itſelf through my ſide, ſhall ever be dear
" to me. My laſt wiſh ſhall be, like that of
" Father Paul, *Eſto perpetua*! and when I die at
" a diſtance from it, it will be in the ſame
" manner as Virgil deſcribes the expiring Pelo-
" poneſian,

" Sternitur, et dulces moriens reminiſcitur Argos.

be loſt in the caſe. If I can ſee you here to-morrow morning, be pleaſed, Sir, to bring your ſon along with you, and to deſire Sir

" Will not every reader of the ſmalleſt diſ-
" cernment pronounce thoſe letters to be the
" genuine effuſions of a good heart? He, whoſe
" ſingle aim was to live to himſelf, in the ſociety
" of a few choſen friends, could never have
" ſacrificed his learned leiſure to a turbulent fac-
" tion: He who, even in exile, loved the con-
" ſtitution of his native country, could never
" have engaged in dark and dangerous conſpi-
" racies againſt that conſtitution which he loved.

" Biſhop Atterbury was ſentenced to perpetual
" exile, upon the ſuſpicion of having acted a
" part in the ſervice of the Pretender. To his
" laſt moments he appears deeply ſenſible of the
" injuſtice of that ſentence: He never would
" have juſtified it, by acting that part, for the
" mere ſuſpicion of which he had ſo ſeverely ſuf-
" fered: And leaſt of all he would have done this
" with the view of promoting the intereſts of
" one, whom, by many voluntary and ſolemn
" oaths, he had ſo often abjured.

" Whether this be the language of declama-
" tion, or of ſimple truth, the reader will deter-
" mine, after peruſal of the following papers.

" By what accident they have been preſerved,
" the publiſher does not know: By what means
" they are now brought to light, he does not
" think himſelf at liberty to explain. As the
" engraved ſpecimen of Biſhop Atterbury's hand-
" writing eſtabliſhes their authenticity, any fur-
" ther inquiry concerning them is ſuperfluous."
—By a *ſecond* engraving, they are *now* moſt remarkably confirmed. *The preſent Editor.*

Hector Maclean that I may have the favour of seeing him also. I would not give you this trouble if I were able myself to wait on you at St Germain's. I am, with great regard, Sir, your very fairhful and most obedient servant, FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LVIII.

Sir HECTOR MACLEAN, LOCHIEL, and CLANRONALD, to the * * * * * * * * *.

SIR, Paris, May 13, 1725.

BEING informed by certain accounts from our friends at home, that our poor country has never been in more imminent danger of being utterly destroyed than it is at present, by the designs the Government are forming against it, we thought that our duty, both to your M——— and to our country, did require of us to apply to you in this necessity, to know what your M——— thinks fit for us to do, in order to evite that ruin, which, unless some means be speedily fallen on to prevent, seems unavoidable. As the matter itself can bear no delay, we doubt not but that your M——— will honour us with

your orders as ſoon as poſſible; and in caſe your M——— thinks fit that we ſhould make an attempt for your M———'s ſervice, and the relief of our poor country, whereby we may maintain ourſelves in a capacity of being hereafter ſerviceable to your M———, which it is evident we never can be if the deſigns the Government have at preſent be carried into execution; we hope your M——— will be ſo good as to order us to be ſufficiently furniſhed with ſuch neceſſaries as are requiſite for an undertaking of this ſort, without which all endeavours will be vain and fruitleſs, and will appear equally raſh and deſperate. Your M——— ſhall ever find us, with the greateſt zeal and duty, Sir, your M———'s moſt faithful, moſt humble, and moſt obedient ſubjects and ſervants,

J. CAMERON.
MACLEAN.
CLANRONALD.

N° LIX.

Memorial by the Marquis of SEAFORTH and CLANRONALD, May 26, 1725.

MY Lord Marquis of Seaforth and the Captain of Clanronald being desired by my Lord Bishop of Rochester to confer together, that the K—— might be fully apprised of their sentiments on the present conjuncture of affairs, in relation to the Highlands, they delivered their sentiments as follows,

That being long absent from their country, and having little correspondence with it, they could not pretend to form an opinion of what the Highlanders may be willing or capable to do for his M———'s service, or their own deliverance: That they did not know how their countrymen were affected by the preparations of the present Government to disarm them; and therefore could not judge whether they will tamely submit, or take the resolution to defend themselves.

As for what may be necessary for the encouragement of the Highlanders on this important occasion, and to determine them to unite,

unite, and reſiſt the Government, they could not judge, for the reaſons given; only they knew, nothing could be done without officers, arms, ammunition, money, and proviſions.

That it would be unreaſonable for them to pretend to adviſe his M——— in relation to the number and quantity of theſe things, becauſe they ſuppoſed his M——— would either reſolve to make as general an inſurrection as poſſible at this juncture, againſt the preſent Government, and ſummon all his faithful ſubjects to repair to his Royal ſtandard; or he would only endeavour to give ſuch ſupplies to the Highlanders as ſhould enable them to preſerve themſelves from ruin by making ſuch a reſiſtance that might determine the Government to let them live in peace, and leave them in a condition to ſerve his M——— and their country when a favourable occaſion ſhould offer.

On the firſt ſuppoſition, of a general inſurrection, as his M——— would probably put himſelf at the head of his faithful ſubjects, ſo in that caſe it was viſible the greateſt ſupplies that could be had would be wiſhed and deſired by all good men, both for the ſafety

ſafety of his ſacred perſon, and the happy ſucceſs of the war.

On the ſecond ſuppoſition, of ſupporting the Highlanders, they would not preſume to preſcribe to his M———: It would be an effect of his goodneſs to ſupport them; and therefore they thought it more reſpectful to him, to refer themſelves to what he ſhould think proper, than to make any demands. Beſides, that being unacquainted, as is ſaid before, with the preſent diſpoſition and circumſtances of the Highlanders, they could not take it upon them to determine what might be requiſite for them.

SEAFORTH.
CLANRONALD.

N° LX.

Memorial given in to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER by Sir HECTOR MACLEAN and LOCHIEL. Dated at Paris, May 28, 1725.

SIR Hector Maclean and Lochiel being aſked, by the Biſhop of Rocheſter, what they thought might be of uſe to the K——'s better information in the preſent ſituation of the Highlanders, whereby he may the more eaſily

eaſily take meaſures how to prevent their ruin, they have given their thoughts as follows.

We beg leave to repreſent to the K——, that nothing leſs than the ruin of our country, and of his M———'s cauſe in Scotland, is intended at preſent by the Government in England; and that both theſe conſiderations are ſo dear to us, that we cannot heſitate a moment to reſolve to ſacrifice our lives in order to prevent it. We doubt not but his M———, as ſoon as orders can arrive, will give us all the aſſiſtance he can, in point of arms, ammunition, officers, money, and dry proviſions, ſuch as biſcuit, brandy, *&c.*

We humbly think this matter will appear to his M——— in two lights: *firſt*, As a neceſſary meaſure for the defence of the Highlanders; and, in the ſecond place, If a noble ſpirit ſhould ſhew in the country, and a favourable event happen, it may, we preſume, deſerve his conſideration, how far it may be improved for his M——'s ſervice. In which caſe, we beg leave humbly to repreſent to his M———, that it will be of the utmoſt conſequence, when this matter is once in motion, to make a diverſion in England:

land: And we have too good an opinion of the K——'s friends in that country, to think, that, after ſo many profeſſions of loyalty, they ſhould either want inclination or courage to act their part like men on this occaſion.

We preſume, for his M——'s information, to propoſe to him, whether he will not, on this occaſion, write to —— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——; and we ſubmit alſo to his M——, whether it might not be proper to write to —— ——*. His M—— will alſo be beſt able to judge, whether good uſe might not be made of * * * *, who we underſtand has given late aſſurances of his loyalty to the K——. He is a great clan-man, and cannot naturally be pleaſed with the deſtruction of the Highlands, and has loſt his government of Inverneſs.

We are humbly of opinion, it is happy that *. * * * is in Scotland; for we believe

* Mention is made of ſeveral perſons to whom letters ought to be addreſſed; but their names are omitted by the publiſher. The writers of this memorial may have ſuppoſed that they had more friends in Scotland than they really had: it therefore ſeemed improper to publiſh a conjectural liſt of the partiſans of the P——. *Orig. Editor.*

him

him capable to act a conſiderable part in the K——'s ſervice, and that of his country, on this occaſion.

We humbly think, that a great deal will depend on the perſon whom his M——— will think fit to honour with the command. Such a one has noble examples to follow, even in late days, in the actions of the great Montroſe, and of Lord Dundee; and, if he treads in their footſteps, we cannot deſpair of every thing going well. It does not become us to propoſe any perſon to the K——— for this important truſt: the merits and capacity of the K——'s principal ſubjects are known to him; and it is his right to chuſe: but we hope he will permit us to repreſent how much the Marquis of Seaforth is beloved in his own country, and by his neighbours.

We have ſeen, and do concurwith, the informations given-in by the Marquis of Seaforth and Clanronald to the Biſhop of Rocheſter; but thoſe other thoughts having occurred to us ſince that paper was wrote, we thought it our duty to repreſent them.

We have nothing elſe to lay before his M———, but that we ſhall long with the utmoſt impatience for his commands.

LET-

LETTER LXI.

* * * * * * * * *

To the Marquis of SEAFORTH, Sir HECTOR MACLEAN, CLANRONALD, and LOCHIEL.

Albano, June the 13th, 1725.

BY the accounts I have received ſince I wrote to you on the 29th of May, I perceive the ſituation of my brave Highlanders to be very different from what I then apprehended it, ſince it appears the deſign is not only to diſarm them, but to extirpate the very race. This is what, I am ſure, none of them will ever ſubmit to without reſiſtance, either thoſe on the place, or you on this ſide of the ſea; and I am myſelf reſolved to do all that depends on me to ſupport them, and enable them to defend themſelves on this occaſion. I remark with pleaſure the Biſhop of Rocheſter's forwardneſs to execute all my orders to this end with the utmoſt vigour; and as time doth not allow me to particulariſe them here, I ſhall refer you to him as to all particulars; not doubting of your exact compliance,

pliance, and of your exerting on this occaſion that ardent zeal for the good cauſe, and the welfare of your country, which you have already ſhewn in ſo loyal a manner.

I hope Providence will bleſs your and my endeavours on this occaſion, and put me ſoon in a condition of making you a free and happy people, and of giving you, every one in particular, thoſe marks of favour which you ſo juſtly deſerve.

LETTER LXII.

Anſwer to * * * * * * * * * *
by Sir HECTOR MACLEAN and LOCHIEL.

Paris, July 2, 1725.

MY Lord Marquis of Seaforth having ſent for us to come to him on the 28th of the laſt month, which we accordingly did, his Lordſhip opened your M———'s letter, directed to us all in general, which he had received from the Biſhop of Rocheſter; and wherein we were mighty glad to find, that your M——— had generouſly offered us all the aſſiſtance we could reaſonably have expected. But we were extremely mortified

tified when, at the ſame time, my Lord Seaforth told us, that it was too late; for that he had received good intelligence from England, that the troops were ſo far advanced already, that they could not fail of being incamped, and poſſeſſed of the country, before we could be there; and conſequently render all our endeavours to bring it relief fruitleſs; and that he had upon receipt of this intelligence, which he thought ſure and ſufficient grounds to go upon, ſent orders to his men to deliver up their arms; thinking it the moſt ſafe and prudent way of acting as matters ſtood, and moſt conducive to your M———'s ſervice, and the benefit of the country; and that he doubted not but, after ſerious reflection upon the matter, we would think that courſe the moſt adviſable for us to follow likewiſe. Upon which, conſidering, on one hand, the perſon who got the intelligence to be of ſo known zeal and affection to your M———'s ſervice, that we are perſuaded he would do nothing he thought prejudicial to it; and, on the other hand, ſeeing his reſolution and conduct upon receiving this intelligence, we thought it our duty to let your M——— know, we are humbly

of opinion, that our undertaking any thing at preſent could no wiſe advance your M———'s ſervice, or the good of the country; at the ſame time aſſuring your M———, that if you think otherwiſe, we are ready to obey your M———'s orders with all chearfulneſs; as we ſhall ever be, upon all occaſions, to make it appear to your M——— with how much zeal and duty we are,

Sir, &c.

LETTER LXIII.

Sir HECTOR MACLEAN to LOCHIEL.

DEAR SIR,

THE following letters are exact copies; the firſt, of the K——'s letter, directed to you and me; the ſecond, of the Biſhop of Rocheſter's letter to me, wherein the K——'s was incloſed. The originals of both, which you have peruſed, are at preſent in my cuſtody. I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

MACLEAN.

LET-

LETTER LXIV.

Copy of a Letter from * * * * * * * * * to LOCHIEL and Sir HECTOR MACLEAN.

Rome, July 18, 1725.

I Have received yours, of the 2d July; and cannot but be ſenſibly concerned to find affairs in ſuch a ſituation that my faithful Highlanders could not be able to reap any advantage from the willingneſs and readineſs I was in to have aſſiſted them on this occaſion. I ſhall be, on all others, equally diſpoſed to help them; and I heartily wiſh, that by a ſtrict union and harmony, and a diſintereſted zeal for the good cauſe among all concerned in it, they may be yet able one day to make the moſt handſome appearance in its and their own defence. Your zealous and dutiful behaviour on this occaſion is what I ſhall ever retain the moſt grateful memory of; and I hope the day will ſoon yet come, in which I may be able to diſtinguiſh thoſe who have on all occaſions ſo ſignalized themſelves for my ſervice.

—— R.

LETTER LXV.

Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Sir HECTOR MACLEAN.

SIR, Saturday afternoon.

I Received the incloſed by the laſt poſt, with directions to convey it to you; and, at the ſame time, "to ſay to you and to "Lochiel, in the K——'s name, all that "is kind on your becoming behaviour on "this occaſion." Theſe are the very words of the letter: I can add none that are more ſignificant; and therefore take my leave, with aſſurances of my being, Sir, your very faithful and moſt obedient ſervant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXVI.

Lord INV——SS to LOCHIEL.

SIR July 25, 1725.

I Can aſſure you, the Biſhop of Rocheſter did juſtice to your zeal, in repreſenting fully to his M——— the honourable part you,

you, and your ſon, and Sir Hector Maclean, acted on this late occaſion, when his M—— was hopeful that an opportunity might have offered, wherein he might have ſhewn how great a value he puts upon his faithful ſubjects in the Highlands of Scotland. I need not repeat to you the concern their ſituation gives the K——; but I am hopeful it ſhall not go ſo ill with them as may be apprehended.

What your brother has undertaken is of a piece with the forwardneſs he always ſhewed, when any occaſion preſented of being uſeful.

Be ſo good as make my kind compliments to your ſon, and Sir Hector Maclean; and believe me, with truth, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

INV——SS.

LETTER LXVII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER * to Mr. WILLIAMS.

Sat. morn. early.

I Received your firſt letter, when I was in bed, on Wedneſdy night; the ſecond, not long after I was up, on Thurſday morning: both when I was much out of order, as I have been till yeſterday ever ſince almoſt I ſaw you. I expected you more than once, according as you appointed; and wonder what has detained you—I ſuppoſe (what detained you at Chaton, and thereabouts) more agreeable company. If you return thither to-day (as I apprehend you will) I deſire you in your way to take a dinner with yours FR. ROFFEN.

* This letter and the four which follow it have an evident connexion with thoſe publiſhed at Edinburgh: they are here for the firſt time printed from the originals, now (1782) in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Chauncey.

LET-

This is not a day for Entertainment of Company. coniderng how we are to be employd tomorrow morning. Therefore pray come alone to dinner, & then let me know, whether Sr Victor will make one tomorrow, & afterwards dine with me—

Sat. betn. 11 & 12.

To

Mr Williams—

LETTER LXVIII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. WILLIAMS.

Sat. morn.

YOU dine with me, I ſuppoſe, to-day; and will give me an opportunity of diſcourſing with you: for I have as yet had none. Let me know the time you intend to be with me. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXIX.

To the ſame.

Sat. between 11 and 12.

THIS is not a day for the entertainment of company, conſidering how we are to be employed to-morrow morning*. Therefore pray come alone to dinner; and then let me know whether Sir Hector will make one to-morrow, and afterwards dine with me.

FR. ROFFEN.

* Of this ſmall, but important letter, a *fac ſimile* copy is engraved.

LETTER LXX.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. WILLIAMS.

Dans la Breed-ſtreet a la Haye, Sund. night.

WRITE .... word, that you are going a long journey, and ſhall not ſoon return to Paris, and ſhall be ſet out before his anſwer can reach you. Tell Sample *, I have a letter from the D. of Leria; and if he has any thing to propoſe for himſelf as an attendant, will recommend him. But I ſuppoſe Leria will not come by Paris. He ſets out from Madrid (he tells me) by the end of this month; and therefore I muſt write to him to-morrow.

What becomes of Elliot, my picture .....

I have ſome thing relating to you from Italy. You are deſired to ſet out as early as you can. FR. ROFFEN.

* John Sample was examined by the Secretaries of State on the apprehending of Biſhop Atterbury; but, before the trial came on, he contrived to eſcape out of the hands of the meſſengers, and went to France.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. WILLIAMS.

Thurſday-night, ⅞ o'clock.

REMEMBER to get me my ink and the letters of the Suiſſe before you go, and, if you can, the Common Prayer book I lent Sample, and which I do not intend to give him unleſs I were very ſure he would uſe it. When I ſee you to-morrow morning, I will ſend ſomewhat by you to St. Germain's; and I will get for you againſt you come Philips's book about the Funds, which you lent me.

You ſee what ſad ink I write with——

If, before I ſee you, that matter at the Convent can be traced, I ſhould be glad. Good-night.

FR. ROFFEN.

LET-

LETTER LXXII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. WILLIAMS.

I Find neither you nor Pere Courayer underſtand what I writ to him.

What was included in the Paratheſis was only a reaſon to ſhew him why I deſired him to ſay *preſque toutes* inſtead of *toutes* les revolutions; ſince all revolutions of that kind were not made in an irregular and diſorderly manner, to be ſure the Chriſtian religion was not ſo introduced.

Tell him ſo when you call for his letter; and do not think me ſo abſurd, as to have propoſed to him ſuch an inſertion. How could he, or you, believe me capable of it? But your head at preſent is otherwiſe employed!

FR. ROFFEN.

LET

LETTER LXXIII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT *.

THE Book I now reſtore you, gave me pleaſure when I read it. The turn is natural and familiar, and there is an air of

* An ingenious French gentleman, for whom the Biſhop had a great eſteem. This great man ſoftened the rigours of his exile by ſtudy, and converſation with men of learning, and kept a conſtant correſpondence by letters with the moſt eminent ſcholars and perſons of genius. It has been ſaid that he tranſlated Virgil's Georgics into Engliſh, and wrote an *Harmonia Evangelica* in a new and perſpicuous method, which was brought into England by Mr. Morice.—"Atterbury was, on "the whole, rather a man of ability than a genius. "He writes more with elegance and correctneſs, "than with any force of thinking or reaſoning. "His letters to Pope are too much crowded with "very trite quotations from the claſſics. It is ſaid, "he either tranſlated, or intended to tranſlate, the "Georgics of Virgil, and to write the life of "Cardinal Wolſey, whom he much reſembled. "Dr. Warburton had a mean opinion of his cri-"tical abilities, and of his diſcourſe on the Iapis

of truth in all he ſays *; but, I think, not the hand of a maſter. He tells his tale, not like a man who knows any thing of the rules of writing well, but as an eaſy companion at a table. I ſay of his ſtyle, what he ſays of his figure, "Ma figure, qui n'êtoit pas dèplaiſante, "quoique je ne fuſſe pas du premier ordre des "gens bien faites. . . . ." Though not of the firſt (or even ſecond) order of good writers, he is yet agreeable. . . . I cannot poſſibly digeſt his taking notice, p. 145, of the Chevalier de Rohan's fine legs: an obſervation, that I ſhould have expected rather from the pen of a fine lady, and ſhews that the Marquis was in his nature a little too intent on ſuch trifles. He is ſenſible of it, and excuſes himſelf in the words which follow; but that excuſe ſerves only to ſhew the ſtrength

"of Virgil. He was thought to be the author "of the life of Waller, prefixed to the firſt octavo "edition of that poet's works. The turbulent and "imperious temper of this haughty Prelate were "long felt and remembered in the college over "which he preſided." Dr. WARTON.

* Memoirs & Reflexions ſur les principaux Evênemens du Regne de Louis XIV.

of

of the impreſſion he was under, in this reſpect, ſince, he had judgement enough to ſee the fault, and commits it notwithſtanding. ..... Though I ſee he is manifeſtly piqued againſt Lewis XIV. and his Miniſter Louvois, yet I am apt to believe him in all he ſays of both of them. His reſentment ſeems to carry him no farther than to give him the privilege of ſpeaking what he knew to be true; and, as the world goes, he that allows himſelf to cenſure the great even thus far, muſt ſay a great deal of ill of them...

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXXIV.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

ROUSSEAU appears to me ſtill a greater poet, the more I conſider him. His talents are unconfined, and enable him in every ſort of writing to which he turns himſelf equally to excel. But the old hard words he makes uſe of puzzle me often (who care not to conſult a Dictionary) and chiefly in his Allegories.... Chaulieu, La

Fare, and Chapelle, have many graces of the eaſy and natural ſtyle, but I do not think them ſo perfect in their way as Rouſſeau is in his; nor (to tell you the truth) do I take ſuch pleaſure in reading them. The letters particularly of Chaulieu, &c. are not maſterpieces in their kind, and many of his little copies of verſes have nothing extraordinary in them. The copy which touched me moſt is the Ode on Fontenay,

"Muſes qui dans ce lieu champêtre," &c.

I cannot but obſerve, that under all Chaulieu's ſeeming gaiety, there is an air of melancholy, which breaks out by fits, and ſhews he was not at eaſe in his own mind. He endeavours to conceal it, and acts the brave; but his readers, with a little penetration, may ſee through the diſguiſe. The fears of death haunt him perpetually, and appear even in thoſe places where he ſays he is not afraid of it. I ſhould be glad to know how he died, whether with the ſame courage he commends in lady Mazarin. I ſhould gueſs not, by the obſervations I have made of him. FR. ROFFEN.

LET-

LETTER LXXV.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

THIS Book *, I find, was written two and thirty years ago, and therefore it is no wonder that it ſhould not be equal to the later performances of the ſame author. One may ſay of it as Tully ſpeaks of his Collection of Paradoxes; "Non tale eſt hoc opus ut in arte "poni poſſit, quaſi illa Minerva Phidiæ; ſed "tamen, ut ex eâdem officinâ exiſſe appa-"reat." Though it be not of the ſame value with his other Works, yet it is ſuch, as that one may perceive the ſame Workman's hand and ſkill in it. He choſe a little contracted ſubject; and not room therefore to ſhew his talents at full length in managing it. And yet, narrow and dry as his ſubject is, he has, by making ſeveral little digreſſions, and by taking occaſion to ſay many things which were not neceſſary to his point, rendered it not only inſtructive but entertaining.

* A Diſſertation of M. de Boze.

"In

" In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, ſi quem
" Numina læva ſinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo."

Whether his fourth Gordean be a reality or a Phantom; whether he owes his very being to this gentleman, or is only reſcued from oblivion, and brought again to life by him, let the Antiquaries determine: I am ſo eaſy and indolent as not to think it of much moment, which way ſuch facts are ſettled; nor ſhould I have thought what is written on this point worth reading, if this Author had not written it. In all he writes, one ſees the ſame candour and impartiality; the ſame learning, good ſenſe, and exactneſs. If the argument he handles be not of importance, he makes it ſo by his manner of handling it. So that I could wiſh, inſtead of four books, he had written forty: as old as I am, and as many other things as I have to do, I ſhould read all of them.... FF. ROPEEN.

LET-

LETTER LXXVI.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

I Have peruſed the Book about * Poetry and Painting, with attention. It is written in a very good *goût*, and has excellent things in it. I have been pleaſed with no Book ſo much that has fallen in my way ſince I came into France. However, I could wiſh thoſe philoſophical reaſonings had been omitted; they belong rather to a Member of the Academy of Sciences, than to one of the Forty, and perhaps will neither convince nor pleaſe in ſuch a performance. The Author ſeems to have gone too deep in that ſort of reflections; and ſometimes not to have gone deep enough in others, which relate more immediately and naturally to his ſubject. Forgive this freedom, but it is my real ſenſe of the matter. Beſides, there is, I think, a

* Reflexions critiques ſur la Poeſie & la Peinture, by Abbé du Bos. A new edition of it, with corrections and additions, was publiſhed by the author after this letter was written.

want of method in the whole *; and the 19th Section, which is ſo long, is to me a little obſcure. The many learned citations there do not clear, but cloud the author's meaning. I am apt to imagine that, in the muſical part of it, he ſpeaks of what he does not himſelf thoroughly underſtand; for, if he does, he would probably have expreſſed himſelf ſo that his reader would alſo have underſtood it, which (as to me at leaſt) is not the caſe. In one thing I differ from him eſſentially; my fixed opinion is, that the reputation of all Books which are perfectly well written comes originally from the few, and not from the many; and I think I could ſay a good deal in defence of that opinion ..... I ſee him here, and every where, under the image of

" ....Urbani parcentis viribus, atque
" Extenuantis eas conſultò."

He ſeldom ſpeaks out where he is likely to offend, but contents himſelf oftentimes rather to inſinuate, than affirm; and makes uſe of other mens words to expreſs his own ſenſe, where he is unwilling too openly to own it, or too ſtrongly to preſs it. " Ab arte ſuâ " non receſſit," as Tully ſays of Ariſtoxenus.

* The author changed the order and diſpoſition of his work, in the new edition of it.

Even

Even in his judgement of the Belles Lettres he plays the Politician .... I could not but obſerve, how, in the laſt Section but one, he has furniſhed M. de Voltaire with the Hint of his Poem on the Ligue .... Upon the whole, I repeat my thanks to you for the great ſatisfaction which the reading of theſe two volumes * has given me ....

As to Mr. Arnauld's piece, intituled, "Reflexions ſur l'Eloquence," though what he ſays there be ſenſible and juſt; yet I do not ſee much of the great man in it, and had no great pleaſure in peruſing it.

LETTER LXXVII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

I Return you, Sir, the two eloges †, which I have peruſed with pleaſure. I borrow that word from your language, becauſe we have none in our own that exactly expreſſes it. By the account I had of thoſe pieces, I imagined them very different from what

* The laſt edition is in three volumes.

† By M. Fontenelle. One of theſe was on Sir Iſaac Newton.

I find them. M. Fontenelle's talents, as to the knowledge of Nature, Mathematicks, and the Belles Lettres, are ſufficiently underſtood. But I take notice particularly of the art and addreſs with which he conducts himſelf in nice points, and the prudent and political views by which his pen is guided; a quality, that does not often belong to men who have ſpent ſo much of their time in ſtudying the Arts and Sciences. He has been miſinformed as to one little particular, in the ſhort draught he has given us of Sir Iſaac Newton's figure. The "oeil fort vif, "& fort percant," which he gives him, did not belong to him, at leaſt not for twenty years paſt, about which time I firſt came acquainted with him. Indeed, in the whole air of his face and make, there was nothing of that penetrating ſagacity which appears in his compoſures. He had ſomething rather languid in his look and manner, which did not raiſe any great expectation in thoſe who did not know him. I ſee M. Fontenelle ſpeaks warily as to the MSS. relating to Antiquity, Hiſtory, and Divinity, which Sir Iſaac left behind him: I wiſh, for the honour of our country, that they may be as excellent

in

in their kind as thoſe he publiſhed. But I fear the caſe is otherwiſe; and that he will be found to have been a great Maſter only in that one way to which he was by nature inclined. It is enough for us poor limited creatures, if we remarkably excel in any one branch of knowledge. We may have a ſmattering of more; but it is beyond the lot of our nature, to attain any perfection in them. M. Fontenelle's praiſe of Sir Iſaac's modeſty (and of modeſty in general) is to me the moſt pleaſing part of that deſcription he has given us of him. It is that modeſty which will teach us to ſpeak and think of the Ancients with reverence, eſpecially if we happen not to be thoroughly acquainted with them. Sir Iſaac certainly was; and his great veneration for them was one diſtinguiſhing part of his character, which I wonder (or rather do not wonder) that M. Fontenelle has omitted. His opinion of them was, that they were men of great genius and ſuperior minds, who had carried their diſcoveries (particularly in Aſtronomy and other parts of the Mathematicks) much farther than now appears from what remains of their writings. One may apply to them, what was ſaid by an old learned man to one of leſs knowledge

and fewer years, who inſulted him, I have "forgot more knowledge than ever you had*." More of the ancients is loſt than is preſerved, and perhaps our new diſcoveries are not equal to thoſe old loſſes.——But this was not what I had in my thoughts, when I ſat down to write: my intention was only to expreſs the ſatisfaction I had in the peruſal of what I return, of which I could ſay more, if the end of the page did not admoniſh me to tell you how much I am &c. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXXVIII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

THE Book intitled, "Diſſertation ſur "la Muſique des Anciens†," I ſend you back, is written in a very ſenſible and agreeable manner, with a fine turn of thoughts and words, as far as I am able to judge‡. I could

* A ſtory to this purpoſe is told of Dr. Blackwall, author of the Sacred Claſſics.

† By the abbé de Chateneuf.

‡ However excellent our Prelate might be as a critic, his ſkill in muſick was very indifferent, if we are to credit Sir John Hawkins: "The late Dr. Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter, ſays that writer,

I could wiſh only that the writer had been a greater maſter of his ſubject, ſo as to have given us diſtincter and fuller accounts of it, which would have left no doubts upon the minds of his readers. I am ſatisfied that a pen like his would have been able to expreſs the moſt nice and difficult points of which he treats in a way equally inſtructive and pleaſing, and have opened to us in dialogue the myſteries of muſic, as eaſily and familiarly as Monſieur Fontenelle has done thoſe of Aſtronomy. The picture of Leontium, with which the reflections conclude, is exquiſitely drawn; not only *con ſtudio*, but *con*

writer, who, it is ſuppoſed, had learned a little of muſic from Dr. Aldrich, affected to think with the Ancients that the diateſſaron was a perfect conſonance. He drew up a ſmall tract on the ſubject of muſic, wherein he complains, in very affecting terms, of the injuries which the diateſſaron has ſuſtained from modern muſicians, by being degraded from its rightful ſituation among the concords; and concludes with as ardent wiſhes and prayers for its reſtoration, as he could have offered up for that of his Maſter. A manuſcript of the tract above mentioned was formerly in the hands of Mr. Tonſon the bookſeller. It appeared to be a very futile performance, written probably while the author was at college, extremely rhetorical and declamatory, abounding with figures, but deſtitute of argument."

amore, as the Italians ſpeak of the favourite pieces of their beſt maſters. One would think the book was written on purpoſe for the ſake of the character at the end of it: as the moſt material part of a letter is ſometimes careleſſly thrown into a Poſtſcript..... I dare ſay Madamoiſelle * L'Enclos was of the author's acquaintance. Hearſay could not have furniſhed him with ſo lively a deſcription of her. There is ſomething in the picture, that ſhews, it was painted by the life, and not copied from another.... One thing he ſays of her, p. 9. (pardon the remark) ſeems in ſome degree applicable to himſelf. His words are very good, and therefore I tranſcribe them. " Son goût en le conduiſant de fleur en fleur, comme les abeilles, lui fait courir indifferemment tous les pays, & tous les ſiecles. Mais ces ſortes d'imaginations, ſi legères & ſi brillantes, a dedaignent pour l'ordinaire le travail d'attention. Un eſprit né pour les agremens, & qui n'a jamais ſacrifié qu'aux Graces, n'a garde de s'aſſujetir à la patience qui ſeroit neceſſaire pour comparer les beautès d'un

* The celebrated Beauty.

" tems avec celles d'une autre, pour étudier " les rapports & les oppoſitions qui ſont en- " tre elles, pour les tourner de tous les ſens, " dont on peut les enviſager; enfin, pour " y rapporter la triſte & penible exactitude " que demande une parallele."

Let me aſk you, for my own information, whether " tourner de tous les ſens" be a proper phraſe in that caſe. To me it ſeems to ſpoil the metaphor. He cites ſome authorities, which I am at a loſs to explain; particularly p. 58. that of Varro de Repub. Rom. l. i. c. 1. Sure he does not mean the antient Varro, who wrote nothing that I know of under that title. He is beholden, I find, to the long chapter of Abbé du Bos, where the ancient authorities, relating to his ſubject, are collected; and he has made a free uſe of them. But my intention was, to tell you rather what pleaſed me in the book, than what I diſliked.

LET-

LETTER LXXIX.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

FROM what I have read ſince I came on this ſide of the water, I have conceived a much greater opinion of the Biſhop of Meaux *, than I had while in England, and give him readily the preference to all thoſe writers of the Church of France which I am acquainted with. He is an univerſal Genius, and manages every thing he takes in hand, like a maſter. Good ſenſe and ſound reflections attend all he ſays; which is expreſſed in the moſt agreeable and beautiful manner, without any of the pomp or paint of falſe oratory. He has particularly the ſecret of knowing, not only what to ſay, but what not to ſay; the hardeſt taſk even of the moſt exact and excellent writers!... But you know him, Sir, better than I; and I ſhould be to blame therefore in attempting any part of his character, did not gratitude forbid me to return your books, without giving you

* Boſſuet.

an

an account of the pleaſure I had in peruſing them. Even the lady's memoirs relating to our Engliſh Princeſs gave me a good deal; particularly that part of them, where the ſtory of her death is told, in as natural and affecting a manner, I think, as it is poſſible. It has ſuch a melancholy air of truth in it, as, at the ſame time that it gives conviction, moves compaſſion; and one can no more read it, than one could have been preſent at the ſad ſcene of it, without tears. I really prefer the Biſhop of Meaux's funeral oration, to thoſe of Flechier or Bourdaloue; though I think he would have wrote ſtill better, had he imitated them leſs; for, by that means, he now and then heightens his expreſſion a little too much, and becomes unnatural. I gave you one inſtance of that when I ſaw you laſt. FR. ROFFEN.

LET-

LETTER LXXX.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

THE more I read of the Biſhop of Meaux the more I value him as a great and able writer, and particularly for that talent of taking as many advantages of an adverſary, and giving him as few, as any man, I believe, that ever entered the liſts of controverſy. There is a ſerious warmth in all he ſays, and his manner of ſaying it is noble and moving; and yet I queſtion, after all, whether he ſometimes is in good earneſt. Pardon that freedom, Sir; I have read him with attention, and watched him narrowly. I have read all the Biſhop of Meaux's pieces that have been procured for me: and will wait for the reſt, till I can have them from your hands. In the mean time, I will read worſe books, that I may reliſh his the more when I return to them; though, to ſpeak the truth, I know no writer in your tongue, that has leſs need to have his reader ſo prepared for him. Do you hear nothing from your

your friend Voltaire* ? Is England as well pleaſed with him, as it was? and is he as well pleaſed with England? or, does the ſatisfaction on one ſide abate, in proportion as it leſſens on the other? When will the ſecond edition of his Henriade come out? will it afford us a better Monument to the memory of that Prince, and a nobler likeneſs, than the ſtatue on Pont-neuf? It will, if it be as well finiſhed as it ſhould be. For

" Non magis expreſſi vultus per ahenea ſigna,
" Quàm per vatis opus mores animique virorum
" Clarorum apparent."

But the ſpirit of pedantry is coming upon me; and it is time therefore that I tell you, I am &c.

FR. ROFEEN.

LETTER LXXXI.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

I Find the very laſt works of that great man, the Biſhop of Meaux, are inferior to the reſt; but, nevertheleſs, I would be maſter of all he certainly wrote. It is uſeful to obſerve even the defects of firſt-rate writers, as well as their excellences. There is an ill-

* With whom Mr. Thiriot was a correſpondent.

natured

natured pleaſure in finding, that, as far exalted above us as they are, they ſometimes ſink down to our level. The Biſhop of Meaux ſtudied critical knowledge late, with reſpect to the interpretation of Scripture; and was never therefore ſo true a maſter of it as he was of the way of interpreting it by the ſtream of tradition. But, the older he grew, the more admired he was; and that led him to think himſelf equal to every man in every thing; and particularly to write Books in Latin, and Comments on Scripture, in both which ways I find him unequal to himſelf; and I dare ſay, that is the opinion of candid and judicious perſons in your communion.

Our Friend, Father Courayer, has been purſued with *mandements*, *cenſures*, and *arrets*; nor have they, I fear, yet done with him. I am concerned for the fate of ſo valuable a man, and ſo excellent a writer, whoſe views, I am perſuaded, were innocent and good, however, in the manner of executing them, he comes to have given ſo much offence. The twenty Biſhops that have cenſured him ſeem to decline that part of the diſpute which relates to the validity of our Engliſh ordinations. However, they have not ſpared the

Church of England on other accounts, but have repreſented her in a more diſadvantageous light than ſhe deſerves; purely, I ſuppoſe, for want of knowing her. They cite the Biſhop of Meaux, and cite thoſe works of his which were written expreſſly againſt us; which ſurely is a very odd way of repreſenting our ſentiments; juſt as if I ſhould quote Monſieur Claude's words, from any pieces of his written againſt the Church of of France, to prove what ſhe held in any doctrine of importance. I ſhould think it became me rather to produce the Writers of that Church, and the acts and monuments of it, for my vouchers. The twenty Biſhops have taken this method once or twice; and if they had taken it always, they would have been leſs liable to miſtaken in their repreſentations of us. What the Biſhop of Meaux ſays with regard to our polity and affairs, is not always to be relied on; for he was not a maſter of that ſubject. He was a very great man; nor would he have leſſened his character, not to have aimed ſometimes at ſeeming to know what he really did not in matters that lay a little out of his compaſs. Excuſe the freedom I take with the cenſurers,

and

and the authority on which they build in relation to our matters; becauſe I have good reaſon to think that they have paid a deference to it, at the expence of truth. My knowledge is very limited; and yet it would be no preſumption in me to ſay, that I know better than the Biſhop of Meaux did, what is the conſtitution, and what are the principles and tenets, of the Church of England. But enough of theſe reflections, into which the mention of Father Courayer has led me.

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXXXII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. WILLIAMS.

Feb. 17, 1728.

SIR J. OTRYRN promiſes me to deliver this, which acknowledges the receipt of all yours that you appear to have written to me. Pray ſtop your hand for the future. I ſhall be ſatisfied to know that you are well now and then, and will be always your firm and faithful friend, whether I tell you ſo under my hand or not.

I thank

I thank you for your tranſcript from Maffei; it anſwers not my expectation. I thought, by the abſtract of it I ſaw, that it had not been in Italian, but Latin. However, that would have given me only a little more trouble. The worſt is, that it relates not to the ſubject I ſuppoſed it did, the origin and progreſs of *Rime*, but to a ſort of verſes only, which he calls *Rhythmical*, which have a certain harmonious number in them, not tied up to quantity, and regular meaſures. Had I known the diſſertation to be of that nature, I would not have given you ſuch a trouble. I ſend you a little preſent of five louis-d'or, to recompence your trouble, and, together with them, the ſealed-up parcel, wherein the little things ſent to you from England are contained. I had no proper opportunity before of doing it. I am juſt got out of a new fit of the gout, which has not been very painful, or otherwiſe of conſequence but as it has prevented the continuance of my correſpondence.

God bleſs you! Believe me always the ſame, and therefore always faithfully yours,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER. LXXXIII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. WILLIAMS.

Aug. 22, 1728.

FORGIVE my ill paper, and my ſhort acknowledgement of longer letters for which I am obliged to you. I am not able, at the houſe I write, to do better in either reſpect.

I am glad you are pleaſed with your purchaſe, and wiſh that pleaſure may end in profit. Since you are a match for the Italians in that ſort of ware, the danger is, leſt a ſenſe of your ſuperior ſkill ſhould not tempt you to be more than a match for others, when you have a proper opportunity. I am not curious in relation to the picture ſaid to be drawn by St. Luke; and ſhould have more reſpect for it, if it came in my way, were it certainly drawn by Raphael. The only picture, I believe, that St. Luke ever drew of the Virgin was in his Goſpel; and it is a fine one, and certainly like her. That I can look upon with delight and veneration, being

being ſure of the hand that made it. I dare ſay, you are of my opinion, that thoſe leaves in his Goſpel, which deſcribe her character, are worth all the canvaſs of Italy that pretends to give us her figure. But, *manum de tabulâ*—enough on that ſubject.

You have heard of the death of Dr. Freind *: a public loſs in more reſpects than one! for I dare ſay, notwithſtanding his ſtation at Court, he died of the ſame political opinions in which I left him. He is lamented by men of all parties at home, and of all countries abroad; for he was known every where, and confeſſed to be at the head of his faculty.

I have loſt ſeveral friends this year; Harry Bridges † particularly, and Mr. Drake. God preſerve the reſt that are left! My reſpects to Mr. Foſter; to whom I wrote, I think, by the laſt poſt. Make my compliments to Mr. Hamilton, for the kind compliment he ſent me: I will not die in his debt. Judge not of my friendſhip by my letters; but believe that, even when you may not hear from me, I am always mindful of you, and will neglect nothing in my power to ſerve you. Adieu!

FR. ROFFEN.

* Dr. J. Freind, the phyſician. † See above, p. 21.

LETLER LXXXIV.

Mr. WILLIAMS to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

MY LORD, Bologna, Auguſt 24, 1728.

I Should have long ago fulfilled my promiſe, by giving your Lordſhip ſome account of our famous *Madona di St. Luca*; but, being reſolved to provide myſelf with the moſt approved relations upon this ſubject, I rather choſe to take up a little more time, than to depend upon mere fame, in a matter that makes ſo conſiderable a figure in the religious worſhip of this country. Beſides, a ſhort illneſs I laboured under, and is now I thank God over, as alſo the heats, have occaſioned ſome ſmall delay. For theſe reaſons, I hope, your Lordſhip will pardon me for not ſending the account ſooner.

There are two hiſtories of this famous wonder-working picture come to hand; and I believe there are none other written expreſſly upon this ſubject; at leaſt I can find no[illegible] here upon the ſpot, where they ſhould with moſt likelihood be found of any note. The one was

was publiſhed, in the year 1614, by Thomaſio Ferrari, a Bologneſe friar, in octavo. The title of it is, "Divota Hiſtoria et obſequio "del Popola di Bologna verſo la ſacra Ima-"gine della Beatiſſ. Vergine del Monte della "Guardia, &c." The other was publiſhed in the year 1617 by Diodati Malvaſia, a Dominican nun. The title, "La venuta et i pro-"greſſi miracoloſi della S'ma Madonna de-"pinta da S. Luca poſta ſul Monte della "Guardia, &c." The nun was probably one of the very houſe where the picture is lodged, for they are of this Dominican order, which is the happy order who has the poſſeſſion of this relick though this is what does not appear from the title of her book.

Both theſe hiſtories agree that, about the year of our Lord 1160, a Greek travelling Hermit, a Carmelite friar, coming to Conſtantinople to ſay his prayers in the church of St. Sophia, among other pictures belonging to that church, took a particular notice of this, which repreſents the Bleſſed Virgin with our Saviour in her arms, and with holy eyes ſoon diſcovered an inſcription written upon it, importing, "That the "picture was the work of St. Luke, the

" chancellor of Jeſus Chriſt;" alſo upon the wall underneath another writing, ſignifying, "That the picture ought to be carried " and placed upon the altar of a church " dedicated to St. Luke, ſituated upon the " Monte della Guardia." This heavenly admonition, you may be ſure, my Lord, was an immediate and a moving object for the holy man's zeal to exerciſe itſelf upon. He preſently reſolved to find out this Monte della Guardia wherever ſituated upon the face of the earth, and to ſettle this picture there. In order to this end, he communicated his deſign to the prieſts of St. Sophia's church, who were not a little ſurpriſed when they ſaw the forementioned inſcriptions, which they had never until that time obſerved; and therefore eaſily concluded they were written by ſome heavenly hand, juſt upon the appearance of this holy pains-taking Hermit, as being a man brought thither by Providence to be the bearer of this ſacred relick to the place ordained for it; though the happy mountain was at that time abſolutely unknown, as well to the good Hermit, as it was to thoſe prieſts. However, the Hermit, not a bit diſcouraged at this, was ſoon put into

into poſſeſſion of the picture; and many a weary ſtep he took, and long he wandered with it up and down the world, but all in vain, until he came to Rome, the rendezvous of people of all nations, and conſequently a place where he might with ſome ſmall probability hear ſome news of the long-ſought-for mountain. Nor was the worthy man deceived in his expectations: for there being an Embaſſador, at that time, from the Republic of Bologna, at Rome, who obſerving our traveller, and that he had ſomewhat in a ſack upon his back, the Embaſſador's curioſity led him to aſk the Hermit what it was he carried. The Hermit opened his bag, and ſhewed the Embaſſador the picture, at the ſame time giving him the hiſtory of it. The Embaſſador, it is ſaid, conſidered the picture, and the pilgrim with great attention, and at laſt, with expreſſions of joy and wonder, conſoled the poor traveller, aſſuring him his great fatigues were now near at an end; for that there was a mountain near Bologna, called Monte della Guardia, which at the top had a chapel built, dedicated to St. Luke, and conſequently was the place he was in queſt of. This was, no doubt, a great ſa-

tisfaction to the poor pilgrim, who had footed it many a fair mile ſeeking a place now near at hand. The Embaſſador recommended both the picture and pilgrim to the republic of Bologna, who received him with great ceremony and magnificence. And thus the picture and the pilgrim found reſt.

This, my Lord, is a ſhort, but faithful, and as particular an account of this famous picture's arrival at the place where it now ſtands, as I am able to extract out of the authors aboyementioned. If, my Lord, you expect any authorities of an earlier date, authorities in or near the time when theſe extraordinary things happened, I beg leave to hold myſelf excuſed, eſpecially ſince my two authors, upon whom I entirely rely, furniſh me with no ſuch vouchers. So far as their authority reaches, I am ſure, I have omitted no material circumſtance. Indeed there is a ſtory in both theſe books, of this picture's having been the object of divine worſhip, even in or near the Apoſtles days, at a convent of Carmelite friars on Mount Carmel in Judæa, who are ſaid to have derived their origin from the prophet Elijah; but as this ſeems to me to be carrying matters with a very high hand, and has no

imme-

immediate connexion with the travelling hiſtory of the picture, though both the one and the other appear to me equally well atteſted, yet, becauſe I would not interrupt the thread of the ſtory by an impertinent epiſode, I have as it were omitted this circumſtance. You ſee, my Lord, I act the part of a fair hiſtorian, and take care to give ſtrong hints wherein I have commited the leaſt fault.

Since the time the picture has been ſettled upon Monte della Guardia, it has performed many mighty feats in the miraculous way, and which the good inhabitants of Bologna have been ſo well convinced of, that people of all ranks have contributed to build a very magnificent arcade from one of the town-gates up to the top of the hill where the picture is lodged, which is from the gate about the diſtance of two Engliſh miles. This was done to avoid the incommodities of rain and other bad weather upon great proceſſion days, and for the conveniency of devout worſhipers; but, if thoſe miracles reported of this picture are true, this arcade ſeems to me to have been a very unneceſſary expence; for, certainly, the leaſt that one might expect is, that the picture would protect

tect itſelf and its ſincere worſhipers from the inclemencies of the weather upon ſuch ſolemn and devout occaſions, having, as they here pretend, often cauſed the rain to fall, or the ſun to ſhine, according to the exigence of the times, upon the unjuſt as well as the juſt. But as theſe are matters not too nicely to be examined into in many other reſpects, ſuch difficulties may more eaſily be paſſed over, where there is ſo evident an excuſe at hand; viz. that it was the good-will and devotion of the people of Bologna, rather than either the neceſſities or inability of the picture to exerciſe it's miraculous powers, occaſioned the building of this arcade.

I ſhall not trouble your Lordſhip with a long detail of the many wonders performed by this picture, for this were to treſpaſs too much upon your Lordſhip's time, and perhaps patience, as well as to exceed the bounds of a poſt-letter. I ſhall therefore, as a ſpecimen of ſeveral others, inſtance only one, and very remarkable indeed it is.

The Venetians, envying the happineſs of the Bologneſe in their enjoyment of this divine picture, as well as jealous of the powerful protection the people of Bologna re-

ceived from it, contrived a plot to deprive them of it, and to ſteal it away, and make it the guardian of the Venetian commonwealth, which, no doubt, when effected, would add to their own power and ſtrength, as well as weaken their neighbour the Republick of Bologna. To obtain this end, they made no uſe of open force, for that were fruitleſs while the picture continued openly on the Bologna ſide; but ſecretly contracted with ſome merchants to ſteal away the picture in the night-time. The merchants, habited like pilgrims, the garb of devotion, came to the Monte della Guardia, and, pretending to have made a vow to ſtay all night in the chapel in prayer to Our Bleſſed Lady, deſired leave of the mother abbeſs to do ſo. The holy aſpect they had aſſumed made the good abbeſs ſuſpect no wile, and ſhe eaſily granted them their requeſt. At the dead of night, the wicked avaricious merchants took the picture from the place where Providence had ſo miraculouſly fixed it, and put it into a ſtrong box, and ſo carried it fairly off the ſpot; but, leſt the nuns might miſs the picture too ſoon, before the merchants were arrived at a place of ſecurity, out of the confines

ſines of the Bologna ſtate, they placed another picture, ſomewhat like the true one, in its room; but the nuns next morning ſoon diſcovered the fraud, and, inſtead of calling out for public aſſiſtance, which, for what I know, they were much in the right not to do, becauſe this might make too great a noiſe, and conſequently ſpoil a miraculous operation, they had recourſe to faſting and prayer to Our Bleſſed Lady, as the fitteſt of all the hoſt of Heaven to do juſtice in a caſe wherein ſhe was herſelf ſo immediately concerned. In this melancholy ſituation, the poor nuns, with empty bellies and bended knees, continued for the ſpace of three days. In the mean time the merchants carried the picture, as they thought, triumphantly off, and arrived ſafe within the borders of the Venetian ſtate, big with the expectation of a rich reward for ſtealing away ſo ineſtimable a jewel. They notified their arrival to the republic of Venice, who, to do more honour to this ſpiritual treaſure, ſent out a deputation of prieſts, and others, to meet the picture in ſolemn proceſſion, who, upon their nearer approaching the place where the picture was, to their great ſurprize, ſmelt an exquiſite ſine ſmell;

ſmell; and opening the box where the picture was put, to examine more narrowly into matters, the picture was flown away, and had left nothing behind it in the caſe but the fine ſmell, which being ſo near increaſed upon them, and the cloth wherein it had been wrapped, all the company, frighted and amazed, ſneaked home, and the ſacrilegious merchants repented of their preſumption and folly, and returned to the Monte della Guardia, to aſk pardon of all parties concerned for their crime, which was ſoon granted. The nuns were faſting and in prayer for three days, as before I obſerved, when, on the fourth day, early, they found the picture replaced, and the ſham one ſtept aſide to make way for it. The counterfeit picture continues hanging on the wall of the chapel to this day, at ſome diſtance from the altar, as an unqueſtionable monument of this ſurprizing miracle.

What is remarkable of this picture is, that no power upon earth can detain it above three days from the chapel on the Monte della Guardia; for there have been other more innocent proofs of this, beſides that of the Venetian merchants above mentioned.

They

They ſay it has often ſtole away and gone up the hill of its own accord, and without others aſſiſtance, when it has been, by ſome accident, kept at Bologna upon a proceſſion, beyond the allotted time. Now I ſhould have thought, a picture that could thus travel alone, might at the beginning have ſpared the poor pilgrim that brought it hither in a ſack a great deal of trouble, by ſhewing him the way, at leaſt, to the Monte della Guardia, and at the ſame time made a moſt aſtoniſhing entry; but, as I before obſerved, theſe are matters not fit for our conſideration.

Mr. Edgar and I went once to ſee this fine relick, which is all covered over with jewels and precious ſtones of great value. They ſhew no more of it than our Saviour's and Our Bleſſed Lady's faces, and they are covered with glaſs when ſhewn, but ordinarily they are entirely hid. Mr. Edgar ſaw only the Bleſſed Virgin's face, and I ſaw only our Saviour's, by reaſon of the different lights we kneeled in; and to change poſtures had been indecent and too full of curioſity. Our Saviour is repreſented with a tawny complection, and with black ſhort curled hair, with a golden glory about

about his head, and he is drawn as a child of a year and a half or two years old at the moſt. They have given the Bleſſed Virgin the ſame complection with our Saviour. The picture is not ill done, nor ill conſerved, ſo far as I could judge or obſerve of it. When the weather grows cooler, I deſign to ſee it once more.

Once every year, three days before Aſcenſion-day, this picture is brought down to Bologna, with great ſolemnity, in proceſſion, a vaſt multitude of people aſſiſting, ſome with vocal, others with inſtrumental muſick of divers kinds: and it is wonderful to obſerve the devotion of ſuch a number of (in appearance) reaſonable creatures, but in this particular acting, as I think, beneath the dignity of their nature; for, when the picture paſſes by, all fall down upon their knees and worſhip; at leaſt they point as ſo many ſetters at a partridge, and with as much eagerneſs and attention.

There is one general remark to be made upon the miracles ſaid to be performed by this picture, as well as thoſe by the famous holy houſe and picture at Loretto; which is, that a great many, and upon a fair poll

I believe

I believe moſt of them, tend to the ſecurity of theſe fine relicks, and of the finer treaſures that belong to them; ſo that theſe miracles have a political as well as a ſacred influence upon mens minds. They excite devotion, and ſtrengthen our faith, which I own requires great helps, and at the ſame time they tie up our hands from picking and ſtealing.

I cannot forbear, before I conclude this letter, giving your Lordſhip an account of one particular miracle reported of the ſacred houſe of Loretto, having ſomewhat in it very extraordinary.

John Soarius, Biſhop of Cumbria in Portugal, coming into Italy, being ſummoned by the Pope (Pius IV) to the Council of Trent, was at Loretto, to pay his devotions, like a good Catholic; and having a mind to build a chapel in his own dioceſe in Portugal in honour of Our Bleſſed Lady, he conſidered there was nothing could contribute more to ſanctify this intended building, than to have a ſtone in it taken out of the holy houſe at Loretto; and in order to act in this matter by due authority, he applied to the Pope for a bull, to carry away one of the holy ſtones; which the Pope granted him, ſealed with

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the fiſherman's ſeal, all in form. The Biſhop ſets forward for Trent, and left his chaplain, Francis Stella Arietino, behind him, to put the bull in execution at Loretto, and to bring the ſtone to Trent. The chaplain, having put himſelf in poſſeſſion of the ſtone, took poſt for Trent. But this expedition had like to have coſt the chaplain his neck; for the horſes, the former part of the journey, did nothing but ſtumble and fall with him, and at laſt they would not ſtir one foot, which I am apt enough to believe, for the poſt-horſes led but a weary life at that time on the road between Rome and Trent; but the chaplain, being a man of reſolution, continued on his journey the beſt manner he could, and at laſt arrived at Trent, wearied and fatigued, and delivered the ſtone, telling the Biſhop how much pains it had coſt him to bring it thither. The Biſhop got a ſilver caſe made for the ſtone, but had like to have had a wooden one made for himſelf, he falling very ill of a diſtemper which the phyſicians knew not what to make of. Thus he continued for ſome days from bad to worſe; and he had, as they ſay, certainly dropt off, if a holy Nun in prayer had not found out that the ſtone was

the cauſe of all his illneſs. The ſtone was ſent back by the ſame chaplain that brought it; who found the poſt-horſes, and perhaps their maſters too, in a better humour, as he returned.

Here appears plainly, my Lord, a diſpute between the houſe of Loretto and his Holineſs the Pope; for it was in virtue of his plenary power theſe horſes and theſe men were put into motion, and their ſufferings proceeded from our Lady of Loretto's influence; while it is as plain that ſhe got the better of the Pope, and of St. Peter too, by whoſe authority he acts. This hiſtory ſeems a little impolitical in one ſenſe, though it is not ſo in another.

By this time I am grown tireſome to your Lordſhip: I hope you will excuſe me, eſpecially ſince the trouble I give proceeds from a deſire to amuſe your Lordſhip in your country retirement, and I wiſh it lay in my power to do it effectually; for be aſſured, my Lord, there is nobody, who has the honour to be of your Lordſhip's acquaintance, would take more pains, and at the ſame time take more pleaſure, in doing any thing that might contribute to your Lordſhip's ſatisfaction,

tion, than myſelf; though I am far from thinking any part of this letter will have that effect, becauſe it is an account of the follies and weakneſſes of mankind, which I am ſure your generous mind takes no delight in obſerving, unleſs at the ſame time it lay in your power to reform them.

I am, my Lord, &c. .... WILLIAMS.

LETTER LXXXV.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. WILLIAMS.

SIR, Turenne, Sept. 15, 1728.

I Am much obliged to you for your letter of Auguſt 26, which I read with great pleaſure and inſtruction, and think it extremely well written. I have no return at preſent to make you for it, but that of thanks, and aſſurances of the never-failing continuance of my ſincere but uſeleſs friendſhip for you. I am going to take a long journey, and to winter in the South of France, out of the direct line of correſpondence; ſo that you will not probably hear from me, nor I from you, for ſome time: whether you do

or not, depend upon it that I ſhall always have the ſame affectionate regard for you, and be deſirous always of opportunities wherein I may give effectual proofs of it. I again thank you for your entertaining paper about the picture, which made me ſmile often at the folly, and now and then frown at the impoſtures, of mankind.

Adieu! I can ſay no more to you now, but what I have ſaid already.

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXXXVI.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. WILLIAMS.

Vigan, in the Cevennes, July 21, 1729.

I Have been forced to take ſhelter here, at ten leagues diſtance from Montpelier, to avoid the heats of it, which, mixing with a ſevere fit of the gout I got by uſing a milk diet without purging, gave me a great deal of uneaſineſs, and ſome reaſon to apprehend that that fit of the gout might be my laſt. But the danger and the diſeaſe are blown over by the means of the cool and refreſhing air of this place, where I have been now above

ten

ten days, and intend to continue till September, and then return to Montpelier, to ſpend the winter there with Mrs. Morice and her huſband. She comes thither, not merely to ſee me, but, by the advice of Dr. Wintle, for the recovery of her health, which has been much affected of late, and which, he aſſures her, the air of Montpelier will ſoon reſtore. This has occaſioned her reſolution of taking ſo long a journey, and altered mine of ſpending my winter at Vitry, near Paris, where I had taken a pretty houſe that Lord Galmoy lives in, but have been obliged to quit it again, and to continue in theſe parts, in expectation of her arrival. I can ſend you no other accounts from theſe mountains; and therefore you will excuſe me, if I add no more than my thanks for your letters of April 12, and May 28; and aſſurances that I am your affectionate friend and obedient ſervant, FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXXXVII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. WILLIAMS.

SIR, Vigan, in the Cevennes, Aug. 13, 1729.

I Thank you for yours of July 14, though it gave me the unwelcome account of your fall on the road, and the death of your father. I hope ſome good news will make you ſoon amends for theſe two inſtances of ill-fortune. You are, I find, in a place that will divert and employ you: but have a care of the ſellers of medals there, who, I have heard, are great ſharpers. I am glad Mr. Stewart applies his mind to antiquities. It is an inſtructive amuſement that becomes his quality. My moſt humble ſervice to him. My daughter and her huſband are not yet with me; nor do I expect them till the middle of September, when I ſhall exchange this place for Montpelier, in order to meet them at their arrival, and ſpend the winter with them there. For I ſtay there till ſpring, not ſo much on my own account as poor Mrs. Morice's, whoſe ill ſtate of health requires

quires it. By the uſe of milk without purging, I got a fever; that fever gave me a fit of the gout, which, finding my ſtomach diſordered by the milk, laid hold of it, and I have had much ado ever ſince to diſpoſſeſs it. The heats were ſo violent at Montpelier, that, had I ſtayed there, with thoſe pains in my ſtomach, I muſt have died. But the cool temperate air of this place and Balaric waters have relieved me. The promotion of the Barigello's brother-in-law is ſomewhat out of the way. But it is not your or my buſineſs even to wiſh thoſe preferments were better diſpoſed of. He that gives them, you know, cannot be in the wrong, at leaſt on your ſide of the mountains. Your viſit to Loretto, to ſee the flying houſe, now inſhrined in a chapel, was worthy of your curioſity. But you ſay not a word of St. Peter's, which, as far as I can judge, is worth all the other ſights that Italy affords: it is the only one in the world, that I have ever had a deſire to ſee; for you know how negligent I have been of every thing of that kind which France affords. I do not underſtand you well as to St. J. or the ſort of ſaintſhip he has a mind to beſtow on his daugh-

ter. When Mr. Forſter is come back from his Tuſcan viſit, my humble ſervice to him; and congratulations with Sir W. on the account of his eſcape. Without ink or paper, you ſee, I make a ſhift to tell you how much I am yours, FR. ROFFEN.

Pray make my kind compliments to Mr. Arthur and Mr. Murray.

LETTER LXXXVIII*.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. † MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE, Montpelier, Sep. 3, 1729.

I Returned hither laſt night from the Cevennes, on purpoſe to ſend your chaiſe with my ſervant George, an Engliſhman, and a very honeſt fellow, and well experienced in travelling; on all accounts well qua-

* This Letter, with thoſe numbered LXXXIX. and XCI. were delivered to Mr and Mrs. Morice upon their landing at Bourdeaux, the $\frac{7}{18}$th of October, 1729, where they had lain for ſeveral weeks. J. E.

† All the letters relative to Mrs. Morice are printed from a copy endorſed in her huſband's hand with this title, "Account of a Journey and Voyage "from London to Bourdeaux and to Toulouſe, "anno 1729; with copies of Letters and Papers "relating thereto."

lified,

lified, except that he ſpeaks no French, which will, I hope, be a defect of no conſequence to you. He brings with him your chaiſe to Toulouſe, and from thence another with it belonging to Mr. Boſe; and hopes to be able, with both, to meet you and Mrs. Morice at the time of your landing. Pray God ſend you both a ſpeedy, ſafe, and eaſy journey.

When you come to Bourdeaux, you will apply yourſelf to the perſon whoſe name Mr. Boſe tranſmitted to you, and who will inſtruct and befriend you in every thing relating to your paſſage hither, and that of the baggage you bring along with you. At Toulouſe Mr. Boſe's ſiſter will aſſiſt you in like manner in your way from thence hither; particularly as to the conveyance of your baggage from thence, for otherwiſe you will not much need her aſſiſtance. I have written by the poſt to Mr. C—— at Bourdeaux, if he knows of any parcel of good wine there, fit for your and Mrs. Morice's drinking, that he would beſpeak it for you, and let you know of it, that it may go with the reſt of your things by the Garonne to Toulouſe, and from thence be conveyed hither. I hear that,

that, unfortunately, at preſent that cannot be by the canal, becauſe it is at this time mending: ſo that from Toulouſe, I fear, all you bring along with you muſt come by land, which will be more expenſive, and perhaps as tedious. You will therefore load your two chaiſes with all that is neceſſary for you upon the road, and for ſome time after you come hither; leſt your baggage, which is to come by the Garonne, and afterwards if poſſible by the canal, ſhould ſtay too long behind you. In the mean time I will take care you ſhall be well lodged here and to your heart's content: and I truſt in God that Mrs. Morice, if ſhe comes ſafe and well hither, ſhall ſoon find the benefit of the air of the place, as well as be a little cheared by being in her old Papa's company, whom God has reſtored to ſome degree of health, in order, I hope, to be the inſtrument of reſtoring alſo her health to her. If you ſailed from Portſmouth yeſterday or to-day, as you propoſed, and the wind and weather be there as here, never could you have either more favourable. Pray God they may continue ſo, till you arrive! Though you come poſt from Bourdeaux, you may come as ſlow

as

as you pleaſe, and make ſuch eaſy ſtages as agree beſt with Mrs. Morice's ſtate of health. The road you come is by all agreed to be the very beſt in France: ſo that, in that reſpect, you will find no manner of inconvenience. I ſhall expect you earneſtly, and with great impatience; however, not ſo earneſtly, as to wiſh that you may make one ſtep faſter than the niceſt care of Mrs. Morice's health will ſuffer you. When you are within a day or two of Montpelier, I have directed George to let me know, by ſome ſure way, the day, and as near as you can the very hour, of your intended arrival: a foot meſſenger will go all night on that errand, for a trifle. And I deſire you, if George ſhould forget it, to put him early in mind of it.

If you can bring the little preſent for Mr. Boſe with you (I mean the knives and glaſs ſconces) it would be well; whatever elſe you leave behind, to come with the reſt of the baggage. You will by that means, when you arrive, make yourſelves (if any thing can make you) more welcome than you would otherwiſe be. He is very civil and friendly, and we ſhall need his aſſiſtance

on

on twenty occaſions: though, as to myſelf, I have choſen to make uſe of it as little as is poſſible. I ſay no more, becauſe I muſt incloſe a word to dear Mrs. Morice; and George ſays, he ſhall be ready ſoon to part. God bleſs and preſerve you both, and ſend you a happy meeting and continuance with your ever affectionate father, FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXXXIX.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mrs. MORICE.

MY DEAR HEART,

Montpelier, Sept. 3, 1729.

I Have ſo much to ſay to you, that I can hardly ſay any thing to you till I ſee you. My heart is full; but it is in vain to begin upon paper what I can never end. I have a thouſand deſires to ſee you, which are checked by a thouſand fears leſt any ill accident ſhould happen to you in the journey. God preſerve you in every ſtep of it, and ſend you ſafe hither! And I will endeavour, by his bleſſing and aſſiſtance, to ſend you well back again, and to accompany you in the journey, as far as the law of England will ſuffer me. I ſtay here only to receive

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and take care of you (for no other view ſhould have hindered my coming into the North of France this autumn); and I live only to help towards lengthening your life, and rendering it, if I can, more agreeable to you: for I ſee not of what uſe I am, or can be, in other reſpects. I ſhall be impatient till I hear you are ſafely landed, and as impatient after that till you are ſafely arrived in your winter quarters. God, I hope, will favour you with good weather, and all manner of good accidents on the way; and I will take care, my dear love, to make you as eaſy and happy as I can at the end of your journey.

I have written to Mr. Morice about every thing I can think of relating to your accommodation on the road, and ſhall not therefore repeat any part of it in this letter, which is intended only to acknowledge a miſtake under which I find myſelf. I thought I loved you before as much as I could poſſibly. But I feel ſuch new degrees of tenderneſs ariſing in me upon this terrible long journey, as I was never before acquainted with. God will reward you, I hope, for your piety to me, which had, I doubt not, its ſhare in producing this reſolution, and will in rewarding you

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reward me alſo; that being the chief thing I have to beg of him.

Adieu, my dear heart, till I ſee you! and till then ſatisfy yourſelf, that, whatever uneaſineſs your journey may give you, my expectation of you, and concern for you, will give me more. I am got to another page, and muſt do violence to myſelf to ſtop here—But I will—and abruptly bid you, my dear heart, adieu, till I bid you welcome to Montpelier.

A line, under your own hand, pray, by the poſt that firſt ſets out after you land at Bourdeaux. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XC.

Mr. MORICE to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

MY HONOURED LORD,

Plymouth, Sept. 26, 1729.

WE are ſtill kept here by contrary winds, attended with as bad weather as was ever known, as to rain, ſtorms, thunder and lightning. I think it neceſſary to acquaint you with it, that it may hinder your ſurpriſe at our not getting as yet to Bourdeaux; a

place I have many days wiſhed to ſee, but have ſtill a very diſtant proſpect of it; for the wind ſeems fixed to a point that will not ſuffer a ſhip to venture out of harbour to that part of the world where we are bound. Hard is our fate. Dear Mrs. Morice deſerves a much better. She is confined here in a very languiſhing condition; and I will avoid mentioning how ill ſhe is, for it will but grieve you; and you may reſt ſatisfied, that nothing on this ſide the water can be done for her more than is: I hope ſhe will ſoon get on the other, and that we ſhall find ſomebody at Bourdeaux to aſſiſt us upon our landing. She muſt reſt there ſome little time, before ſhe can poſſibly be able to proceed further on the journey. It is now near ſix weeks ſince we left Delahay-ſtreet; and ſhe has declined very haſtily in that time. It is a lamentable circumſtance to be ſo long retarded on our way at ſuch a juncture. Every hour, for theſe many days paſt, has been grievous to me on that account. God ſend a ſpeedy change for the better in her health, and in the winds to waft us ſoon over to you! You are conſtantly in her thoughts, and her moſt ardent wiſh is to ſee you.

you. She ſends her duty by me, which ſhe cannot at preſent convey to you any other way. I beg your bleſſing and prayers; and ſhall ever remain, my honoured Lord, your truly affectionate ſon and ſervant,

WM. MORICE.

LETTER XCI.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mrs. MORICE.

MY DEAR HEART,

Montpelier, Sept. 27, 1729.

I Want words to expreſs the concern I am under on your account. Never any thing happened ſo unluckily as the croſs winds of this ſeaſon. If you are not landed, you muſt have been now ſixteen days at ſea, the conſequence of which I dread, eſpecially if you have had the ſame ill weather at ſea as we for two ſeveral nights during this time have had at land. But I truſt in God that has not been the caſe. However, by letters this day from Bourdeaux, I hear that you were not landed on Saturday laſt; and they tell me, that the laſt ſhips that came from England

England were eighteen days in their paſſage. So that you may be ſtill ſome days at ſea, having ſailed only on the eleventh from Dover. The thought of this gives me the utmoſt pain, and diſquiet; nor am I able to think of any thing beſides you, till I have news of your arrival at Bourdeaux. And then theſe rains that have fallen will render the roads leſs eaſy to be paſſed than I apprehended they would be; ſo that the land-journey itſelf, eſpecially after ſuch a troubleſome paſſage by ſea, will, I fear, be very diſagreeable to you. God ſend all may end well! His will be done!

A merchant at Bourdeaux, of Mr. Boſe's acquaintance, will attend you at your landing; and eaſe Mr. Morice of a good deal of the trouble of freeing what you bring with you from the claims of the cuſtom-houſe, and helping to embark them again on the Garrone, for Toulouſe. At Toulouſe Mr. Boſe's ſiſter is deſired to take care of you. Pray avoid all civilities that ſhe, or any other, ſhall proffer you on the way, that are not entirely conſiſtent with your own eaſe. I am equally afraid leſt there ſhould be too much of this kind in your ill ſtate of health, as

leſt you ſhould want any real conveniences. All ceremonies and civilities, that do not tend entirely to accommodate you with what you want, muſt be very diſagreeable to you. I know not what to ſay, or what to adviſe. God preſerve you, and ſend you ſafe to your journey's end, where your diſconſolate afflicted father does, with the utmoſt impatience, wait for you. Adieu, my dear heart! Keep up your ſpirits, as well as you can, till you get to Montpelier. There all conveniences are prepared for you, and all the care that is poſſible ſhall be taken of you.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

I do not know in what condition Mrs. Morice may land, and how far therefore it may be fit to put this letter into her hands: ſo, 'though I have written it to her, I ſhall ſuperſcribe it to you. I pray God it may never come to your hands, and that you may have left Bourdeaux before it arrives there! God bleſs you both! and ſend you ſafe to the end of this terrible journey, which gives me more uneaſineſs than I am able to tell you.

I have written twice to Mr. C———, to beg him to pitch upon a parcel of good wine,

or

or ſeveral parcels of ſeveral ſorts, which may be ſent hither with the reſt of your baggage. Do not let that, or any thing elſe, retard your journey one moment, if Mrs. Morice, upon landing, finds herſelf able to take it. The Bourdeaux merchant will take care of ſending every thing after you by water; and Mr. C——— can do his part as well after you have left Bourdeaux as while you are there, provided the wine is taſted and approved by you.—I am in the utmoſt confuſion, and know not well what I write to you.

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XCII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. WILLIAMS.

Montpelier, Oct. 4, 1729.

I thank you for yours of Auguſt 24; ſince which you received mine, I ſuppoſe, of Aug. 13, then upon the road while you was writing yours. I have anſwers to letters of the ſame date [Aug. 13.] which I wrote to your parts; but have nothing from you. I hope the heats at Rome, which I hear have

been moderate this year, have not diſagreed with you. Thoſe of Montpelier began in July to grow intolerable; and had I not fled to the mountains, as I did precipitately, without looking behind me, I had been loſt: for the gout was got into my ſtomach, where it never was before; and the violent heat of the ſeaſon ſo increaſed and enraged the pain, that no remedies I could take in this place did any thing towards tempering and allaying it; and my phyſicians themſelves were frighted, and at a loſs how to deal with me. I forbore therefore to take their medicines; and, inſtead of them, took a reſolution of my own, of returning ten leagues into the Cevennes, where I knew nobody; and the cool refreſhing air of a village there happened to do me more good than all their preſcriptions; for immediately the ſymptoms abated; and, after two months continuance there, I returned free from my pains and all the ill conſequences of them. I give you this particular account, becauſe in yours you ſeem in ſome concern to deſire it; and for the ſame reaſon I will tell you freely how the diſtemper came to make me this firſt viſit in my ſtomach. I had lived on milk ſix weeks without purging,

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purely by the fault of my phyſician, who ſaid my conſtitution was ſo good, that I did not need it. I relied on his opinion, till I found myſelf in a fever. That fever brought on a fit of the gout; which, finding my ſtomach weakened by ſo long a milk diet, laid hold of it, and was with great difficulty perſuaded to quit it. This is my hiſtory; about which you was ſo curious and inquiſitive. Now you have it, you may lay it up among the other curioſities you are collecting of equal moment. My ail is over for the preſent; but poor Mrs. Morice's diſtemper, a conſumption, prevails upon her. She is forced to fly to this place, as her only refuge, and hopes to recover, upon wintering here. Pray God ſhe may, after the terrible journey ſhe has taken, and from which ſhe is not yet arrived. Ten days ſhe lay wind-bound at Dover; and there are twenty days now ſince ſhe ſailed, without my hearing that ſhe is yet landed at Bourdeaux; after that, ſhe has a long ſtep to make hither, whither if ſhe gets ſafe, I will nurſe her as well as I can. She had a mind to have ventured all the way by land; but her phyſicians judged it impoſſible in her weak ſtate, and would not ſuffer her.

I hope all will be for the beſt: the ſea itſelf, if it has done her no harm, will certainly do her a great deal of good. I am in great concern and pain till I ſee her; and therefore ſhall end this long epiſtle, which is entirely about myſelf and my own affairs, becauſe you would have it ſo.

Adieu! and believe me your faithful friend and humble ſervant, FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XCIII.

Mr. MORICE to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

MY HONOURED LORD,

Bourdeaux, Oct. 20, 1729, N. S.

ALL my letters of late have been freighted with ill news, uncomfortable for me to write, and you to receive. This brings better tidings; for I have now the ſatisfaction to acquaint you, that, after many difficulties, I have brought dear Mrs. Morice alive to this place; and I truſt in God the change of air and climate will at laſt work about the deſired effect. She is extremely weak, and our land-journey will, I fear, prove very tireſome to her. I ſhall make it by very ſlow ſtages, and by that means ren-

render it as eaſy as poſſible. We cannot think of beginning it till three or four days hence. We have recieved ſeveral of your kind letters which lay here for us. I ſhall obſerve the contents of them, and excuſe troubling you with a particular anſwer, being ſo ſoon, I hope, to have a joyful meeting with you.

I have brought the knives and glaſs ſconces along with me; which, with ſeveral other things, I propoſe to put under the care of Monſieur Foucques (the merchant of Mr. Boſe's acquaintance to whom I am recommended) to forward to Montpelier. I have not yet ſeen him. He is out of town, and is not expected till Friday morning. An agent of his comes this minute to wait on me, and adviſes me by no means to carry the knives and other things along with me, for they are prohibited; but to leave them to his care to ſend; and we ſhall have full as much baggage otherwiſe to carry with us as our chaiſes can bear.—Mrs. Morice, though in her bed, is reſolved to write you a line or two; ſo I ſhall add no more this poſt, but repeated aſſurances of being ever your Lordſhip's moſt obedient and faithful, WM. MORICE.

LETTER XCIV.

Mrs. MORICE to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER, at Montpelier.

[The laſt words ſhe ever wrote].

DEAR PAPA,

Bourdeaux, Oct. 20, 1729.

I have reaſon to believe the ſight of my hand-writing will give you pleaſure, as the thought of my being ſo ſoon to ſee you does me. I therefore ſend this ſcrawl, to aſſure you, not of my being well, but of my not being worſe ſince I landed here; and to thank you for all your kind and tender letters, which ſerve to revive my ſpirits, and I hope will ſupport them till we meet. I am impatient till we do, and ever, dear Papa, your moſt affectionate daughter,

MARY MORICE.

LET-

LETTER XCV *.

Mr. MORICE to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

MY HONOURED LORD,

Bourdeaux, Oct. 24, 1729.

MY letter, four days ago, gave you an account of our landing at this place. I all along promiſed myſelf, that, after getting over the ſea, the worſt of the journey would be over; but I find myſelf unfortunately miſtaken. Dear Mrs. Morice is grown worſe than ſhe was at landing, and finds herſelf ſo weak as not to be able to bear a poſt-chaiſe; ſo that thoſe you ſent to fetch her will be of no uſe. I have done every thing in the power of myſelf or friends, to procure a litter; but no ſuch voiture is to be had here. Monſieur Foucques has done his beſt; but all Bourdeaux cannot furniſh one. Under this ſad neceſſity, I have deſired Mr. Foucques to write to his correſpondent at Toulouſe to order a litter immediately from thence, to

* Upon receipt of this letter, the Biſhop immediately ſet out poſt for Toulouſe, to meet Mrs. Morice. J. E.

meet

meet us on the road; and for the preſent have hired a great boat, which is to be furniſhed by a Tapiſſier in ſuch a manner as to prevent dear Mrs. Morice's taking any cold upon the water: and by this means I hope to begin our journey from hence to-morrow. I am very uneaſiy about it, and under great confuſion what ſteps to take. She is deſirous of advancing towards you, though it will be by very ſlow degrees; and indeed I wiſh ſhe may be able to reach Montpelier, the place we depend on for ſome relief. God grant it may be found ſoon! for I am not well able to bear ſo great a misfortune as ſeems to threaten me. The boat we have hired is to carry us to Agen, where the litter from Toulouſe is directed to meet us. From Agen you ſhall hear further from me, or of me. If I cannot write myſelf, I ſhall deſire Mr. Evans, who came over with us, to write for me.

I have made this a long letter, conſidering the affliction I am under. If matters happen not to mend, I could wiſh your health would admit of your meeting us on the way. I am ſenſible how inconvenient travelling will be to you, and therefore would not put you haſtily

tily upon it, though I ſhall not know what to do for want of you, if ſhe continues in the deſperate way ſhe ſeems to be in at preſent. Laſt night ſhe made her own reflection, how much ſhe was decayed ſince ſhe left her own houſe at Weſtminſter; and indeed it is too viſible. So many melancholy thoughts flow in upon me, that I muſt quit my pen, with ſubſcribing myſelf, my honoured Lord, your ever dutiful ſon and ſervant,

WM. MORICE.

P. S. Monday morning, 7 o clock.

The poſt going from hence early in the morning, I wrote the foregoing late laſt night, and kept it open, in hopes of giving ſome better account of my dear wife; but ſhe has had a very bad fit about five this morning, and my deſpair increaſes upon me. She is impatient to ſee you, and will, if ſhe can, ſet out from hence to-morrow, though I fear ſhe will ſcarce reach Toulouſe, without ſome unexpected turn in her favour. Adieu! I am ready to burſt with grief.

LET-

LETTER XCVI*.

Mr. MORICE to the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

MY HONOURED LORD,

Agen, Monday, Oct. 31, 1729.

WE ſet out laſt Tueſday morning from Bourdeaux, and reached this place, by water, yeſterday night. I thank God, dear Mrs. Morice has held out thus far; which gives me hopes of bringing her yet to our journey's end, though every now and then I almoſt deſpair of it. She is in the weakeſt condition you can imagine. I expected to have found a litter waiting our arrival at this place, according to the directions Monſieur Foucques ſent to Monſieur Maignial his correſpondent at Toulouſe on that head; but, inſtead of it, I juſt now received a letter, acquainting me that no litter is to be had, and that I muſt take my meaſures accordingly. I have done ſo; and we ſhall ſet out from

* This letter, being directed to Montpelier, did not reach the Biſhops hands till after Mrs. Morice's death; his lordſhip having begun his journey to Toulouſe upon receipt of Mr. Morice's letter (of Oct. 24) from Bourdeaux.

hence

hence to-morrow, in the ſame boat which brought us from Bourdeaux hither; which perhaps may prove the beſt way, though a tedious one; for it will take ſix or ſeven days to go up the river from this place to Toulouſe. But Mrs. Morice is more at her eaſe in the boat, than ſhe could be in any other voiture. She has a little cabin made up for her in it, and lies upon a mattreſs all the way. She has not ſtrength to ſupport herſelf for any time without lying down. I have alſo with me a *chaiſe à porteur*, to carry her to and from the boat, to the places where we muſt lodge at nights, and I ſhould not have known what to have done if I had not taken that precaution. You may eaſily imagine in what a diſconſolate condition I am; one day flattering me with hopes of her doing well, and the next throwing me into the utmoſt deſpair. I cannot tell whether this letter may reach you at Montpelier; for probably you are upon the way to meet us, after receiving mine of Monday laſt: I hope you are. My dear wife longs earneſtly to ſee you; and indeed there is no viſible certainty at preſent of her getting to Montpelier. I ſhould be overjoyed to ſee you at Toulouſe. The meeting would give new life to Mrs. Morice, on whom my happineſs

happineſs entirely depends. All duty and reſpect conclude this from, my honoured lord, your truely affectionate ſon and ſervant,

WM. MORICE.

NUMBER XCVII.

Mr. EVANS's * Diary of Journey and Voyage from Weſtminſter to Bourdeaux, and to Toulouſe. A. D. 1729.

Aug. 19. We ſet out from Weſtminſter,—arrived at Dover the 21ſt,—there we were detained by contrary winds ten days.

31. The wind being a little favourable, we put to ſea; were drove into Plymouth Sept. 2d. There we lay wind-bound 25 days, not ſetting ſail from thence till Sept. 27; and after beating at ſea four days in very ſtormy and tempeſtuous weather, we were forced into Falmouth, Sept. 30.

Oct. 2. We ſet ſail from Falmouth with a fair wind, and landed at Bourdeaux Oct. $\frac{7}{18}$, 1729.

* Mr. J. EVANS, a gentleman who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Morice on their voyage from Dover to Bourdeaux, and from thence to Toulouſe, and was preſent at the time of her death. See Letters XCVIII. and C.

N. B.

N. B. Mrs. Morice found herſelf very ill whilſt at Dover, as well as at Plymouth. She bore the voyage better than could be expected, was never ſea-ſick, and ſeemed eaſier on the water than aſhore; but conſtantly kept her bed whilſt on board,

Upon our arrival at Bourdeaux, we found a ſervant belonging to the Biſhop of Rocheſter, who had been waiting there for us above ſix weeks.

We ſtaid at Bourdeaux ſeven days, as well to give reſt to Mrs. Morice, as to make the neceſſary preparations for our intended journey to Montpelier. One day ſhe attempted to take an airing in a chaiſe; but was not abroad half an hour, before ſhe was too ſenſible of her weakneſs, and found herſelf unable to bear that way of travelling; and that the two chaiſes, which the Biſhop had taken care to ſend from Montpelier to fetch her, could be of no uſe. Upon this we endeavoured to procure a litter, but no ſuch voiture was to be met with at or near Bourdeaux. We at laſt fixed our paſſage as far as Agen, which is about half way between Bourdeaux and Toulouſe, by water, and hired a large boat (very commodiouſly

equipped for the purpoſe) to carry us thither, where we expected to find a litter from Toulouſe to meet us, according to the directions that had been diſpatched thither on that head.

We took boat from Bourdeaux Oct. 25. in the morning, and arrived at Agen the 30th at night.

N. B. Mrs. Morice had been extremely ill ſome days at Bourdeaux, and gave a good deal of reaſon for us to fear ill conſequences: but ſhe performed the ſix days journey to Agen beyond expectation, and flattered us with new hopes of her recovery; though the ſeveral ſtages were very tedious, ſince we were ſeldom leſs than 10 or 12 hours in the boat, the weather generally bad, and the accommodations we met with at the inns, where we lay at nights, for the moſt part very indifferent. However, Mrs. Morice got no hurt by the way, great care having been taken to prevent her catching cold; a convenient cabin hung with tapeſtry was prepared in the boat, as well as a kitchen, for her uſe, and a bed for her to lie down and repoſe herſelf.

We

We ſtopped at Agen all Monday, Oct. 31; where we received advice from Toulouſe, that no litter was to be had from thence; and that we muſt take our meaſures accordingly. Hereupon we agreed for the ſame boat which brought us to Agen, to carry us on to Toulouſe.

N. B. The boatmen were very preſſing not to proceed the next day; and begged earneſtly for a little more reſt: but Mrs. Morice would by no means conſent to the loſing one day, ſaying, "Dear Mr. Morice, you don't know "what a day may be to me!" So on Tueſday, November 1, we began our journey from Agen to Toulouſe.

On the 5th of November we got as far as Grenade, a large town, affording good conveniencies.

N. B. Mrs. Morice was obſerved to change for the worſe this afternoon; but nevertheleſs was able to bear the fatigue of going in a chair from the boat to the town, which was a good half-league from the river-ſide; and was the next morning carried back again to the boat, without finding herſelf more diſcompoſed by the conveyance than ſhe uſed to be.

Nov. 6. We left Grenade early in the morning, hoping to get to Toulouſe that day; but night overtaking us by the time we reached Blagnac, a little village half a league ſhort of the town, we thought it beſt to ſtop there, and take up with the ill accommodations that place afforded.

N. B. Mrs. Morice was very ill moſt part of this day's journey; and became extremely uneaſy towards the end of it; and growing ſtill worſe towards midnight, it was thought proper to call up the boat-men, and make the beſt of our way (though by night) to Toulouſe, where ſhe hoped to meet her father. We embarked about two o'clock in the night-time, and about five entered the canal. We got aſhore, and came to Toulouſe between ſeven and eight o'clock, on Monday morning the 7th of November, N. S.

OBSERVATIONS upon the aforegoing Diary.

IT was a ſort of good luck that no litter was to be got at Bourdeaux, nor even at Toulouſe; for it ſoon appeared that Mrs. Morice's weakneſs was ſo great, that ſhe could never have borne any ſort of conveyance by land; and would, in all probability, have

have died on the road to Toulouſe, without ſeeing her father (whom ſhe impatiently longed to ſee), had ſhe been carried in a litter, or in any other voiture than a boat.

It is alſo remarkable, that if Mrs. Morice had not been ſo preſſing to leave Agen the very day we went from thence, but had yielded to the importunity of the boatmen, who earneſtly pleaded for a day of reſt; or if, upon her being ſo very ill (on Sunday-night, Nov. 6,) at Blagnac, a reſolution had not been taken of travelling on the water by night; in either caſe ſhe had undoubtedly died without reaching Toulouſe, or having the comfort of ſeeing her father, which of all things ſhe paſſionately deſired.

It is alſo obſervable, as a piece of good fortune, that the Biſhop's health (which is ſo much impaired by the gout, that for ſeveral months in the year he is not able to ſtir abroad) ſhould, at that juncture, happen to be ſuch as to allow him to take a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, to meet his daughter, and take his laſt farewell of her.

LETTER XCVIII.

Mr. J. EVANS to his Brother in London.

DEAR BROTHER, Toulouſe, Nov. 9, 1729.

AFTER a very tedious and fatiguing journey, Mr. Morice and his lady arrived here on Monday morning, the 7th, about ſeven o'clock, when ſhe met her father; the only thing, I believe, ſhe had to deſire of GOD in this world. She went to bed, and never ſlept till ſhe ſlept her laſt; and well may it be called ſo; for never was death received in ſo compoſed a manner, as I ſhall diſtinctly relate to you from Montpelier. She received the ſacrament (upon her earneſtly deſiring to have it if poſſible) about an hour and half before ſhe expired. That remaining time ſhe employed in directing what ſhe would have done in the moſt material things that relate to family affairs, and that in a very moving manner; and one of the laſt was to call her huſband to her; when ſhe ſaid, "Dear Mr. Morice, take care of the chil-"dren—I know you will: remember me to "the Dutcheſs of Buckingham!"——This fatal ſtroke, being given on the way to her intended

tended port, muſt, you will think, put us into uncommon diſorder. Mr. Morice goes for England, as ſoon as in a condition to do it. Pray give my family an account of this; and I ſhall, from Montpelier, do the ſame at large, as well as to yourſelf. Adieu. Yours moſt affectionately, J. EVANS.

LETTER XCIX*.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 20, 1729.

YES, dear Sir, I have had all you deſigned for me; and have read all (as I read whatever you write) with eſteem and pleaſure. But your laſt letter, full of friendſhip and goodneſs, gave me ſuch impreſſions of concern and tenderneſs, as neither I can expreſs, nor you, perhaps, with all the force of your imagination, fully conceive.

I am not yet maſter enough of myſelf, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you; and am not content with leſs than that, whenever I converſe with you.

* An imperfect copy of this Letter is printed in Pope's Works, vol. VIII. p. 138. The variations are worth obſerving.

My thoughts are at preſent vainly, but pleaſingly, employed on what I have loſt, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reaſon, to call them off to other ſubjects; but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and ſuffering them to ſpend their force, I hope in ſome time to check and ſubdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus perculſus, huic uni me imparem ſenſi, & penè ſuccubui.* This is weakneſs, not wiſdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be truſted to the boſom of a friend, where I may ſafely lodge all my infirmities. As ſoon as my mind is in ſome meaſure corrected and calmed, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it towards ſomething of uſe and moment; if I have ſtill life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preſerving. In the mean time, I ſhall be pleaſed to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any ſuch melancholy interruptions as I have met with. You outdo others on all occaſions; my hope, and my opinion is, that on moral ſubjects, and in drawing characters, you will outdo yourſelf. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents; your know-

knowledge and judgement are at the height; uſe them in writing ſomewhat that may teach the preſent and future times; and, if not gain equally the applauſe of both, may yet raiſe the envy of the one, and ſecure the admiration of the other. Remember Virgil died at 52, and Horace at 58; and as bad as both their conſtitutions were, yours is yet more delicate and tender. Employ not your precious moments and great talents on little men and little things: but chuſe a ſubject every way worthy of you; and handle it, as you can, in a manner which nobody elſe can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were; and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

"—— gelidus tardante ſenectâ
"Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœto in corpore vires."

However, I ſhould be ungrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the South of France much more than I did at Paris, though even there I ſenſibly improved. What happened to me here laſt ſummer was merely the effect of my folly, in truſting too much to a phyſician,

who kept me ſix weeks in a milk diet, without purging me, contrary to all the rules of the faculty. The milk threw me at laſt into a fever; and that fever ſoon produced the gout; which, finding my ſtomach weakened by a long diſuſe of meat, attacked it, and had like at once to have diſpatched me. The exceſſive heats of this place concurred to heighten the ſymptoms: but in the midſt of my diſtemper I took a ſturdy reſolution of retiring thirty miles into the mountains of the Cevennes; and there I ſoon found relief from the coolneſs of the air and the verdure of the climate, though not to ſuch a degree as not ſtill to feel ſome reliques of thoſe pains in my ſtomach, which till lately I had never felt. Had I ſtaid, as I intended, there till the end of October, I believe my cure had been perfected; but the earneſt deſire of meeting one I dearly loved called me abruptly to Montpelier; where after continuing two months under the cruel torture of a ſad and fruitleſs expectation, I was forced at laſt to take a long journey to Toulouſe; and even there I had miſſed the perſon I ſought, had ſhe not, with great ſpirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to ſee me, which ſhe above

all

all things deſired to do before ſhe died. By that means ſhe was brought where I was between ſeven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards; which time was not loſt on either ſide, but paſſed in ſuch a manner as gave great ſatisfaction to both, and ſuch as, on her part, every way became her circumſtances and character; for ſhe had her ſenſes to the very laſt gaſp, and exerted them to give me in thoſe few hours greater marks of duty and love than ſhe had done in all her life-time, though ſhe had never been wanting in either. The laſt words ſhe ſaid to me were the kindeſt of all; a reflection on the goodneſs of GOD, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, ſhe laid herſelf on her pillow, in a ſleeping poſture,

"—— placidaque ibi demum morte quievit."

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and ſtill feel, on this occaſion; and ſpare me the trouble of deſcribing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter ſtrangers, how ſhall I find out proper reliefs and ſupports? I am have none, but thoſe with which R l

Religion furniſh me; and on thoſe I lay hold, and make uſe of, as well as I can; and hope that He who laid the burthen upon me (for wiſe and good purpoſes, no doubt) will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have borne others, with ſome degree of fortitude and firmneſs.

You ſee how ready I am to relapſe into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I ſhall probably again commit the ſame fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I ſtop ſhort here; and, with all ſincerity, affection, and eſteem, bid you adieu, till we meet, either in this world, if GOD pleaſes, or elſe in another.

A friend I have with me will convey this ſafely to your hands; though perhaps it may be ſome time before it reaches you: whenever it does, it will give you a true account of the poſture of mind I was in when I wrote it, and which I hope may by that time be a little altered. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER C.

Mr. J. EVANS to his Brother.

DEAR BROTHER, Montpelier, Nov. 30, 1729.

IN mine of the 9th inſtant from Toulouſe, I promiſed you a more particular account of the death of Mrs. Morice at my arrival here, where I got the 13th; but, within an hour after, was confined to my bed by a fit of the gout, which took me the laſt day on the road, and held me ten days; ſo that I was not out of my bed for two hours in all that time: but, having now again the uſe of my hand, I do with pleaſure write to you and keep my promiſe.

On Sunday the 6th inſtant, N. S. in the evening we reached Blagnac, a village not above half a league, by land, from Toulouſe; but by water (by reaſon of a very ſtrong current, and the windings of the river) it takes three hours to get up to the town. So it was reſolved, rather than expoſe Mrs. Morice too much to the fatigue (of which ſhe had undergone an infinite deal, and bore it with incredible patience), or keep her late on the water,

water, to reſt at Blagnac that night, where ſhe was put to bed in the ſame weak condition ſhe uſually had been, but not ſeemingly worſe. But about midnight the women came to Mr. Morice and me, and told us, they thought they ſaw her changed. We roſe, and came to her chamber; where we found her ſo very ill, that we thought fit to call up the boatmen, and order them to prepare the boat to part immediately; fearing much, from the change we ſaw, that, near as ſhe was to it, ſhe would ſcarce live to reach Toulouſe, which we all earneſtly deſired to do, ſince no phyſician, or other help, could be had, in the poor place where we then were. She herſelf preſſed this matter; and we well knew, that all her deſires and wiſhes were conſtantly bent upon ſeeing her father, whom ſhe hoped to find at Toulouſe. She was taken out of her bed, at her own deſire, and carried to the boat with great difficulty, not being able to ſit in the chair which Mr. Morice had brought from Bourdeaux, with two chairmen, purely for the carrying her in and out of the boat more at her eaſe; and ſo we parted thence about two o'clock in the morning, ſending two ſervants, by land, to procure

cure a litter to meet her at the landing-place. About five we arrived there; and ſoon after ſix the litter came, which carried Mrs. Morice to the houſe in Toulouſe, where her father was expecting her arrival, and not knowing, till then, how near or how far off ſhe was, though he had diſpatched a man and horſe to get intelligence of us, who happened to miſs us. When the ſervants, who had been ſent for the litter, returned, ſhe was informed of the Biſhop's being at Toulouſe, and ſeemed to take new ſpirits upon it, which no doubt were of great uſe, to enable her to bear going in the litter, which otherwiſe ſhe could ſcarce have done, even for ſo ſhort a way. After ſhe had been put into her bed (where, as I told you, ſhe never ſlept till ſhe ſlept her laſt) and had a little recovered the fatigue ſhe underwent in the conveyance from the boat, which was about a mile, her father, whom ſhe immediately enquired after, came into her room, and was ſtartled to find her in ſo very low a condition. After mutual expreſſions of concern and tenderneſs, ſhe particularly acknowledged the great bleſſing that was granted her, of meeting her dear Papa; and exerted all the little life that was in her,

in

in graſping his hands with her utmoſt force, as ſhe often did; and told him, that meeting was the chief thing that ſhe had ardently deſired.

The Biſhop ſome time after left her chamber, that ſhe might compoſe herſelf, and that he might himſelf give vent to the juſt grief he was filled with, to ſee his beloved child in a manner expiring. But we found ſhe took no reſt; ſo he ſoon returned, and then ſaid prayers by her, and propoſed to her the receiving the holy ſacrament the next morning; when he hoped ſhe might have been a little refreſhed in order to it: ſhe embraced the offer with much ſatisfaction. He then aſked her, for fear of any accident, if ſhe was not deſirous to have the abſolution of the church? She declared ſhe was; and begged to have it. After ſome little private diſcourſe with her, he gave it her, in the form preſcribed in "the "Viſitation of the Sick;" and ſhe expreſſed great comfort upon receiving it. A phyſician had been ſent for immediately upon her arrival. When he came, he gave little hopes, but ſaid all depended upon the manner of her paſſing that night; and in the mean time preſcribed only what would be comfortable

and

and cordial to her ſtomach and bowels, which ſhe was to take every three hours. It had that effect; for ſhe ſeemed to lie pretty compoſed and eaſy the reſt of the day; and her purging, which before had been extremely troubleſome, became leſs violent.

She once mentioned Dr. Wyntle, who you know had been her phyſician; and who had ſo neglected her as for ſome time before ſhe left England never to come near her, according to his appointment, nor give the leaſt direction for her management in the long voyage ſhe was about to make. She ſaid to the Biſhop, "Dear Papa, has Mr. Morice "told you how Dr. Wyntle has ſerved us?" Who anſwered, "Yes, my dear, I know it "all; but do not let that trouble you now." She replied, "Oh, no, Papa, I do not trou- "ble myſelf about that; I have other things "to think of at this time; but I did not know "whether Mr. Morice had told you."

Hoping by this time ſhe might incline to take a little reſt, her father and husband retired, it being between eleven and twelve at night; but about two in the morning ſhe ſent one of her women to me (who lay on the ſame floor, in the next room to her) to de-

ſire to ſpeak to me; and when I came, ſhe ſaid, not ſeemingly with much pain, but with ſuch a ſhortneſs of breath, that ſhe was forced to breathe after every two or three words, "Mr. Evans, I have been working—theſe "three hours—and would fain—have the "ſacrament." I wondered at her ſending for me on that account, her husband and father being both near at hand; but I found afterwards it was her unwillingneſs, by a direct meſſage from herſelf, too much to alarm either of them. However, being then not appriſed of her reaſon for it, I doubted a little of her being in her right ſenſes, and ſaid, "Madam, would you *now* receive the "ſacrament?" She ſaid, "Yes, I would— "if poſſible—preſently—." Of which the Biſhop being immediately adviſed, as was Mr. Morice, and every thing prepared, he came, and adminiſtered to her, and to all preſent, the ſacrament; and afterwards, at her deſire, continued repeating the prayers of the church till ſhe began to draw very near her end; and then he uſed and continued the recommendatory prayer only; ſhe all the while holding her hands in a poſture of prayer, and ſometimes joining in a low voice with him.

After

After this, her father being gone from the bed-ſide, ſhe called for him (as ſhe had very frequently done) and again ſaid to him—"Dear Papa—what a bleſſing is it—that af-"ter—ſuch a long—troubleſome—journey—"we have—the comfort—of this meeting!"

And indeed, when I reflect on it, and conſider the weak condition ſhe was in upon the road, the many accidents that happened to retard the voyage, and the laſt effort ſhe made when ſhe was at the worſt towards finiſhing it, I cannot but think that that meeting ſeemed granted by Heaven to her continual fervent prayers for it.

About this time ſhe called to her husband (who was always in near attendance upon her) and ſaid "Dear Mr. Morice—take care "of the children—I know you will——Re-"member me—to the Dutcheſs of Bucking-"ham."

She alſo in a proper place recommended her ſervants to Mr. Morice.

She now found her feet cold, and ordered them to be rubbed, at the ſame time calling for her broth; but when it came, not being able to ſwallow it, ſhe turned herſelf on her left ſide, and reſted her head on her left

hand, which ſhe doubled; extending her right hand and arm over the bed-cloaths; and in this poſture ſhe continued drawing her breath ſhorter and ſhorter, but with the leaſt emotion that poſſibly could be, till ſhe at laſt expired, a quarter before four o'clock on Tueſday morning, Nov. 8. N. S.

An entire reſignation to the will of GOD, a piety towards her father, husband, and family, made her death full of the religion of a Saint, and of the regularity and compoſedneſs of a Philoſopher. It was then ſhe gave a ſeal and ſanction to the judgement and affection of her friends; and ſhewed one of the beſt and wiſeſt, as well as nobleſt, of her ſex (the Dutcheſs of Buckingham, who I have heard had a very great regard for her), that ſhe had made a right judgement of her, and beſtowed her love on one who deſerved it. Such a death, at the end of a virtuous life, would make one ſee what is deareſt and neareſt to us expire, not only without uneaſineſs, but with pleaſure, were human nature capable of acting by reaſon at ſuch a time, without paſſion: but the moſt exalted of mankind partake of the dying pains of thoſe that nature and affection have made dear to them; and even feel agonies which the dying are ſome-

ſometimes, by ſpecial favour, exempted from, as I really think ſhe was.

I ſhall conclude this account with a reflection I made at the time: That it was well worth my while to have taken ſo long a voyage; though I was immediately to return home again, and reap no other benefit from it than the ſeeing what paſſed in the laſt hours of Mrs. Morice. I am, dear brother, yours moſt affectionately, J. EVANS.

LETTER CI.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 20, 1729.

I Venture to thank you for your kind and friendly letter, becauſe I think myſelf very ſure of a ſafe conveyance; and I am uneaſy till I have told you what impreſſions it made upon me. I will do it with the ſame ſimplicity and truth with which I wrote to you from Montpelier upon a very melancholy occaſion; the memory of which would have been in the moſt touching manner awakened by what you writ, had it been entirely laid aſleep, as it never will or can be. Time, and a ſucceſſion of other objects, added to reaſon and religion (for even theſe great prin-

ciples, that ſhould command our nature, want now and then ſome aſſiſtances from it) may divert the attention of my mind from what it loves too much to think of, though it finds no pleaſure in ſuch thoughts: they may deaden the quick ſenſe of grief, and prevent the frequent returns of it; but where it is well fixed, they cannot extinguiſh it.

LETTER CII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to *****.

DEAR SIR, [Undated.]

YOUR endeavours that I may forget my misfortune are truly noble. It would be to deſerve them to fly from reſolution. They ſhall not depreſs me; but I muſt help to bear what you tell me lies ſo heavy upon my friends. I preſerve a mean, which is the excellence, juſtice, and fitneſs of all things in the moral ſyſtem,

Virtue's a mean, and vice is an exceſs,
In doing more than's fit, or doing leſs.

To poetiſe, my friend, is no mark of a depreſſed fancy or exceſſive ſorrow; but a ſort of a comical way of treating things ſerious, not after the ſubtle faſhions of thoſe you ſpeak of, that would magnify nature by depreſſing the

the Deity; who, ſetting forth their neceſſary agreement, make unneceſſary ſtrife. With reverence do I mention theſe things, and know,

How the great love of nature fills thy mind,
And univerſal kindneſs to thy kind.

am, while thus juvenile, an advocate for, and not a railer againſt, extremes. Thoſe ſymptoms ſtrongly bode a ſecond youth, that vapours with a feeble and defective flame; it is the innervated arm of Priam, impotently raiſed againſt the thundering rage of youthful Pyrrhus. However, this epiſtle, my dear friend, ſhall not become more tawdry by its not being of a piece; for I will conclude with anſwering your laſt ſerious queſtion with another ſcrap of poetry:

Whate'er the ſoul of nature has deſign'd,
And wrought on matter, is the effect of mind;
The form of ſubſtance is the former's art,
Hence beauty and deſign that ſtrike the heart;
There's nought in ſimple matter to delight,
'Tis the fair workmanſhip that takes the ſight.
The beautiful effect of mind alone
Is comely, and in all things comely ſhown.
Where mind is not, there horror needs muſt be,
For matter formleſs is deformity.

LETTER CIII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. DENNIS.

SIR, Paris, 1730.

I Hear one of my adverſaries * has not conſidered duly your merit; but continues firm to the preſent faſhion of diſtinguiſhing every kind of it by ill treatment.

I am informed, by the news-papers, that there is a voluntary ſubſcription going forwards for your advantage. I ſend you my mite †, which I have really borrowed in order thereto; for it ſo happens, that ſome enemies of mine enjoy an affluence I am deprived of; but I have made this little effort as one inſtance that it is people, not denominations, I conſider; and, to the beſt of my ſmall power of ſhewing, I always ſhall be proud of doing it. FR. ROFFEN.

* Sir Robert Walpole, whom the Biſhop always conſidered as the principal inſtigator of the meaſures that were taken againſt him.

† The Biſhop and Mr. Dennis had been very intimate at their firſt ſetting-out in the world (eſpecially when his Lordſhip was preacher at the Rolls). What he here calls his mite, was the genteel preſent of £. 100. Mr. Dennis died in 1734, and was buried at the pariſh-church of St. Martin in the Fields.

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LETTER CIV.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Monſ. ROLLIN.

REVERENDE ATQUE ERUDITISSIME VIR,

6° Kal. Jan. 1731. [Dec. 27, 1730.]

CUM, monente amico quodam, qui juxta ædes tuas habitat, ſcirem te Pariſios revertiſſe; ſtatui ſalutatum te ire, ut primùm per valetudinem liceret. Id officii, ex pedum infirmitate aliquandiu dilatum, cùm tandem me impleturum ſperarem, fruſtra feci; domi non eras. Reſtat, ut quod coram exequi non potui, ſcriptis ſaltem literis præſtem; tibique ob ea omnia (quibus à te auctus ſum) beneficia, grates agam, quas habeo certè, & ſemper habiturus ſum, maximas.

Reverà munera illa librorum nuperis à te annis editorum egregia ac perhonorifica mihi viſa ſunt. Multi enim facio, & te, vir præſtantiſſime: & tua omnia quæcunque in iſto literarum genere perpolita ſunt; in quo quidem te cæteris omnibus ejuſmodi ſcriptoribus facilè antecellere, atque eſſe eundem & dicendi & ſentiendi magiſtrum optimum, prorsùs exiſtimo: cúmque in excolendis his

ſtudiis aliquantulum ipſe & operis & temporis poſuerim, liberè tamen profiteor me, tuæ cum legam ac relegam, ea edoctum eſſe a te, non ſolùm quæ neſciebam prorsùs, ſed etiam quæ antea didiciſſe mihi viſus ſum. Modeſtè itaque nimium de opere tuo ſentis, cùm juventuti tantùm inſtituendæ elaboratum id eſſe contendis. Ea certè ſcribis, quæ à viris iſtiuſmodi rerum haud imperitis, cum voluptate & fructu legi poſſunt. Vetera quidem & ſatis cognita revocas in memoriam; ſed ita revocas, ut illuſtres, ut ornes; ut aliquid vetuſtis adjicias quod novum ſit; alienis quod omnino tuum: bonaſque picturas bonâ in luce collocando efficis, ut etiam iis a quibus ſæpiſſimè conſpectæ ſunt, elegantiores tamen ſolitò appareant, & placeant magis.

Certè, dum Xenophontem ſæpiùs verſas, ab illo, & ea quæ à te plurimis in locis narrantur, & ipſum ubique narrandi modum videris traxiſſe, ſtylique Xenophontei nitorem ac venuſtam ſimplicitatem non imitari tantùm, ſed planè aſſequi: ita ut ſi Gallicè ſciſſet Xenophon, non aliis illum, in eo argumento quod tractas, verbis uſurum, non alio prorsùs more ſcripturum judicem.

Hæc

Hæc ego, haud aſſentandi causâ (quod vitium procul a me abeſt) ſed verè ex animi ſententiâ dico. Cùm enim pulchris à te donis ditatus ſim, quibus, in eodem, aut in alio quopiam doctrinæ genere referendis, imparem me ſentio, volui tamen propenſi erga te animi gratique teſtimonium proferre, & te aliquo ſaltem munuſculo *, & ſi perquam diſſimili, remunerari.

Perge, vir docte admodum & venerande, de bonis literis, quæ nunc neglectæ paſſim & ſpretæ jacent, benè mereri: perge juventutem Gallicam (quando illi ſolummodo te utilem eſſe vis) optimis & præceptis & exemplis informare.

Quod ut facias, annis ætatis tuæ elapſis multos adjiciat Deus! iiſque decurrentibus ſanum te præſtet atque incolumem. Hoc ex animo optat ac vovet tui obſervantiſſimus,

FRANCISCUS ROFFENSIS.

P. S. Pranſurum te mecum poſt Feſta dixit mihi amicus ille noſter qui tibi vicinus eſt, Cum ſtatueris tecum quo die adfuturus es, id illi ſignificabis. Me certè annis maliſque debilitatum, quandocunque veneris, domi invenies.

* The Biſhop had ſent him his Sermons.

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LETTER CV.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. —

SIR, May $\frac{8}{19}$, 1731.

THE difference of ſentiments about the adminiſtering the holy euchariſt, which has occaſioned a ſeparation of communion among the Nonjuring Clergy, has been always matter of juſt concern and grief to me. I expreſſed my thoughts of it when in England, once to Dr. Bret *, and more than once to Mr. Collier †; together with my earneſt wiſhes, that ſome way might be found out of

* Dr. Thomas Bret, born Sept. 3, 1667. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards entered into orders; but, becoming diſſatisfied with the oaths directed to be taken by the government, he vacated his living, by neglecting to qualify himſelf for holding it according to law. From this time, though treated with great kindneſs and lenity by Archbiſhops Teniſon and Wake, he could not be prevailed upon to be even a lay communicant according to the rights of the Church of England. He publiſhed, among other things, "A Diſſertation on the principal Liturgies uſed by "the Chriſtian Church in the celebration of the "Holy Euchariſt, 1720;" and died March 5, 1743. See his character in Maſters's Hiſtory of Corpus Chriſti College, p. 248.

† Probably the celebrated Nonjuror, Dr. Jeremy Collier.

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healing that diviſion, which otherwiſe would, in my opinion, prove miſchievous to the common cauſe, and to the honour and intereſt of the Church of England. It was therefore with great ſatisfaction I peruſed two papers propoſed to be ſigned on each ſide, for the extinguiſhing that diſpute, and preventing the ill conſequences of it; I pray GOD that propoſal might take place, and that no objection to the eſtabliſhed form may be inſiſted on, or ever mentioned any more, till an opportunity ſhall be given of conſidering them in full convocation, and of making ſuch alteration as ſhall be then judged fit and requiſite by the ſame authority by which it ſtands at preſent enjoined. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER CVI.

Mrs. WILLIAMS to her Son.

DEAR SON, Penallt Ddu, July 19, 1731.

I Received yours about three weeks ago, to my great comfort and ſatisfaction, in that you were got ſafe and well to your journey's end, hoping that you intend to return ſooner than you promiſed, by your great care of the little horſe, which is in excellent order; and

I heartily wiſh you could ſoon verify the Welſh proverb, "Gwedu treiglo pôb tre têg "yw edrych tiagadre;" that I might have the pleaſure to ſee you ride him: but I fear your natural bent to the ſtudy of antiquities, your deſire of polite converſation, your love of elegant living and Italian wines, may be too prevailing motives in retarding your progreſs towards this poor country, where none of thoſe advantages can be gained in any tolerable degree, as you know very well: however, we have much leſs reaſon to complain this year, as I am well aſſured, than our neighbours in the Weſt of England, where their hay, herbage, ſummer corn, and kitchen gardens, yield them little or nothing, inſomuch that hay was ſold at Briſtol about the middle of June laſt for £5. per ton, and water two-pence halfpenny per pail, they being obliged to fodder their cattle twice in a day in moſt places, and in many places even their ſheep; and all this by reaſon of the greateſt drought that ever we heard of in thoſe parts; not but that it has been exceedingly dry with us, no flood having been ſeen in Tivi ſince Chriſtmas, and the wind continuing near two thirds of the time from then till now eaſterly; yet, God be praiſed, we

have

have a good crop of barley, rye, and wheat; our oats and hay but indifferent indeed. We have had ſeveral refreſhing ſhowers within this two months, which may be owing to the height of the mountains, by drawing to themſelves moſt of the vapours that floated in the neighbouring atmoſphere; but this I ſubmit to your better judgement, who are ſo well acquainted with the Alps. Your loving and affectionate mother, ANNE WILLIAMS.

LETTER CVII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. WILLIAMS.

November, 1731.

I THANK you, Sir, for both your letters; one of an elder date, from Rome; the other from Albano, of Oct. 10, which I received two days ago. The account you give me of the medal, or coin, with the Triumvirs heads on it, and the cypher of Florus the mint-maſter on the reverſe, is very agreeable news to me; and I muſt deſire you to purſue that diſcovery as far as you can; and to get me, if poſſibly you can, a draught of both ſides of the coin. If Ficcoroni can procure

cure it from Count Waldec, or it can be procured from the cabinet of Parma, from the printed catalogue of that cabinet, or any other collection, I will gladly pay what is requiſite to obtain it. I have ſeen, as I told you, in England, a braſs coin with Auguſtus's head, after he was entirely poſſeſſed of the empire, with a flower on the reverſe; and theſe words, or words like theſe, under it, "Lucius Florus Triumvir Monetalis F." It is in my Lord Pembroke's collection. This gave me the hint for further enquiries. I cannot go to libraries here, where the Parma Catalogue may be found. You can more eaſily come at it where you are; and I pray you ſo to do, and to give yourſelf ſome trouble, if neceſſary, towards perfecting the diſcovery. I am not ignorant that they graved better in Trajan's time than in the time of Auguſtus; and there is no doubt of the one of theſe being rarer than the other. But neither of theſe circumſtances determine my value, which is proportioned to my eſteem of the perſon repreſented. And therefore, if you have really a Cicero, that may be depended upon as antient, you will do me a pleaſure to beſtow it on me, I mean, by letting me know what it coſt, and giving me

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an opportunity of purchaſing it from you. I know Mr. Waddle, and ſhould be glad to ſee what he ſays, to prove the reality of that ſtring of names from Fergus the Firſt to Fergus the Second. I dare ſay, if Lord Mareſchal knew my deſires in that reſpect, he would ſuffer a copy of the paper to be taken for me.

I will enquire into the truth of what you have been told about the late Duke of Wharton's papers, and you ſhall have an account of it. Your Iriſhman of Scotch extraction will, I believe, be found to have ſtretched a little in his narrative. They lay what things they pleaſe upon that poor Duke that is gone. He had real faults enough; they need not load his memory with new ones. I thank you for all the other advertiſements in your letter. You will find yourſelf utterly miſtaken in one of them—the article from Spain; for the fleet with the forces is ſailed, and Don Carlos has actually begun his journey. I cannot enter into other particulars (for I am not a little indiſpoſed), but I thank you heartily for all of them. If I did not comply with the requeſt you made in the name of a good friend of mine, I have ſent you my reaſons, and I hope you are ſatisfied with them.

them. I can do any thing for my friends that becomes me to do; and they will not inſiſt on what does not. This Autumn my health has been various; nor have I been able to reap all the advantage I wiſhed from this beautiful ſeaſon. The Winter, that approaches, will, I fear, deal worſe with me; and every ſucceeding year (if I live to ſee any more) will bring new infirmities for it. I am come to a time of life when I can have no other expectations.' Adieu, Sir; and believe that, whatever changes may happen to me, there will be none in the deſire I have to ſerve you always to the beſt of my power. I am concerned for what you ſay of Mr. Forſter's ill ſtate of health. My ſervice to him; he had a letter from me laſt poſt.

FR. ROFFEN.

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LETTER CVIII.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

YOU will wonder to ſee me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, call upon me to ſay ſomething; and the reputation of an Hiſtory*, which I and all the world value, muſt have ſuffered, had I continued ſilent. I have printed it here, in hopes that ſomebody afterward may venture to reprint in England, notwithſtanding thoſe two frightening words at the cloſe of it †. Whether that happens or not, it is fit you ſhould have a ſight of it, who, I know, will read it with ſome degree of ſatisfaction, as it is mine, though it ſhould have (as it really has) nothing elſe to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*; for that may well be the caſe, conſidering that within a few months I am entering into my ſeventieth year; after which, even the healthy and the happy can-

* Lord Clarendon's.

† The Biſhop's name, ſet to the Vindication of Bp. Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himſelf, from the ſcandalous reflections of Oldmixon. See p. 278.

not much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wiſe, much deſire it. Whenever I go, you will loſe a friend, who loves and values you extremely; if in my circumſtances I can be ſaid to be loſt to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilſt living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himſelf in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiſs that you forbore writing to me on a head wherein I promiſed more than I was able to perform. Diſgraced men fancy ſometimes that they preſerve an influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they ſoon ſee their miſtake. I did ſo, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You ſounded the coaſt, and found out my error, it ſeems, before I was aware of it; but enough on this ſubject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of letters? and particularly what are you doing? *Ipſe quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma?* Do you purſue the Moral Plan* you marked out, and ſeemed ſixteen months ago ſo intent upon? Am I to ſee it

* The Eſſay on Man.

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perfected ere I die? and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? or do you rather chuſe to leave the marks of your friendſhip, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by thoſe who ſurvive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I ſhould hope to peep into the manuſcript before it was finiſhed. But, alas! there is, and will ever probably be, a great deal of land and ſea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I ſhould be glad to peruſe? Name them: the catalogue, I believe, will not coſt you much trouble. They muſt be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have ſo little of it left. I, who ſquandered whole days heretofore, now huſband hours, when the glaſs begins to run low, and care not to miſ-ſpend them on trifles. At the end of the lottery of life, our laſt minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, riſe in their valuation. They are not of ſo much worth, perhaps, in themſelves, as thoſe which preceded; but we are apt to prize them more, and with reaſon. I do ſo, my dear friend, and yet think the moſt precious minutes of my life are well employed in reading what you write. But

this is a ſatisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore muſt betake myſelf to others which are leſs entertaining.

Adieu, dear Sir; and forgive my engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad. It was neceſſary for me either to accept of his dirty challenge, or to have ſuffered in the eſteem of the world by declining it.

My reſpects to your mother. I ſend a paper for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth your while to convey it. My country, at this diſtance, ſeems to me a ſtrange ſight: I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midſt of the ſcene, and yourſelf a part of it: I wiſh you would tell me.

You may write ſafely to Mr. Morice, by the honeſt hand that conveys this, and will return into theſe parts before Chriſtmas; ſketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I ſhould not, like the Chemiſt in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, deſire to be corked up again. After all, I do and muſt love my country, with all its faults and blemiſhes; even that part of the conſtitution

which wounded me unjuſtly, and itſelf through my ſide, ſhall ever be dear to me. My laſt wiſh will be like that of father Paul, *Eſto perpetua!* and when I die at a diſtance from it, it will be in the ſame manner as Virgil * deſcribes the expiring Peloponneſian,

" Sternitur ———
" —— et dulces moriens reminiſcitur Argos."

Do I ſtill live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper ſquabbles about me, and am glad to ſee ſuch free conceſſions on that head, though made with no view of doing me a pleaſure, but merely of loading another. I am, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

* —— his eyes
" He caſts to heaven, on Argos thinks, and
" dies."
DRYDEN, Æn. X. 1109.

LETTER CIX.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER's Vindication of HIMSELF, Bp. SMALRIDGE, and Dr. ALDRICH.

Paris, Oct. 26, 1731.

I HAVE lately ſeen an extract of ſome paſſages in Mr. Oldmixon's Hiſtory of England. The firſt of them is ſaid to be taken from his Preface to that Hiſtory, p. 9. and runs in theſe words:

'I have, in more than one place of this 'Hiſtory, mentioned the great reaſon there 'is to ſuſpect, that the Hiſtory of the Rebel- 'lion, as it was publiſhed at Oxford, was 'not entirely the work of the Lord Claren- 'don; who did indeed write an Hiſtory of 'thoſe times, and, I doubt not, a very good 'one; wherein, as I have been (I believe) 'well informed, the characters of the kings, 'whoſe reigns are written, were different 'from what they appear in the Oxford Hiſ- 'tory, and its copy, Mr. Echard's. I ſpeak 'this by hear-ſay, but *hear-ſay from a perſon 'ſuperior to all ſuſpicion, and too illuſtrious to 'be named* without leave.

'I alſo

'I alſo humbly refer it to the deciſion of 'another *very honourable perſon*, whether there 'is not, to his knowledge, ſuch an Hiſtory, 'in manuſcript, ſtill extant; and *to a Reve-* 'rend Doctor now living, whether he did 'not ſee the Oxford copy, by which the 'book was printed, altered, and interpolat- 'ed, while it was at the preſs.

'To which I muſt add, that there is now 'in cuſtody of *a gentleman of diſtinction, both* 'for merit and quality *, a Hiſtory of the Re- 'bellion, of the firſt *folio* edition, ſcored, in 'many places, by Mr. Edmund Smith, of 'Chriſt-Church, Oxon, author of that ex- 'cellent tragedy Phædra and Hippolytus; 'who himſelf altered the Manuſcript Hiſtory, 'and added what he has there marked, as he 'confeſſed with ſome of his laſt words, 'before his death. Theſe alterations, written 'with his own hand, and to be ſeen by any 'one that knows it, may be publiſhed, on 'another occaſion, with a farther account of 'this diſcovery. In the mean time, for the 'ſatisfaction of the publick, I inſert a letter, 'entire, which I received ſince the laſt para- 'graph was written.

* George Ducket, Eſq. one of the commiſſioners of the exciſe.

'To Mr. OLDMIXON.

'SIR,

'ACCIDENTALLY looking on ſome of 'the ſheets of your Hiſtory of England 'during the reigns of the Royal Houſe of 'Stuart, at the bookſeller's, I find that you 'mention the Hiſtory of Lord Clarendon, 'wherein you juſtly queſtion the genuineneſs 'of that book. In order to put the matter 'out of doubt, I here ſend you the following 'account.

'Mr. EDMUND SMITH, a man very well 'known to the learned world, came down to 'make me a viſit at Gartham, about June, '1710; where he continued till he died, about 'ſix weeks after.

'As our converſation chiefly ran upon 'Learning and Hiſtory, you may eaſily 'think that Clarendon's was not forgotten. 'Upon mentioning that book, he frankly 'told me, that there had been a fine Hiſtory 'written by Lord Clarendon; but what was 'publiſhed under his name was only patch-'work, and might as properly be called the '*Hiſtory of* AL-SMALL- *and* ATTERBURY; '*for*,

'*for, to his knowledge, 'twas alter'd*; nay, '*that he himſelf was employed by them to in-*'*terpolate and alter the original* *.

'He then aſked me, whether I had the 'Book by me? If I had, he would *convince* '*me of the truth of his aſſertion*, by the very 'printed copy. I immediately brought him 'the *folio* edition; and the firſt thing he 'turned to was the character of Mr. Hamp-'den, where is that expreſſion, He *had a* '*head to contrive, a heart to conceive, and a*

* "The ſtory was publiſhed triumphantly by Oldmixon, and may be ſuppoſed to have been eagerly received: but its progreſs was ſoon checked; for, finding its way into the Journal of Trevoux, it fell under the eye of Atterbury, then an exile in France, who immediately denied the charge, with this remarkable particular, that he never in his whole life had once ſpoken to Smith; his company being, as muſt be inferred, not accepted by thoſe who attended to their characters. The charge was afterwards very diligently refuted by Dr. Burton of Eaton; a man eminent for literature, and, though not of the ſame party with Aldrich and Atterbury, too ſtudious of truth to leave them burthened with a falſe charge. The teſtimonies which he has collected, have convinced mankind that either Smith or Ducket were guilty of wilful and malicious falſehood. This controverſy brought into view thoſe parts of Smith's life, which with more honour to his name might have been concealed." Dr. JOHNSON.

'*hand*

'*hand to execute any villany* *. He then 'declared, *it was foiſted in by thoſe Reverends.* 'Sir, I have only to add this, that he not 'only *underlined* this paſſage, as a forgery, 'but gave, during the ſhort time he lived 'with me, the ſame remark to ſome hun-'dreds more. I am, &c. GEORGE DUCKET.'

In a ſecond paſſage, ſaid to be taken from page 227. of the Hiſtory itſelf, Mr. Oldmixon is repreſented as expreſſing himſelf thus:

'In the character of this great and excel-'lent man, Mr. Hampden, which we could 'wiſh had eſcaped his (Lord Clarendon's) 'drawings, or the drawings of thoſe clumſey 'painters into whoſe hands his work fell, 'there is ſomething ſo very falſe and baſe, 'that ſuch coin could only come from a Col-

* The words are much ſofter in the Hiſtory, where, inſtead of *a heart to conceive*, we find *a tongue to perſuade*; and inſtead of the word *villany*, that of *miſchief*; as the citation is, in another part of this extract, truly made. Mr. Ducket, while he was charging others with the crime of falſifying Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory, ſhould have taken care to ſtand clear of it himſelf.—The whole tale indeed, by the report of Mr. Walmſley to Dr. Johnſon, ſeems probably to have been fabricated by Ducket; for Smith, with all his failings, "was a man of great veracity."

'lege

'lege mint. (*In a word, what was ſaid of* CINNA *might well be applied to* HAMPDEN; *he had a head to contrive*, and *a tongue to perſuade*, and *a hand to execute any miſchief. His death, therefore, ſeemed to be a great deliverance to the nation.*)

'There are not words to expreſs the *infamy of this ſlander and impoſture, nor the unparalleled wickedneſs of thoſe Doctors, who foiſted ſo horrid a reflection into that character.* The perſon who did it was Mr. Edmund Smith, of Oxford, author of Phædra and Hippolytus, a tragedy; who, at his death, confeſſed to the gentleman, in whoſe houſe he died, that, among a great number of *alterations* and *additions*, which he himſelf made, in the *Hiſtory of the Rebellion, by order of Doctor* ALDRICH, *Doctor* ATTERBURY, *and Doctor* SMALRIDGE, *ſucceſſive Deans of* Chriſt-Church, *this very ſaying of* Cinna, applied to Mr. Hampden, was one; and when he read it to *one of thoſe Doctors*, he clapped him on the back, and cried, with an aſſeveration, *It will do.* The confeſſion Mr. Smith made, and the remorſe he expreſſed for being concerned in this impoſture, were his laſt words.'

A great

A great part of the firſt of theſe paſſages, including the letter, is tranſlated *verbatim* into French, and publiſhed in a Journal, intituled, " Bibliotheque Raiſonnée des Ouvrages des " Savans de l'Europe, pour les mois de Juil- " let, Aouſt, Septembre, 1730. Tome 5me, " 1re Partie. A Amſterdam, chez les Weſ- " teins & Smith, 1730. Art. 5. pag. 154, " &c."

After which the Journaliſt adds the following reflection :

" Cette decouverte fait peu d'honneur aux " trois Theologiens qui ſont nommez dans la " Lettre, & qui ont pourtant tenu un grand " rang dans l'Angleterre, & dans la repub- " lique des lettres. Comme Mr. ATTERBURY, " ci-devant Eveſque de Rocheſter, l'un des " trois, eſt encore vivant, il ne ſera pas appa- " remment inſenſible à une accuſation ſi " grave ; & le public attend de lui les eclair- " ciſſemens qui l'intereſt ſeul de ſa reputa- " tion ſemble en exiger. S'il ſe tait, dans " cette rencontre, il n'y a point de doute que " la falſification eſt prouvée ; & quand meſme " il ne ce tairoit pas, il faut que les eclair- " ciſſemens ſoient bien forts pour detruire ces " faits."

Being

Being called upon in this public manner, I think myſelf obliged to declare, that the foregoing account, in all its parts, as far as I am any ways concerned, is entirely falſe and groundleſs; for I never ſaw my Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory in manuſcript, either before or ſince the edition of it; nor ever read a line of it, but in print. It was impoſſible therefore, that I ſhould deal with Mr. Smith in the manner repreſented, with whom (as far as I can recollect) I never exchanged one word in all my life; and whom I know not that I ever ſaw till after the edition of that Hiſtory. If therefore he expreſſed himſelf to this purpoſe in his laſt moments (as I charitably hope he did not), he wronged me extremely, and died with a lie in his mouth.

This vindication of the truth and myſelf is neceſſary, ſince I happen to ſurvive the two other worthy perſons mentioned. Were they alive, they would, I doubt not, be equally able and ready to clear themſelves from ſo foul an aſperſion. As to one of them, Dr. Smalridge, the late Biſhop of Briſtol, no ſuſpicion of this kind can poſſibly reſt on his memory, becauſe he was not any ways concerned in preparing that hiſtory for the preſs; but

but as much a ſtranger to the contents of it as I myſelf was, till it came forth in print. I ſpeak with the more aſſurance on this head, becauſe my great intimacy with him, as my contemporary, both at Weſtminſter and Chriſt-Church, gave me all the advantages requiſite towards knowing the truth of what I ſay. With Dr. Aldrich, the third perſon accuſed, I was acquainted more at a diſtance: however, being called upon in the manner I am, I will add alſo what has come to my knowledge with regard to the ſhare he and others had in the publication of that Hiſtory.

The reviſing of the manuſcript (written, as I have heard, not very correctly) was committed to the care of Biſhop Sprat and Dean Aldrich, by the late Earl of Rocheſter, who himſelf alſo aſſiſted in that reviſal, from the beginning to the end of the work; ſo that any changes made in it, muſt have had the conſent of thoſe three perſons. They were men of probity and truth, and incapable of conſpiring in a deſign to impoſe on the publick. I can cite nothing that is material in this point from the mouth of the Earl, with whom I rarely converſed; but the Biſhop and the Dean, to whom I ſeverally ſucceeded in the

the deanries of Chriſt-Church and Weſtminſter, and in the ſee of Rocheſter, have occaſionally more than once aſſured me, that no additions whatſoever were made to the Manuſcript Hiſtory: and even the Earl, in his preface to the firſt volume (for his I take it to be, though no name is affixed to it), has publicly proteſted his innocence in this reſpect, where he declares, that "they who put "forth the Hiſtory" (he means himſelf and his brother, as appears from what follows), "durſt not take upon them to make any al- "terations in a work of this kind, ſolemnly "left with them to be publiſhed, whenever "it ſhould be publiſhed, as it was delivered "to them."

Could he, and the two other perſons by him employed, be ſuppoſed to have made any additions, notwithſtanding ſuch aſſurances to the contrary, yet their good ſenſe (if not their integrity) would have prevented, at leaſt, their re-touching thoſe characters, which are allowed to be the moſt diſtinguiſhed and beautiful part of the work, and to have ſomething of original in them that is not to be imitated. The after-ſtrokes of any leſs able pencil, intermixed with thoſe of the firſt maſterly

maſterly hand, would ſoon be diſcovered; and yet, I am perſuaded, the moſt diſcerning eye can find out no traces of ſuch a mixture; no, not in the character of Mr. Hampden, even in thoſe words, at the cloſe of it, againſt which Mr. Oldmixon ſo warmly declaims: they are perfectly in the ſtyle and manner of my Lord Clarendon; they contain nothing new in them, but only ſum up, in ſhort, what he had ſcattered through different parts of the two firſt volumes. Let the reflections there made be never ſo ſevere, they may naturally be ſuppoſed, in the warmth of compoſure, to have come from the pen of an Hiſtorian, who had himſelf with zeal oppoſed Mr. Hampden's meaſures, and both ſeen and felt the ſad conſequences of them: but that the editors of his Hiſtory, no ways concerned in thoſe tranſactions, ſhould, ſixty years afterwards, coolly and deliberately make ſuch a needleſs inſertion, is not to be imagined.

The complaint on this and other heads ſhould have been brought againſt theſe Editors while it was capable of being thoroughly examined; at preſent, it comes a little too late, unleſs it were better ſupported: their very characters, to thoſe who knew them,

them, and the nature of the evidence, to those who did not, will be judged a ſufficient confutation of it: for, pray, what is this evidence? It conſiſts in an *hear-ſay from a perſon ſuperior to all ſuſpicion*, it ſeems, but *too illuſtrious to be named:* in an appeal to *another very honourable perſon*, to *a reverend doctor now living*, and to *a gentleman of diſtinction both for merit and quality*; none of whoſe names are thought fit to be owned. The only one produced in the caſe, is that of Mr. Smith, *the author of an excellent tragedy*; but certainly not an author of rank and weight enough to blaſt the credit of ſuch an excellent hiſtory. Of what uſe can this teſtimony be to his purpoſe (even ſuppoſing the account of it exact) when it is undoubtedly falſe as to two of the three perſons it is levelled at, Dr. Smalridge and myſelf; and may therefore be juſtly preſumed alike falſe as to the third, Dr. Aldrich? Mr. Smith appears to have been ſo little in the ſecret of the edition of that book, as not to have known even the hands through which it paſſed; and is not therefore to be relied upon in his accounts of any other circumſtances relating to it, eſpecially with regard to Dr. Aldrich,

his governor at Chriſt-Church; for whom his perſonal averſion, and the true reaſons * of it, are too well underſtood to need explaining. I forbear ſaying any thing harſh of one not able to anſwer for himſelf; but many now alive, who knew them both, know how improbable, and altogether incredible it is, that Mr. Smith ſhould have had the leaſt ſhare in Dr. Aldrich's confidence, on ſo nice, or, indeed, on any occaſion. The gentleman, who ſeems to be *convinced of the truth of Mr. Smith's aſſertions*, by his having pointed out and *underlined* the paſſages *in print* which he ſaid he was employed (by the three ſucceſſive Deans) to *interpolate and alter* in manuſcript, muſt ſurely have been very willing to be convinced; otherwiſe he would not have taken a mere aſſertion for a proof, in ſuch a cauſe, and from ſuch a perſon. The ſtory of this death-bed declaration ſlept for

* His irregularities had alienated the friendſhip of his ſuperiors, and particularly of the Dean, Dr. Aldrich, whom he conſidered as the opponent of his claim to the office of cenſor, which was carried againſt him by Mr. Foulkes. Of his lampoon upon Dr. Aldrich, Dr. Johnſon ſays, "he "once heard a ſingle line too groſs to be repeated."

about

about twenty years; near thirty have paſſed ſince the Hiſtory of the rebellion was publiſhed (I mean the firſt part of it), and not a few ſince the death of every perſon that either was, or is falſely ſaid to have been, concerned in that publication, myſelf only excepted. I might, probably, at the diſtance of Montpelier, where I was when Mr. Oldmixon wrote, never have heard of what he lays to my charge (intelligence of that kind being, as he knows, not very open to me); or, ſhould it reach me, I might yet, in my preſent circumſtances, be ſuppoſed not overſolicitous to appear in the diſproof of it. The delay of the accuſation, therefore, if without deſign, was not without its advantages; and had it been deferred a little longer, till I was not only out of the way, but out of the world, it had had a ſtill fairer chance towards being uncontradicted, and conſequently credited. I have lived to hear this idle tale, and to bear witneſs againſt it: there is no vanity in hoping, that, old as I am, I ſhall outlive the belief of it. An Holland Journal gave me the firſt notice how I had been treated, and by that means an opportunity of vindicating myſelf; which I was the rather determined

not to decline, becauſe I ſuffered in company with others, men of great note and merit, through whoſe ſides the authority of a noble and uſeful part of our Engliſh Hiſtory was ſtruck at. Where I only am aſperſed and wronged, I can, I thank GOD, more eaſily practiſe patience, and ſubmit to indignities and injuries in ſilence. A foreign writer has uſed me, in this caſe, with greater civility and temper than Mr. Oldmixon, whom I know not that I have ever offended. I forgive him his ill words, and his hard thoughts; and only deſire him for the future not to indulge himſelf in ill-natured relations of this kind, without better vouchers. His attack on me, and on the dead, who he thought might be inſulted with equal ſafety, is no proof of a generous and worthy mind; nor has he done any honour to his own Hiſtory by the fruitleſs pains he has taken to diſcredit that of my Lord Clarendon, which, like the character of its author, will gain ſtrength by time, and will be in the hands and eſteem of all men, when Mr. Oldmixon's unjuſt cenſure of it will not be remembered, or not regarded.

FR. ROFFEN.

LET-

LETTER CX.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. WILLIAMS.

SIR, Dec. 10, 1730.

I HAVE illneſs in my family, and am myſelf far from well. Though a daughter of Mr. Morice has the ſmall pox (which I never had) I cannot quit the houſe; but muſt riſque the danger, if there be any to a man of my years and infirmities. The ſolicitude I am under muſt make my letter ſhorter. I thank you for Mr. Waddle's paper, which I have communicated to Mr. Ineſe, who does not ſeem at all alarmed by it. I ſhall be glad to receive the Intaglio you mention from the author of the paper, who, I ſuppoſe, will ſoon be here.

The intelligence you received and communicated to me ſome time ago, about a box of papers ſtopped in Spain, and about the contents of thoſe papers, is true. It was thought proper to detain them in ſafe and honourable hands, from whence they would be ſure to reach him for whom they were deſigned.

There is a ſtrange mixture of things in them. All will go as deſigned. Mr. Morice returns his ſervice to you. I hope you will perfect the diſcovery you have made of the medal of the Triumvirs heads, and ſend me the account of it as fully as I have deſired it.

There are ſtrange things done at St. Medard. However, my faith is not ſtrong enough to pronounce them to be miracles. They even decline in my opinion, ſince the violent agitations that appear in all thoſe that frequent the tomb for the cure of their maladies. I am at a loſs what to ſay or think of that matter.

I encloſe a paper for Charles Ratcliff, Lord Derwentwater's uncle, in remembrance of the acquaintance I had with him at Bruſſels. Pray be ſo kind as to find him out, and get it delivered to him. The weather is exceſſive cold here; and I am expecting every moment to be laid up. Well or ill, I am faithfully yours, FR. ROFFEN.

LET-

LETTER CXI.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mrs. ———.

MADAM, Paris, Feb. . . 1731-2.

HAD I not been for ſome time ill, very ill, almoſt to death, I had not ſo long deferred acknowledging the favour of your letters of Jan. 7, and Feb. 2; for, though you mention three, thoſe two only, ſince I wrote laſt to you, have come to my hands. They were both of them very welcome, as every thing from you, Madam, at all times is, particularly in ſickneſs, which makes one receive aſſiſtance from preſent, and reflect on abſent friends with more tenderneſs. Your brother was remarkably kind to me in the caſe, came on purpoſe from St. Germains to be with me during the worſt of my illneſs, and ſtayed in the houſe day and night, for above a week, till it began to decline; and then he and Mr. Morice, with his little family, left me. Both went away from hence on Saturday laſt, one to St. Germains, and the other to England. Since that, I have been recovering, but ſlowly; and I am now,

thank GOD, able to tell my diſtant friends, under my own hand, that though I am not yet well, I hope in a little time to be ſo.

The partridges, madam, were good, and came perfectly ſweet; though at a time when ſuch reliſhing things were forbid me, and when indeed I had little appetite for them: I ventured to taſte theſe, in ſpite of rules; and preſerved a couple of them by potting, that I might, when I grew better, taſte them more freely; as I ſhall do ere long.

I hope your ſituation, madam, is agreeable to you; at leaſt you do not complain of want of health in either of your letters. If you have had no great occaſion for that complaint this winter, you will ſtill have leſs, I hope, now the fine weather is approaching. I wiſh you, Madam, that and all manner of happineſs; and am, with ſincere eſteem, Madam, your moſt obedient, and ever faithful ſervant, FR. ROFFEN.

I made your compliments, as you directed, to Mr. Morice; who deſired me to return his. Miſs Molly grew much healthier and fatter by the ſmall-pox. Miſs Charlotte ailed nothing all the while ſhe was with me. They are returned for Engliſh education; which, in my mind, is preferable to that of France.

CXII.

CXII.

ANECDOTE, written by Biſhop ATTERBURY, in a ſpare leaf, before Sir Nath. Brett's tranſlation of Father Paul's Hiſtory of the Council of Trent. From a copy once in the poſſeſſion of the late Dr. Rawlinſon.

WHEN Dr. Duncomb was ſick at Venice, Father Fulgentio, with whom he was in the ſtricteſt intimacy, viſited him; and finding him under great uneaſineſs of mind, as well as body, preſſed him to diſcloſe the reaſon of it, aſking him, amongſt other things, whether any nobleman under his care had miſcarried, or his bills of return had failed him, offering him, in this latter caſe, what credit he pleaſed at Venice. After many ſuch queſtions, and negative anſwers, Dr. Duncomb was at laſt prevailed with to own his uneaſineſs, and give this true account of it to the father. He ſaid, he often begged of GOD, that he might end his life where he might have an opportunity of receiving the bleſſed ſacrament according to the rites and uſages of the Church of England;

land; that, conſidering he ſpent his life in travelling, chiefly through popiſh countries, this was a happineſs he could never reaſonably promiſe himſelf; and that his preſent deſpair of it, in the dangerous condition he was in, was the true occaſion of that dejection which Father Fulgentio obſerved in him. Upon this, the Father bid him be of good cheer, told him he had an Italian tranſlation of the Engliſh Liturgy, and would come the next day with one or two more of his convent, and adminiſter it to him in both kinds, and exactly according to the Engliſh uſage. And what he promiſed he performed. The next day Dr. Duncomb received it from his hands, who, outliving his diſtemper, and returning into England, told this ſtory often to my Lord Hatton (Captain Hatton's father) about the years 1660, 61, 62. This I had from Captain Hatton's mouth, in the year 1699. FR. ATTERBURY.

In March, 1708-9, I met Captain Hatton again, and put him in mind of this ſtory, which I deſired him to repeat; and he did it without varying in any circumſtance but one only, viz. that Fulgentio did not actually admi-

adminiſter the ſacrament to Dr. Duncomb; the Doctor refuſing to accept a kindneſs of that dangerous nature, which might involve Fulgentio in trouble, unleſs he was in the utmoſt neceſſity; but recovering from that time, he made no uſe of Fulgentio's proffer. He added, that Father told Dr. Duncomb, that there were ſtill in the convent ſeven or eight of Father Paul's diſciples, who met ſometimes privately to receive the ſacrament in both kinds. F. A.

CXIII.

Extract from the Regiſtry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I, Francis Atterbury, ſometime Biſhop of Rocheſter in England, and now reſiding at Paris, being of health in body, and of ſound and diſpoſing mind and memory; but conſidering the certainty of death, and the uncertainty of the time when, do make and publiſh this my laſt Will and Teſtament, in manner following.

Im-

Imprimis, I recommend my ſoul to ALMIGHTY GOD, hoping for ſalvation through the alone merits and mediation of JESUS CHRIST, in a firm belief of whoſe religion as profeſſed in the Church of England, and in ſtrict communion with that Church, I reſolve, by GOD's grace, to live and die.

And as to ſuch perſonal eſtate as I ſhall die poſſeſſed of, or any ways intereſted in, I give and deviſe the ſame unto my only daughter Mary Morice, wife of William Morice, Eſq. And I alſo give unto her the ſaid Mary Morice, her executors, adminiſtrators, and aſſigns, all my goods, chattels, plate, ready money, houſhold-ſtuff, and utenſils of houſhold, and all other my perſonal eſtate whatſoever and whereſoever, To have and to hold to her, her executors, adminiſtrators, and aſſigns, for ever: And I do hereby revoke, annul, and make void, all former and other Wills by me made, and do declare this to be my laſt. And I do conſtitute and appoint my ſon William Morice, and my ſaid daughter Mary his wife, executors of this my Will.

In witneſs whereof, I have hereunto ſet my hand and ſeal, this thirty-firſt day of De-

December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty-five.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY,
Epiſcopus Roffenſis.

Signed, ſealed, publiſhed, and declared, by the ſaid teſtator, as and for his laſt Will and Teſtament, in the preſence of us, who at his requeſt, and in his preſence, and in the preſence of each other, have ſubſcribed our names as witneſſes,

RED. EVERARD.
F. PANTON.
K. PANTON.
WM. WALKER.
JOANE JAMESON.

Probatum fuit hujuſmodi Teſtamentum apud London' decimo die menſis Maii, Anno Domini milleſimo ſeptingenteſimo triceſimo ſecundo, coram venerabili viro Gulielmo Strahan, *Legum Doctore, Surrogato, & Juramento* Gulielmi Morice, *Arm', Executoris Superſtitis in dicto Teſtamento nominat' cui, &c. de bene, &c. Jurat'.*

W. LEGARD,
P. ST. ELOY,
H. STEVENS,
} *Deputy Regiſters.*

The

The Biſhop died at Paris the 15th of February, 1732; and his body was brought to England, and interred on the 12th of May following, in his vault in Weſtminſter-Abbey. His bowels were in an urn, thus inſcribed,

" In hac urnâ depoſiti ſunt cineres FRANCISCI ATTERBURY Epiſcopi Roffenſis*."

* The following lines ſeem to have been intended as a continuation of this epitaph. Why they were not uſed, it is unneceſſary to mention.

" Natus Martii VI, MDCLXII.
In carcerem conjectus Aug. XXIV, MDCCXXII.
Nono poſt menſe in Judicium adductus,
Novoque Criminum et Teſtium genere impetitus,
Actâ dein per Septiduum Causâ,
Et everſis,
Tum viventium, tum mortuorum Teſtimoniis;
Ne deeſſet Lex, quâ plecti poſſet,
Lata eſt tandem Maii XXVII, MDCCXXIII.
Cavete Poſteri!
Hoc Facinoris
Conſcivit, aggreſſus eſt, perpetravit,
(Epiſcoporum præcipuè ſuffragiis adjutus,)
Robertus iſte *Walpole*
Quem nulla neſciet Poſteritas!"

MIS-

MISCELLANIES.

I.

Dr. SMALRIDGE's SPEECH * to the Upper Houſe of Convocation, when he preſented Dr. ATTERBURY as Prolocutor, 1710.

ID officii, quod à te, Pater Reverendiſſime †, ſibi demandatum habuit Clerus, ut virum aliquem doctum & diſertum, ſuſcipiendo Prolocutoris muneri idoneum, ſuſtinendo parem, è gremio ſuo eligeret, pro ſolenni more fideliter explevit; vobiſque hodie, Patres admodum Venerandi, meâ voce commendat eximium hunc Virum ‡, noſtræ, veſtræ, & bonorum omnium exiſtimationi ſuis in eccleſiam meritis jampridem commendatum; Virum iis ingenii dotibus præditum, ut omni præconio ſit dignus, eâ nominis famâ cele-

* Of this Speech an Engliſh tranſlation was publiſhed by Dr. Sewel.

† Abp. Teniſon.

‡ Dr. Atterbury.

brem,

brem, ut nullo indigeat: Virum ad deſcriptam à majoribus deſignandi Prolocutoris formulam adeò compoſitum, ut non tam noſtris ſuffragiis quàm antiquis ſynodorum legibus ad inſigne hoc munus evocari videatur. Si quid enim adjumenti afferat ad obeundam hanc provinciam exquiſita doctrina; quis eam majori aut ſuâ laude aut noſtro fructu eſt obiturus, quàm Vir in nullo literarum genere hoſpes, in pleriſque artibus & ſtudiis diù & feliciter exercitatus, in maximè perfectis literarum diſciplinis perfectiſſimus? Si ad conſummati Prolocutoris tandem id præcipuè pertinet, ut complurium diſertiſſimorum virorum ſententiam ſui unius linguâ eleganter exprimat, habemus oratorem eâ facundiâ perpolitum, ut à vobis, Patres, minimè metuendum ſit ne reſponſorum veſtrorum dignitati ſua dicendi inſcitiâ detrahet; à nobis maximè ſperandum, quòd noſtris deſideriis multum ponderis ac momenti ſuâ eloquentiâ ſit additurus. Si in conciliandis hominum animis plurimùm valet gratia, in concionibus moderandis permagnam vim habet autoritas, quem potiùs optemus rerum inter nos diſquirendarum arbitrum, quàm Virum placidiſſimis moribus ita popularem, ut omnes bonos atque

humanos indolis ſuæ ſuavitate ad pacis & concordiæ ſtudium facilè ſperet allicere; ita ſine arrogantiâ gravem, ut procellarum ſi quæ fortè ingruerint motus, ipſius præſentiæ dignitate ſtatim repreſſerit? Veſtræ igitur expectationi, Patres Sanctiſſimi, parum ſatisfecerat Clerus, ſi graviſſimum hoc onus in humeros minùs valentes collocaverat, pariterque ingratum ſeſe & maximorum beneficiorum immemorem arguerat, ſi quæ honoris præmia penes ipſos poſita Viro optimè de ſe merito non libenter obtulerat. Primam certè ſedem in ſynodali noſtrâ domo jure vendicat, qui, ſuſcitante Deo, id vehementer conatus eſt, favente Deo, id feliciter effecit, ut non omnino demortuæ, non penitùs elingues apud nos fuerint ſynodi.

Favete mihi, Patres, hanc rem paulò altius repetenti; nihil ad dignitatem veſtram, quam ex animo ſubmiſſè veneror, minuendam, nihil ad inimicitias, à quibus totus abhorreo, reſuſcitandas ſum dicturus. Multis jam annis interrupta fuerant Prelatorum & Cleri concilia: ad tractanda reipublicæ negotia frequens fuit Senatûs Populique congreſſio, ad promovendam Eccleſiæ utilitatem nulli interim Epiſcoporum cum Presbyteris conventus. Iniquo

id consilio factum non dico, non existimo: imò ex propensâ in ecclesiam voluntate, ex pio diffidii metu, ex ardentissimo pacis conservandæ studio profectum facilè credo; verùm enimvero diuturnam illam synodorum intermissionem in maximum ecclesiæ detrimentum aliquando cessuram multi autumabant homines nec improbi nec imprudentes. Quod ab optimo Principe optimis consiliis inchoatum nôrant, id à pejori Principe pejora meditanti in ecclesiæ perniciem trahi posse valdè metuebant. Multa interea novorum dogmatum portenta indies evulgantur, multæ ubique hæreses virus suum ac venena impunè spargunt: in sacerdotes, in res sacras, in sanctissimum ipsius Dei nomen, dictu turpia, auditu horrenda evomuntur convitia. Adversus teterrimas has pestes salubre olim ac præsens remedium adhibuerat synodorum autoritas: hanc opem boni omnes implorârant, hâc ope destituti, de tuendâ apud nos religione prorsus desperandum putant. Ea fuit rerum nostrarum conditio, cùm synodi Anglicanæ jura, potestates, ac privilegia in apertâ luce collocanda & firmissimis legum ac consuetudinum præsidiis munienda censuit Vir doctissimus. Ad hanc metam collimans, antiqua

eccle-

eccleſiæ monumenta ſitu & ſqualore obſita ſedulus veſtigat; cogendorum ſynodorum viam ac rationem, habendarum normam & regulam, non ex ſermone hominum recenti, non ex noſtrâ aut patrum noſtrorum memoriâ, ſed ex priſcorum commentatis, ex regum edictis, ex pontificum faſtis, eruendas ducit: chartas ipsâ vetuſtate penè obliteratas, locis multùm diſſitas, magno labore ac pretio conquiſitas, in ſua ſcrinia * compilat, legit, relegitque. Hiſce adminiculis adjutus, viam multis ſpinis obſeſſam, ſpiſſis tenebris obvolutam, variis ambagibus perplexam, primus inſiſtit: nullus erat quem tutò ſequeretur itineris dux, nulla quæ greſſus dirigerent præeuntium veſtigia; quin ille ſuis ingenii luminibus fretus, & flagrandi veritatis indagandæ ſtudio accenſus, eam tandem utcunque abditam & recluſam integumentis ſuis evolvit; rebus obſcuris lucem, ambiguis fidem, inornatis nitorem attulit: antiquam eccleſiæ faciem, reducto quaſi velo, omnibus contemplandam pariter ac ſuſpiciendam ante ora atque oculos poſuit; expreſſam ejus imaginem juſtâ lineamentorum figuratione conformatam, aptis coloribus de-

* In "The Rights, Powers, and Privileges, "of an Engliſh Convocation, 1703," folio.

pictam, in hujuſce Viri ſcriptis læti conſpicimus; quanto majori lætitiâ ſimul & veneratione matronam ipſam, quaſi à mortuis reviviſcentem, ſpirantem demum & loquentem coram intuebimur. Nullo Hunc rerum novandarum ſtudio, nullâ privatim læſum injuriâ, nullâ præmii ſpe aductum, nullâ re aliâ commotum niſi communi eccleſiæ utilitate, arduum hoc opus ſuſcepiſſe, ſi non ipſi ſæpe id & ſolenniter aſſeveranti fidem adhiberem, Virum mihi ob officiorum conjunctionem valdè dilectum, ob ſpectatam integritatem perquam honoratum gravi injuriâ afficerem: ſi eam opinionem quæ animo meo penitùs inſedit, quamque non ex inani conjecturâ temerè arripui, ſed ex intimiori conſuetudine experiundo ſuſcepi, aliorum animis inſerere non ſtuderem, nec benevoli, nec fidi, nec honeſti viri officio defungerer. Nunquam illum in tam longo opere lapſum eſſe, nunquam errâſſe, nullum fervente calamo verbum emiſiſſe, quod non reſtinctis animi incendiis revocare vellet, ſi dicerem, plena invidiâ foret oratio, & nulli magis quàm ipſi moleſta: ſi non ſæpe lapſum, non graviter deceptum, non ſponte alios in errorem traxiſſe dixero; ſi plurima in iſtis paginis enitere,

quæ

quæ ſummam laudem merentur, perpauca eſſe quæ excuſatione indigeant, planè nulla quibus homines benevoli haud facilè ignoſcant, fidenter aſſeram, dicam quod & ego ſentio, et, niſi præ nimiâ amicitiâ invitus fallar, mecum ſentiunt omnes æqui rerum æſtimatores. Sit igitur veniæ, ſit laudi, ſit gratitudini locus; ſi quid fortè aſperius, ſi quid ardentius, ſi quid liberius effuderit, lector paulò humanior id non odio, non livori, non arrogantiæ tribuet; ſed aut ingenio ſuapte naturâ aliquantulum præfervido, aut fortaſſe iracundiæ in milite pro aris focisque acriter dimicante, in filio ab injuriâ & vi matrem ſuam eripiente facilè ignoſcendæ. Quòd ſi plures in illius ſcriptis effulgent virtutes, ſi res tractaverit cognitu difficiles, utiles, jucundas; ſi eas validiſſimis argumentis firmaverit; ſi puro ac dilucido ſermone in ipſis legentium animis inſcripſerit; eruditioni apud eruditos, eloquentiæ apud diſertos ſuus conſtet honos. Si ſynodorum privilegia ac libertates haud ſine aliquo fortunæ ſuæ diſcrimine conſtanter aſſeruit, ſi publicæ utilitati rem privatam poſthabuit, jurium eccleſiaſticorum vindici aliqua ſaltem ab eccleſiaſticis rependatur gratia: hanc aptiſſimam laborum ſuorum

mercedem reportet Vir in agendis rebus acer & induſtrius, ut ſpatioſior ei aperiatur campus, ubi in inſtaurandâ, in promovendâ, in ſtabiliendâ eccleſiæ pace ingenium ſuum ac vires exerat. Quo audientium plauſu apud populum, apud magiſtratum, apud clerum, apud ſenatores, apud aulicos, è roſtris frequentem concionatus eſt: quâ facundiâ & Mariæ* in cœlum jam receptæ aures ſæpe demulſit, & Sororis divinâ gratiâ adhuc ſuperſtitis & diu (ita faxit Deus) ſuperfuturæ animum gravi ac recenti dolore † ferè oppreſſum recreavit; quâ dignitate concionatoris, canonici, archidiaconi, decani munia officiis & locis disjuncta, diu ſuſtinuit! eâdem circumſtantium approbatione, eâdem eloquentiâ, iiſdem virtutibus prolocutoriam hanc cathedram aliquanter perornet, aliam atque altiori honoris gradu poſitam (niſi vana auguror) aliquando ornaturus ‡. Quicquid certè eccleſiæ Anglicanæ utile aut glorioſum fuerit, id omne nobis ſpondet hodiernus rerum ſtatus: Populi ſtudium, principum virorum fervor,

* The royal conſort of King William III.

† The death of George prince of Denmark.

‡ Dr. Atterbury's promotion to the mitre ſoon followed this prediction of his friend.

optimæ

optimæ reginæ pietas, arctiſſima inter ordines civiles atque eccleſiaſticos concordia. Fuit ſemper inter inferiora regni & eccleſiæ concilia affinitatis conjunctio, & qualis inter ſorores eſſe ſolet, cum diverſitate aliquâ non parva ſimilitudo; at propior iis jam abhinc intercedet cognatio, dum duobus hiſce cœtibus duo præerunt viri * in eâdem æde, fœcundâ optimarum artium parente pariter innutriti, ſub eodem beatæ memoriæ antiſtite † ſimul educti, iiſdem principiis penitus imbuti, uterque fide in principem, in patriam, in eccleſiam exploratâ, ſtabili, inconcuſſâ: uterque magna de ſe pollicitus, majora præſtiturus: alter reipublicæ, alter eccleſiæ optimè apud nos conſtitutæ & feliciter attemperatæ propugnator ſtrenuus. Dignus ſanè ille, quem Senatus Reginæ addictiſſimus ſibi præficeret, quem Regina civium amantiſſima auctoritate ſuâ confirmaret: nec indignus hic, quem Clerus epiſcopali ordini firmiter obſtrictus devinctuſque, vobis, Patres, commendet; quem vos, Patres maximè colendi, pro tenerrimâ in Clerum affectu, calculis veſtris comprobetis.

* Mr. Brômley the Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, and Dr. Atterbury, were contemporaries at Chriſt Church. † Biſhop Fell.

II.

Dr. ATTERBURY's SPEECH on his Election to the Office of Prolocutor of the Lower Houſe of Convocation, 1710.

DUÆ ſunt res, Reverendiſſime Primas, voſque Patres admodum Reverendi, quæ mihi in ſolenni hâc frequentiâ peroraturo, vel metum incutiunt, vel pudorem; quod & hærente adhuc in auribus veſtris viri facundiſſimi oratione*, & peracto, ut moris eſt, laudum mearum præconio, ego ad dicendum continuò accedam. Hinc enim dilucidius multò quam vellem, patebit, & quantulum ſit id (ſi quid omnino ſit) quod in eloquendo poſſim, & laudibus in me cumulatè nimium congeſtis quam ſim indignus: ita ut in exequendo hoc humanitatis ac benevolentiæ officio, tum iis quæ dicta ſunt, tum ipſo dicendi genere, utrinque mihi officiat, utrinque me opprimat vir amiciſſimus.

* Dr. Smalridge's Speech on this occaſion, which is printed in the preceding article.

Multa

Multâ in illo egregia, multa præclara; ingenii magna vis, acies ſubtilis; ſermo perſpicuus, promptus, profluens; vultus fide, modeſtiâ, gravitate, conſtantiâ plenus; pectus candore, prudentiâ, omni virtutum, omni doctrinarum genere refertum. His ille inſtructus dotibus, quam provinciam, quod munus, non dignè tueretur? quam cathedram non deceret, non ornaret?

Me quod attinet, ut verum fatear, à tuo hoc, vir optime, laudum cumulo abſum quam longiſſimè: & tamen qui, vel me judice, tibi debebatur, is ad me, immerentem utcunque, à fratribus delatus eſt honos; quid aliud in me ſpectantibus, niſi forte id unum, quod res rituſque ſynodicos oblivione jam ſepultos in memoriam revocare, caligine obductos in lucem, quâ licuit, proferre conatus ſim; quod in indagandis, in patefaciendis, in tuendis Cleri Anglicani juribus multum & laboris & temporis inſumpſerim.

Hâc, credo, ratione adducti me gregis ſui ducem & diſceptationum moderatorem eſſe voluerunt Inferioris Concilii Fratres: quod tamen minimè voluiſſent, niſi hæc eorum animis ſimul inſediſſet opinio, ejuſmodi me eſſe, qui vos in apice epiſcopali poſitos reve-

rear ac colam, qui dignitati atque authoritati vestræ impensè studeam, qui à Presbyteranâ paritate, quantumque maximè abhorream, qui denique ad ferendam inter ordines ecclesiasticos concordiam (heu! diu nimis desideratam!) sim paratissimus.

Habetis enim, habetis certè Clerum, vobis omni quo par est obsequio devinctum, honoris atque amplitudinis vestræ studiosissimum, qui, utcunque quod suum est retinere, si fas sit, optent, in id tamen quod vestrum est involare ita non optant, non audent, ut contra audentes pro virili decertare sui esse officii semper duxerint.

In eam quidem, Angli cum sint, facilè propendent sententiam, libertatem cum imperio pulchrè posse constare; & si politiæ civili sacra, quantum per leges Christi licet, attemperetur, nihil inde in ecclesiam, nihil in sanctissimum vestrum ordinem periculi redundare.

Non esse è re Christiana existimant, in synodis aut omnia, aut nihil omnino, per Presbyteros agi; hâc iis errare videntur Pontificii, illâc Reformatorum quamplurimi. Nobis ferè solis contigisse autumant, ut mediocritatem illam auream teneamus, quâ ad ævi

Igna-

Ignatiani imaginem proximè acceditur. Epiſcoporum hic apud nos prærogativam, Preſbyterorum jura, tam arctis inter ſe vinculis cohærere intelligunt, ut non niſi ægrè, non ſine magno utrorumque incommodo, poſſint divelli. Vos caput ſuum & columen libenter agnoſcunt; veſtrâ ope ficti, auctoritate nixi, conſiliorum ſuorum exitus fauſtos ſemper ac felices futuros non vani augurantur; veſtro auxilio deſtituti, patrocinio orbati, fruſtra ſe aliquid in eccleſiæ uſus promere, fruſtra moliri facilè ſentiunt. Liceat iis interim id ſibi gloriæ ſumere, quod vobis adjumenti aliquid ipſi viciſſim ſuppeditent, quod ornamenta dignitatis, præſidia ſtabilitatis veſtræ, ab iis ipſis quibus præeſtis potiſſimum ducantur.

Juvat eos animo repetere, juvat ob oculos ponere felicia illa tempora, cum, Epiſcopis Preſbyteriſque nullâ in re à ſe invicem diſſidentibus, omnium una eſſet mens, vox una. Tum ſenatui huic populoque eccleſiaſtico ſuus habitus eſt honos, tum canonicæ diſciplinæ vis valuit, Synodorum viguit auctoritas; atque eccleſiæ noſtræ facies ad inſtar ſponſæ illius à Salomone depictæ, *pulchra erat, ſuavis & decora*; *terribilis, ut caſtrorum acies ordinata.* Hoc animorum conſenſu, hoc conſiliorum

communicatione, erectos se ac firmatos haud ita pridem meminere, cum castissimos eccle-siæ ritus & ceremonias à schismaticorum ca-lumniis ita vindicarent, ita optimis argumen-tis undequaque munirent, ut adversariis in-genuis & veri amantibus omnem in posterum disputandi ansam præripuerint.

Hâc partâ victoriâ, à novo protinus infen-sissimoque hoste lacessiti, sub Episcoporum, ut ante, vexillis contra ingruentem Papatûs tyrannidem strenuè militârunt, sub iisdem ite-rum, eo si res redeant (quod avertat Deus) haud segnius militaturi. Hos itaque lætissimos concordiæ fructus quanto attentius consi-derant, tantò magis ob subortas, quibus jam ferè per decennium implicati sumus lites, ángun-tur & dolent. A quo fonte hæc ad vos nos-que manârint incommoda, nec libet, nec refert curiosius exquirere; id potius sedulò agendum, ut, siqua forte sit, quâ ad inter-clusam hactenus gratiam redire liceat, aperi-atur via; siqua sit quæ crudescenti adhuc vulneri sanando par erit, adhibeatur medela. *Numquid Regina non est in Gilead? aut me-dicus non est ibi? quare igitur non est obducta cicatrix filiæ populi meæ?* Inter eos qui in dispari honoris gradu positi sunt, discissa se-

mel

mel non cito coaleſcit neceſſitudo, cum ad libera fere colloquia aditus iis obſtruatur. *At non eſt qui utrumque valeat arguere*, & ponere *manum ſuam in ambobus?*

Inter pares ſi inciderit ſimultas, ſi incaluerit, lentè admodum deponitur, cum neuter alteri ſit facilè ceſſurus. Ecquis nam ſurget ſpectatæ gravitatis & prudentiæ Vir, qui averſos animos lenire, & ad priſtinam conſuetudinem revocare aggrediatur, emiſsâ illâ hominum manſuetiſſimi voce, *Viri Fratres eſtis; ut quid nocetis alterutrum?*

Si, qui hinc inde ſteterint cauſæ utriuſque propugnatores, ſcriptis ſuis aſperius aliquid, atque à fraternâ charitate alienius immiſcuerint, nemóne jam adhuc ſupereſt Conſtantini æmulus, qui quod utrinque, ſeu mentium errore, ſeu partium fortè ſtudio, humanitùs admiſſum eſt, purpura regali obtegat, & ſempiternâ oblivione delendum cenſeat?

Imo non deeſt, Patres, quæ clementiſſimi illius Imperatoris veſtigia ſequi velit, Regina; quæ cum dies noctesque exterarum gentium tranquillitati proſpiciat, domeſticæ certè paci non minus conſulet; quæ communis patriæ parens cum ſit, omnes imperio ſuo ſubditos incredibili benevolentiâ proſequitur & fovet,

Clerum

Clerum præcipuè, cujus ſe commodis invigilare, exiſtimationi favere, jam inde ab auſpicatiſſimis regni ſui initiis illuſtri documento teſtatum voluit.

Ejuſdem certè eſt, quæ aucto eccleſiæ patrimonio piè operam dedit, ne rerum ſacrarum miniſtri præ inopiâ ſpreti atque oppreſſi jacerent, cavere etiam nequam iis agitatæ diutius nullo cum fructu quæſtiunculæ vituperii labem aſpergant. Eamus itaque quo vocat propenſa in nos optimæ Principis voluntas; populi etiam vox & magnatum favor. Abſit, ut quæ in rem noſtram ſint, nos ſoli non videamus! Abſit, ut hoc ultra a malevolis dici poſſit, citius inter cæteros omnes tolli diſſidia, quam inter pacis evangelicæ nuntios & præcones! Abſit denique ut cum in ſenatu tantâ ſit bonorum omnium conſenſio, in ſynodo adhuc gliſcat diſcordia.

Hæc te, venerande Præſes, quique tibi aſſident pro tribunali Patres admodum reverendos jamdudum meditari, hæc ſentire planè mihi perſuadeo; hæc eadem aſſentire Fratres meos, vobis ego (tanquam conſiliis rerum jam nunc præeſſem) fideliter ſpondeo.

III. Dr.

III.

Dr. ATTERBURY's SPEECH at OXFORD, on the day of his Admiſſion to the Deanry of Chriſt-Church, 1711.

GRATISSIMUS eſt mihi, juvenis eximie, tuus in atrii hujuſce veſtibulo occurſus, gratiſſima oratio; quâ non tam me, quàm ædem hanc, quæ bonorum ſemper ingeniorum nutrix habita eſt, ornari gaudeo. Facilè adducor ut credam, cæteros qui tuæ ætati ſuppares ſunt, alumnos, tibi eſſe quam ſimillimos. Ea ſi me haud fefellerit ſpes, vos ego viciſſim omnia quæcunque a me proficiſci poterint ſtudiorum veſtrorum hortamenta ac præmia, fidenter ſperare jubeo.

Eò mihi jucundior eſt tua, tuorumque, lectiſſime Baccalauree, ſodalium gratulatio, quòd ab iis profecta ſit, quorum jam ad maturitatem quandam adoleſcunt ingenia, præceptis inſtitutiſque philoſophiæ, ac multiplici doctrinarum genere, aucta atque exculta. Utinam is eſſem omnino quem, te auctore, ab illis me haberi intelligo! Is certè ſum, qui literatam juventutem ad optima quæque feli-

citer nitentem ſumma cum voluptate intueri ſoleam, quique adeo creſcenti indies veſtri ordinis laudi impensè faveam. Multa de mirifico veſtro erga artes reconditas amore, de laudabili ſtudiorum curſu, ac progreſſione diſcendi, a viro optimo, ædis hujuſce Sub-decano digniſſimo, me auditurum confido, cujus quidem vigilantiæ atque induſtriæ ſiqua etiam a nobis ſubſidia poſſint offerri, habebit ille me curarum ſuarum omnium ac conſiliorum ſociu[illegible] & non inertem, ubi opus eſt, adjutorem.

Parem te quidem muneri illi tuo, quod jam per annos aliquot ſuſtinuiſti, facundiſſime Rhetorices Prælector, oſtendis, cum exile nactus argumentum uberrimâ id verborum copiâ, ſummâ eloquentiæ vi auges atque ampliſicas. Quantum ab his abſim laudibus, & egomet mihi ſatis ſum conſcius, & te, utcunque de me magnifica prædicantem, minimè latet. Sed tu quâ mente, quâ modeſtiâ es, quùm apertis mecum monitis agendum eſſe non exiſtimes, ad illa artis tuæ præcepta decurris, quæ hortationem tunc optimè inſtitui aiunt, eum cum laudes, quem cohortere. Si quis itaque, tuo hoc dicendi artificio deceptus, meas eſſe putet, quæ à te percenſentur, virtutes,

tutes, mea quæ celebrantur præconia, nolo illum in tanto errore verſari; alia tibi erat ratio, aliud longè conſilium, ut tuo ſcilicet dum fungereris officio, mihi interim meum ſubindicares, & in id totus incumberes, ut intelligant qui te perorantem audiunt, non quis ego ſim, ſed cujuſmodi is eſſe debeat, qui florentiſſimæ huic ædi cùm dignitate præſideat, qui tam numeroſo aut doctorum aut diſcentium gregi cuſtos admotus, tuendæ religioni, excolendis moribus, literis promovendis ritè invigilet. Arduum ſanè opus! cui tamen proficiendo in promptu erant quæ ſumpſeris. Jam enim in uniuſcujuſque noſtrum animis inhæret excellentium virorum, qui me in hoc munere præiverint, memoria, quam quidem ſtudiosè recolenti facilè tibi erat ea exinde omnia delibare quæcunque ad exprimendam perpoliendamque viri ſummi & ſcientiſſimi rectoris imaginem pertinerent.

Utcunque me de implendâ hâc quæ mihi obtigit provinciâ cogitantem, meaſque vires æſtimantem, ſubortus illicò conturbet metus, obruat pudor; nunquam tamen animo ſum demiſſiore, nunquam mihi magis diſpliceo, quam cum Fellum & Aldricium, duo illa reipublicæ noſtræ literariæ lumina, mente con-

templer. Quis enim non jure reformidaverit illorum veſtigiis inſiſtere; qui optimis naturæ donis præditi, magnâ artium varietate inſtructi, longo rerum academicarum uſu exercitati, ædem hanc nunquam gloriæ expertem, nunquam non doctrinæ laude illuſtrem, ad ſummum ſplendoris atque amplitudinis faſtigium perduxere?

Inerat utrique literarum flagrans ſtudium, propenſiſſima in liberalium artium cultores voluntas; inerat eximius ingenii candor, omnia quæ aliquam boni ſpeciem præ ſe ferent amplectentis; omnia de quibus ambigi poſſit, in mitiorem ſemper partem interpretantis; inerat eximius, liber, excelſus animus; nullâ divitiarum, nullâ honorum cupiditate correptus, rei privatæ negligens, ad publicam unicè attentus. Nemo unquam familiam ſuam ardentius dilexit, benignius fovit, quam eorum uterque hanc domum; nemini unquam ſua carior erat patria, quam illis hæc academia. Rem typographicam ſuo labore, ſuis ſumptibus augere, noſtra hæc mœnia inſtaurare, condere, id iis curæ ſemper, id voluptati fuit; his cogitationibus, his ſtudiis occupati vixere, his etiam ne quidem ad extremum vitæ ſpiritum intermiſſis, ſunt immortui.

Nota

Nota vobis ac perſpecta penitus loquor; quæ tamen in auribus atque in oculis veſtris utcunque hæreant infixa, juvat uſque repetere atque ipsâ hominum omni laude præſtantium jucundiſſima recordatione mentem paſcere ac conformare *. Nunquam mihi aut vobis excidet ex animis viri illius humaniſſimi atque optimi imago, cujus morte, tanquam parente ſuo orbata, jam luctu ac mœrore jacuit hæc domus. Faxit Deus, ut adventu tandem meo, aliquâ ex parte aliquando refici poteſt, ac recreari! Nihil illi defuit, quod ad literas promovendas atque ornandas cuiquam unquam mortalium indulſit natura; nihil, quod eorum quibus præfuit, aut amorem, aut admirationem poſſit excitare. Quæ illi mentis acies, quæ vis, quæ volubilitas, in omnes omnigenæ doctrinæ partes celerrimè ſe verſantis, in

* For "con*for*mare" we ought perhaps to read, "con*firm*are." In this ſenſe, "it is a ſatisfaction to "me to *delight* and to *ſtrengthen* my own mind "(mentem *paſcere* et *confirmare*) even by the pleaſ-"ing reflection on the memory of men ſo eminent "in every kind of merit." But "to pleaſe and to "*form* my own mind (mentem con*for*mare) to the "arduous taſk of preſiding over a houſe ſo long "and ſo juſtly famed as the principal ſeat of lite-"rature in the univerſity," is far from being an *improper* idea; and may poſſibly be the *very one* intended by the learned Dean.—I owe this ingenious remark to my excellent friend Mr. KYNASTON.

quam-

quamcunque ſcientiæ oram delata eſſet, nuſquam rudis, nuſquam hoſpitis! Quicquid in arte aliquâ elaboratum proferret, quicquid moliretur, aut inveſtigaret, ad id illum, quod quidem ageret, agendum unicè natum eſſe diceres, in eo omnem operam ſuam atque ætatem contriviſſe. Seu ſtudia graviora perſequeretur, ſeu levibus ſe oblectaret, ſeu res humanas ſeu divinas ſuſciperet tractandas; an his, an illis aptior eſſet atque accommodatior, multum dubitares. Jam vero in aditu atque ſermone, in otio, in negotiis, quæ illi morum facilitas, quam ſimplex & aperta mens! quæ in vitâ integritas, in verbis fides! quæ frontis modeſtia, quæ oris dignitas? His ille naturæ muneribus ornatus, quod in percipiendis ſeverioribus diſciplinis, aſperum plerumque & triſte viſum eſt, miro quodam lepore ſolitus eſt mitigare, ita ut tyronum animos non præceptis ſolum aut hortationibus, ſed vultu ipſo atque congreſſu, ad amorem literarum, ad omnem humanitatis laudem fingeret atque erudiret.

Multa in hoc viro admiranda erant, multa præclara; nihil tamen præclarius, quàm quod beatiſſimi Felli memoriam ſingulari quodam cultu ac veneratione ſemper proſequeretur, quod illum tanquam certiſſimum rerum pulchrè

chrè gerendarum ducem atque auctorem, optimum inſtituendæ regendæque juventutis magiſtrum, intermiſſæ apud nos luctuoſiſſimis temporibus diſciplinæ vindicem, hujus denique ampliſſimi domicilii ſtatorem ſuſpiceret ſemper ac prædicaret. Et ſanè, ex quo veræ religioni boniſque literis, ad ſuas unde expulſæ ſunt, ſedes patuit reditus, quicquid artibus juvandis, aut pietati augendæ, quicquid in reipublicæ aut eccleſiæ uſus contulerit hæc ædes, id omne ex ſanctiſſimi illius Præſulis laboribus, curis, conſiliis profluxit. Ab illo jacta ſunt fundamenta laudum noſtrarum; ab illo ſparſa virtutis, induſtriæ, doctrinæ ſemina, quæ etiamnum vigent, quæque illo & ſuperſtiti & extincto in uberem multoties meſſem lætamque maturuere.

Hunc itaque alumnorum chorum, hanc domum Felli adhuc inſtitutis florentem, quoties intueor, videre mihi videor celebrem illum agrum, diligenter conſitum, quem Lyſandro olim oſtendit Cyrus; ubi mirari libet arborum (ut ita dicam) proceritates & ordines ritè diſpoſitos, humum etiam ſubactam atque puram, & ſuavitatem odorum, qui quidem afflentur è floribus, potiſſimum vero diligentiam & ſolertiam ejus à quo ſunt iſta dimenſa atque deſcripta. Felix ille noſter agricola, cui fas erat

cum Cyro dicere, Ego iſta omnia ſum dimenſus, mei ſunt ordines, mea deſcriptio, multæ etiam iſtarum arborum mea manu ſunt ſatæ, & huic & alteri fortaſſe ſæculo profuturæ!

Mihi itaque qui in obeundo hoc munere viris talibus tantiſque (felicitate dicam, an fato quodam meo?) proximus ſuccedam, quid reſtat, niſi ut earum, quibus inclaruerint, virtutum memoriâ, languentem me, diffidentem viribus meis erigam atque incendam, niſi ut optimis iiſdem, quibus uſus ſum, dum viverent magiſtris, utar & mortuis, eorumque ad exemplum, quâ licet, quâ poſſim cunque viâ, me totum componam?

Magnis quidem illi atque eximiis quibuſdam animi bonis hoc aſſecuti ſunt, ut poſſent vobis inſigniter prodeſſe. Iſtorum quàm nihil ad me pertineat, ſatis intelligo. Unum tantummodo mihi ut cum illis commune exiſtimetur contendo; benevolentiæ, atque amoris incredibilis quædam vis, quâ in ædem hanc feror, quâ vos, veſtraſque res omnes complector, & in quâ ne quidem ab ipſis illis anteceſſoribus meis (quibuſcum nulla alia in re ſum conferendus) ſuperatum me iri confido.

IV. SPEECH

IV.

SPEECH of Dr. ATTERBURY, as Dean of Chriſt-Church, Jan. 2, 1711-12, when he preſented the Lord HARLEY, in the Convocation at Oxford, to his degree of Maſter of Arts.

INSIGNISSIME VICE-CANCELLARIE, VOSQUE EGREGII PROCURATORES!

PRÆSENTO vobis juvenem hunc honoratiſſimum, & ſuis & paternis virtutibus illuſtrem; eâ indole præditum, quam togatis ſemper ineſſe optet academia, iis dotibus inſtructum, quas ſibi, rebuſque ſuis ſubſidio mox futuras haud fruſtra ſperet ſenatus; eo patre ortum, quem academia, quem ſenatus, quem Britannia omnis ſumma cum veneratione intuetur, pro communi civium ſalute magna molientem, & obluctantibus licet infenſiſſimis patriæ hoſtibus jam præſtiturum. Qui arduis reipublicæ negotiis intentus, colendis interim humaniorum artium ſtudiis ita vacat, ita invigilat, ut illo duce atque auſpice, nec literis unquam honos, nec literatis defutura ſint præmia; qui publicis regni commo-

dis ſua ſemper póſthabuit, ærarii regii adminiſter providus, frugalis, proprii æris largitor, beneficus, liberalis; qui pari mentis ardore & in moderandis belli ſumptibus & in promovendo pacis negotio ſe exercet; qui omni ope & opera enixè contendit ut res patriæ collapſas (quâ licet) reſtituat, impugnatam principis majeſtatem vindicet, totius Europæ incolumitatem ſtabiliat ac tueatur.

Hunc tanti viri filium, alteram patriæ ſpem, felicitate ingenii, propenſiſſimo in literas animo, ſuavitate morum, vitæque integritate præcellentem, vobis, academici, veſtroque omnium favori, commendo. Nec ſanè quidquam aut noſtris rebus utilius, aut ineunti anno auſpicatius poteſt accidere, quam ut egregius hic adoleſcens, multis jàm titulis ornatus, pluribus indies ornandus, magiſtrali gradu hodie inſigniatur; & à vobis id ornamenti habeat, unde quocunque demum in dignitatis loco poſitus, cuicunque ordini admotus, ſe ſemper meminerit fuiſſe Veſtrum.

V.

ANTONIUS MUSA's CHARACTER, repreſented by VIRGIL, in the perſon of IAPYS.

In a Letter to Dr. JOHN FREIND *.

IN Hiſtory-painting the particular figures, we know, are often taken from the life; and the caſe, I doubt not, is the ſame with

* Firſt publiſhed in 8vo, 1741, by an editor whoſe preface is worth preſerving (and now collated with a MS. in the poſſeſſion of Dr. Morice):

" The publiſhing of the following piece wants " no recommendation to the world. The name " of an author ſo well known, and ſo deſervedly " admired, for ſeveral books on various ſubjects, " publiſhed in his life-time, ſufficiently recom- " mends a poſthumous work of his, much more " than any thing that could be ſaid in its favour; " and claims of itſelf a juſt pretenſion to general ap- " plauſe. Such therefore being the diſpoſition of " the publick towards the character of the deceaſed " author, and ſuch the claim of the work for a " kind reception, I cannot but wonder that it has " been ſo long kept from their view. It was " communicated to me but lately, by a learned " and worthy gentleman, who very obligingly " granted me a copy of it. I read it more than " once with due attention, and found the perfor- " mance far above my expectation. The oftener " I read it, the more it pleaſed me, and the more " it increaſed my admiration. And indeed who- " ſoever

with reſpect to many characters in the Æneid, which were not drawn by the poet at random.

" ſoever peruſes it with care and reflection, will, I " am perſuaded, look upon it as a maſter-piece of " criticiſm, and one of the moſt ingenious and " moſt polite compoſitions of the kind that was " ever writ in our language. The novelty of the " thought, and the acuteneſs and ſagacity in " tracing out the moſt ſecret views of the Roman " poet; the diſcovering of thoſe uncommon beau- " ties of his poem, either unperceived or ne- " glected by former criticks; and the exhibiting " them in ſo maſterly a manner; all this, I ſay, " juſtly deſerves the admiration of the reader. " Through all the work, though of a ſmall com- " paſs, and on a ſubject ſo barren in its nature, " and ſo much confined, the author proves him- " ſelf a man of great learning, a deep critick, and " a polite gentleman; three qualities, which are " very ſeldom found united in the ſame perſon.

" Virgil, among the Latin poets, was our au- " thor's favourite. By reading his poem often, " with a more than common attention, and mak- " ing thoſe obſervations which are requiſite for " reliſhing the delicacies of that excellent poet, " he made himſelf maſter of his genius and ſpirit, " and thereby diſcovered the particular views the " poet had in ſeveral paſſages of his compoſi- " tion. This is what, in reading ancient authors, " we ought to aim at, and endeavour to obtain; " and then we may pretend to underſtand them, " and to be capable of imitating them occaſion- " ally: the crowding together various readings, " and the muſtering up quotations, according to

" the

dom. The manner in which Virgil repreſents thoſe feigned perſons has ſomething in it,

" the mode of modern critics, ſhews indeed their
" great labour in collating MSS. and old editions,
" in collecting paſſages from various authors, and
" turning over voluminous dictionaries; but is
" very far from being a proof of their under-
" ſtanding and obſerving thoſe delicate ſtrokes
" of the moſt refined art, and of their ſhewing
" themſelves maſters of the ſkill and the pecu-
" liar manner of the writer. They rather con-
" found and puzzle the reader, and caſt dark
" clouds over the brighteſt paſſages of an author,
" whilſt they are making a parade of Greek and
" Latin learning, wild conjectures, and far-fetch-
" ed intepretations, in order to lay claim to the
" title of learned men and critics. No wonder,
" therefore, that theſe gentlemen, as has been
" generally obſerved, after all their pains taken,
" and time ſpent, in reading the claſſics, can neither
" think nor write in the delicate taſte, and after
" the eaſy and elegant manner, of the antients.

" I cannot but take notice of one circumſtance,
" which ſhews our author to have been a man of
" extraordinary abilities; he drew up this ad-
" mirable piece of criticiſm, not in his young
" days, when the memory and imagination are
" in bloom and full vigour; neither in his firm
" and mature age, when the fruits of the under-
" ſtanding are ripe; but in the laſt period of his
" life, almoſt decayed by time; a ſeaſon, when
" all thoſe branches of our nobler parts are gene-
" rally either entirely withered, or at the beſt,
" drooping and barren. Beſides, his body was

" almoſt

it, that ſhews them to have been copied from living originals; and therefore, beautiful

" almoſt worn out by long and painful diſtem-
" pers, and his mind ſunk under the heavy mis-
" fortune of being deprived of what nature has
" deeply implanted in the ſoul; a particular af-
" fection and moſt tender love for his native
" country, which (ſeparated from his near rela-
" tions and his beſt and deareſt friends) he paſ-
" ſionately deſired to ſee again; and yet had not
" the leaſt hope of ever being indulged in his
" wiſhes. Notwithſtanding all theſe diſadvantages,
" both of nature and fortune, which he then lay
" under, he yet was ſo bleſſed by heaven, that
" they could not in the leaſt weaken the ſtrength,
" or darken the clearneſs, of his underſtanding;
" neither abate the livelineſs of his imagination,
" nor ſhake the firmneſs and readineſs of his me-
" mory. By theſe aſſiſtances he continued to
" converſe with the Muſes, with whom, from his
" earlieſt youth, he had been intimately acquaint-
" ed; and found, in their converſation, that *Dulce*
" *lenimen malorum*, which is able to relieve a man
" under the like afflictions.

" I am credibly informed, by perſons who have
" ſeen the MSS. that there are ſeveral of his
" writings in the hands of ſome of his friends. It
" were to be wiſhed, that thoſe gentlemen would
" not keep them from the publick, nor deprive the
" learned world of the advantages which would
" accrue to them, from the peruſal of the works
" of ſo deſerving a man, who, for his ſuperior
" genius, univerſal learning, elegance of ſtyle,
" and purity of language, will always, whilſt

" learn-

tiful as thoſe images are, we loſe half their beauty, by not knowing who ſat for them.

Virgil ſeems particularly touched with the charms of friendſhip; and has therefore employed all his art to illuſtrate it in the perſons of Euryalus and Niſus *, whom he introduces for that purpoſe into two of his beſt Epiſodes, and dwells largely, in both, on the little circumſtances of their ſtory. This

" learning and a good taſte of writing continue to " flouriſh among us, be admired, and looked " upon as one of the brighteſt ornaments of the " Engliſh nation. This is what even his moſt " inveterate enemies neither can, nor dare, deny " him; a true and convincing argument of a " real and ſingular merit: a merit, which per- " haps expects its reward from the ſounder judge- " ment of uncorrupt poſterity, when men's ac- " tions, by length of time, and the diſtance of " particular views, motives, and circumſtances, " ſhall either appear in a different light, or be " entirely forgotten; and when ſentiments ſhall " be delivered with more freedom and ſecurity: " poſterity, I ſay, may then be apt to loſe all " ſight of leſſer failings, and errors of conduct, " in an entire admiration of the elevation of his " genius, the dignity and regularity of his ſenti- " ments, and the purity and order of his diction " and compoſition."

* The friendſhip between Niſus and Euryalus is allowed to make one of the moſt amiable Epiſodes in the world. POPE.

he

he has not done with regard to any other of the ſubaltern characters of the Æneid, and we muſt ſuppoſe him therefore very fond of the ſubject, eſpecially if conſidered as the moſt exact, reſerved, and judicious of writers.

Is it not natural to think, that in this, and many other caſes, he has ſcattered through his works, under feigned names, the true reſemblances of ſome of his moſt intimate friends; endeavouring by that means to give them a ſhare of the immortality which his Poem was to enjoy? though by the negligence and ſtupidity of thoſe who made comments upon him, and ſaid nothing of theſe ſecret views, his deſign has in great meaſure miſcarried. For inſtance, can any one read thoſe admirable lines at the end of the ſecond epiſode relating to thoſe two friends *;

Fortunati ambo! ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo:
Dum domus Æneæ capitoli immobile ſaxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

* O happy pair! for if my verſe can give
Eternity, your fame ſhall ever live:
Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies,
And ſpread where-e'er the Roman eagle flies.
DRYDEN.

I ſay,

I ſay, can any one read theſe lines without judging immediately that Virgil muſt have had two Romans in his eye when he wrote them, whoſe character, friendſhip, and fate, are deſcribed under that of Euryalus and Niſus? What elſe can juſtify ſo pathetic an excurſion of the poet in his own name?

Si quid mea carmina poſſunt, &c.

a liberty not allowed to epic writers, and ſcarcely taken by him in any other part of his work, except where he invokes the Muſe to aſſiſt him on ſome extraordinary occaſion. Nor would it perhaps have been excuſable here, had not known perſons and a real event been ſhadowed under this poetical fiction.

That Auguſtus ſat for the character of Æneas, is agreed by the commentators, even by thoſe of them that are leaſt attentive to ſuch obſervations; and indeed what Horace and Virgil himſelf ſay on this head, puts it out of doubt. Virgil, in the introduction to his third Georgic, added probably after he had formed the plan of the Æneid, intimates his deſign in theſe verſes,

Mox tamen ardentes accingar dicere pugnas
Cæſaris, & nomen famâ tot ferre per annos

Tithoni primâ quot abeſt ab origine Cæſar *.

Which implies that the battles and other famous exploits of Auguſtus ſhould be delivered down to poſterity in the reſembling circumſtances of thoſe of Æneas. Horace ſpeaks yet more plainly to the point, where he writes to Auguſtus himſelf, and gives him an advantage over the Macedonian hero in this reſpect, that Alexander's outward linements only had been taken by the exquiſite artiſts of his time; whereas the very mind and manners of Auguſtus had been deſcribed by Virgil and Varius; he mentions their names, and then adds,

Nec magis expreſſi vultus per ahenea ſigna
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent †.

Varius had done this in his panegyric on Auguſtus, now loſt; and Virgil can be only

* A time will come when my maturer Muſe
In Cæſar's wars a nobler theme ſhall chuſe,
And through more ages bear my Sovereign's praiſe,
Than have from Tithon paſs'd to Cæſar's days.
DRYDEN.

† Not moulded braſs more lively can expreſs
The hero's form, than poets in their works
His manners trace, the features of the mind.
DUNCOMBE.

ſup-

ſuppoſed to have done it, in the character and actions of Æneas.

As the hero of Virgil was certainly intended to expreſs Auguſtus (of which many proofs, if neceſſary, might be given); ſo divers characters in his poem were doubtleſs deſigned, as I have ſaid, for particular perſons, well known at the time when Virgil wrote. Such I ſuppoſe the character of Iapis in the twelfth Æneid to have been, and Antonius Muſa, the phyſician of Auguſtus, to be repreſented by it. He was of the court and retinue of that prince, and attended his perſon, as Iapis attends Æneas, in his campaigns and voyages. He was very intimate with Virgil and Horace, as appears from an epigram addreſſed to him by the former, ſtill remaining among the Catalecta, and by what the latter ſays of him in one of his epiſtles. Both of them had infirm conſtitutions: one, we know, was under Muſa's care on that account; and ſo, we may juſtly believe, was the other. It was no wonder therefore, if Virgil, the moſt grateful of men to his friends and benefactors, ſhould have been willing to do honour to his memory by finding a place for him in his poem. He ſeems to have

wounded Æneas on purpoſe to introduce Iapis for the cure: which, after ſome thoughts ſpent on the reaſonableneſs of this incident, as he has placed it, is the beſt account I can give of it. For it is certainly employed, when one would leaſt have expected it, when the Æneid haſtens towards a cloſe, when the two armies are engaged for the laſt time, and with the greateſt fury, and when the ſingle fight between Æneas and Turnus is juſt coming on, by which the whole is to be determined; the action, then grown hot, and at its height, cools and ſtands perfectly ſtill, while Iapis is performing the cure on Æneas. At ſuch a time, and in ſuch an exigence, the friendly deſign of the poet to immortalize the phyſician, is perhaps the beſt account we can give of his conduct.

Indeed Muſa deſerved to be thus honoured by the pen of Virgil; for he was eminent in his faculty beyond all his contemporaries, as Iapis is ſaid to have been, *Phœbo ante alios dilectus*. He had recovered Auguſtus from a dangerous illneſs, and was ſo dear to the people of Rome on that account, that a public ſtatue was erected to his honour. Iapis in like manner heals Æneas; and it may be obſerved

obſerved (if that remark be not too minute) that both the cures were performed by bathing. The ſtatue for Iapis was wanting to complete the parallel. Virgil has added it, by giving us ſuch a noble likeneſs of him, as will out-laſt braſs and marble.

For certainly the character of Iapis, here diſplayed, is one of the moſt moral, beautiful, and perfect in its kind, of any that is to be met with in the whole Æneid. It is painted according to the diſtinction made by the Italians, as to the works of their great maſters; not only *con diligenza*, or *con ſtudio*, but *con amore*. There is a fondneſs of expreſſion (if I may be allowed that phraſe) uſed by Virgil in tracing and heightening the ſeveral parts of it; ſo that it muſt have been a favourite piece: and, upon examining it throughout, one cannot help thinking, that he had ſome friend of the faculty preſent to his mind, while he was drawing it.

It is for the ſake of ſuch another *, that I ſhall enlarge my reflections on this head; and in the courſe of them ſhall have him often in my view, as Virgil had Muſa, without naming him.

* Dr. John Freind.

Æneas, juſt ready to engage Turnus, is wounded by an arrow from an unknown hand, and obliged to retire from the field of battle to his tent, ſupported by Mneſteus and Achates.

The words of Virgil *, on the occaſion of this wound received, are very remarkable:

Ecce viro ſtridens alis allapſa ſagitta eſt;
Incertum quâ pulſa manu, quo turbine adacta;
Quis tantam Rutulis laudem, caſuſne, Deuſne,
Attulerit: preſſa eſt inſignis gloria facti;
Nec ſeſe Æneæ jactavit vulnere quiſquam.

Why all this variety of expreſſion, to tell us that it was not known from what hand the wound came? Nothing is more common than ſuch a circumſtance in a battle. He lays, one would think, more weight on this particular than it deſerves; but he intends it by way of contraſt to what is to follow, where he will not only mention him that healed the

* —— loud-hiſſing thro' the ſkies,
With thirſty rage, a feather'd arrow flies;
And reach'd the hero with a certain aim;
But from what hand, was never told by fame.
None knew, what fortune, or aſſiſting god,
So proud a triumph on the foe beſtow'd,
Nor one in all the mighty hoſt was found,
Who claim'd the merit of ſo baſe a wound. PITT.

wound,

wound, but give us alſo a particular account of his talents and character: and it will heighten the praiſes he gives to the one, that he paſſes over the other altogether in ſilence.

I ſhall recite the whole paſſage relating to Iapis as it lies in the poem, and then ſuggeſt ſome reflections upon it. Some of theſe may perhaps be new, even to thoſe who are well acquainted with Virgil; and few of them, I believe, will be found either in his ancient or modern commentators *:

Jamque aderat Phœbo ante alios dilectus Iapis
Iaſides: acri quondam cui captus amore
Ipſe ſuas artes, ſua munera, lætus Apollo,
Augurium, citharamque dedit, celereſque ſagittas.
Ille, ut depoſiti proferret fata parentis,
Scire potestates herbarum, uſumque medendi
Maluit, & mutas agitare inglorius artes.

Stabat,

* Now came Iapis to relieve his pain,
Of old by Phœbus lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.
On whom the god had proffer'd to beſtow
His lyre, his bays, his preſcience, and his bow.
But (to prolong his drooping father's days)
The youth refus'd his arrows, lyre, and bays,
And preſcient ſkill; but choſe the healing part,
A ſilent, uſeful, tho' inglorious art.

Stabat, acerba fremens, ingentem nixus in haſta
Æneas, magno juvenum & mœrentis Iuli
Concurſu, lacrymiſque immobilis. Ille retorto
Pæonium in morem ſenior ſuccinctus amictu,
Multa manu medicâ, Phœbique potentibus herbis,
Nequicquam trepidat; nequicquam ſpecula dextra
Solicitat, prenſatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Nulla viam fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo
Subvenit: & ſævus campis magis ac magis horror
Crebreſcit, propiuſque malum eſt. Jam pulvere cœlum

Stare

Unmov'd with all the ſorrow and the care
Of friends, attendants, and the royal heir,
His mighty ſpear, th' impatient chief ſuſtains
Who grinds his teeth for rage, nor heeds the glowing pains.
The ſage now haſtens to the taſk aſſign'd,
And firſt diſpatchful tucks his robes behind;
Tries all the vegetable powers around,
To cool the ſmart, and mitigate the wound.
His hands ſolicit now with tender art;
Now tug in vain with vigour at the dart.
At length he pray'd; nor Phœbus heard the prayer;
And nearer every moment pour'd the war,
Thick and more thick the growing horrors riſe;
A cloud of duſt involves the golden ſkies.

The

Stare vident: ſubeunt equites, & ſpicula caſtris
Denſa cadunt mediis. It triſtis ad æthera clamor
Bellantum juvenum, & duro ſub Marte cadentum.
Hic Venus, indigno nati concuſſa dolore,
Dictamnum genitrix Cretæa carpit ab Ida,
Puberibus caulem foliis, & flore comantem
Purpureo: non illa feris incognita capris
Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæſere ſagittæ.
Hoc Venus, obſcuro faciem circumdata nimbo,
Detulit: hoc fuſcum labris ſplendentibus amnem
Inficit, occulte medicans: ſpargitque ſalubres
Ambroſiæ

The trampling ſteeds, the thundering foes, drew nigh,
And 'midſt the camp the ſhowering javelins fly.
The mingling cries from ev'ry part reſound;
Some ſhout, ſome groan, ſome gaſp upon the ground.
Now touch'd with pity for the hero's pain,
Deſcends the goddeſs-mother on the plain.
A branch of ſovereign dittany ſhe bore,
From Ida gather'd, on the Cretan ſhore.
Luxuriant leaves the taper ſtalk array;
The ſtalk in flowers; the flowers in purple gay.
The goats, when pierc'd at diſtance by the dart,
Apply the med'cine to the wounded part.
This juice, while clouds conceal her radiant face,
The queen infuſes in the golden vaſe;
Tempers with ſcented panacee the whole,
And with ambroſial liquors crowns the bowl.

Ambroſiæ ſuccos, & odoriferam panaceam,
Fovit eâ vulnus lymphâ longævus Iapis
Ignorans; ſubitóque omnis de corpore fugit
Quippe dolor, omnis ſtetit imo in vulnere ſanguis.
Jamque ſecuta manum, nullo cogente, ſagitta
Excidit, atque novæ rediere in priſtina vires.
Arma citi properate viro. Quid ſtatis? Iapis
Conclamat, primuſque animos accendit in hoſtes.
Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magiſtra,
Proveniunt, neque te, Æneа, mea dextera ſervat;
Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.
Ille avidus pugnæ, &c.

Nor knew the ſage the ſuccour that he found,
But with the balmy mixture bathes the wound,
At once the throbbing anguiſh paſs'd way;
Stanch'd was the blood, and in the bottom lay.
The dart, tho' deeply rooted, at command
Moves up, and anſwers the phyſician's hand.
His former vigour now ſucceeds to pain,
And life burns bright in all her powers again.
Iapis firſt perceiv'd th' immortal art,
That cool'd the raging pangs, and clos'd the part,
Raptur'd he ſaw the cure; and firſt impell'd
The prince, renew'd in courage, to the field.
Arms for the chief, he cries, prepare his arms;
And inſtant ſend him to the dire alarms.
This cure, great hero, is no work of mine,
Not mortal art, but done by hands divine.
Thy life ſome guardian god has made his care,
Who ſends thee back to fight, and conquer in the war.

PITT.

How

How recommendable and beautiful an idea has Virgil here given us of this phyſician! He reckons up the four arts *, in which

* Horace traced the ſteps of Virgil in his Carmen Seculare, where he enumerates in one ſtanza theſe four attributes of Apollo:

"Augur & fulgente decorus arcu
"Phœbus, acceptuſque novem Camenis,
"Quid ſalutari levat arte feſſos
"Corporis artus."

The words are good, but do not, I think, riſe up to the force and beauty of Virgil's expreſſion. There is a ſecond inſtance in the ſame ode, wherein Horace imitates another celebrated paſſage of Virgil, and falls equally ſhort of it:

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
"Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos;"

ſays the one.

"Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
"Lenis in hoſtem;"

ſays the other.

It cannot be doubted, upon the compariſon, whether the firſt of theſe be not ſaid with more dignity and grace than the latter. And ſo it muſt happen to any man, even to Horace himſelf, that ventures to ſay the ſame thing Virgil did, after a different manner. Let me add, that the deſign of Horace to imitate Virgil, decides the diſpute that has been raiſed about a various reading of *impetret* for *imperet*, which plainly refers to the *imperio* of Virgil.

Apollo

Apollo was ſuppoſed to excel, which were under his peculiar patronage, and which he diſtributed, as he pleaſed, to his votaries and favourites. In three of theſe he tells us, Iapis, when young, had made great advances; but neglected the ſtudy of them, and purſued only the fourth, the ſkill of medicine, that by the means of it he might protract the life of an aged father, then labouring under ſome great infirmity; whoſe name therefore Virgil records, together with that of the ſon, Iapis Iaſides.

Of all the motives that could determine a man to the ſtudy of phyſic preferably to other arts and ſciences, ſure the worthieſt and beſt is that of filial piety. It is what diſtinguiſhes the character even of the hero of the Æneid, and was a remarkable part of Virgil's own, as appears from ſome verſes he compoſed at the time of his flight from Mantua, wherein his father accompanied him, and of whoſe danger he there ſpeaks with all imaginable concern and tenderneſs. It was natural therefore for him to adorn his friend with a quality which he himſelf prized and poſſeſſed; and, perhaps, if we knew Mûſa's ſtory, we ſhould find that there was ſomething in it

parallel

parallel even in this reſpect to what is here ſaid of Iapis.

His determining himſelf to be a phyſician, upon the laudable motive before-mentioned, is ſtill farther recommended to us by this heightening circumſtance, that he poſſeſſed the other arts in perfection, and exerciſed them with ſkill and ſucceſs. Thus much, I think, is ſtrongly implied in theſe emphatical words:

" —Acri quondam cui captus amore
" Ipſe ſuas artes, ſua munera, lætus Apollo,
" Augurium, citharamque dedit, celereſque ſa-
" gittas."

The gifts of the gods to thoſe they favour and love, are always to be ſuppoſed perfect, and not made by halves: Iapis therefore muſt have excelled in thoſe arts, which he renounced for the ſtudy of phyſic; and theſe arts were all ſuch as the Romans held in high eſteem. The college of augurs, and the library of Apollo in the Vatican, ſufficiently prove the regard that was paid to the two firſt; and as to the third, expreſſed by *ſagittæ*, it means the *peritia jaculandi* in general; includes the art of managing the javelin or dart, as well as the bow; and was one of

thoſe

thoſe military exerciſes in which the Romans, whoſe empire was owing to their arms, excelled.

Divination, poetry, and ſoldiery, were all honourable and advantageous to thoſe that profeſſed them; and yet Iapis, intent upon recovering his father, quits them all for a profeſſion, which was not then in high repute, and made no great figure and noiſe in the world, except what is borrowed ſometimes from the character and perfections of ſome excellent perſon, who happened to practiſe it;

—— Uſumque medendi
Maluit, & mutas agitare inglorius artes.

We are not to wonder, that Virgil rewards this pious concern of Iapis for the life of his father by lengthening his own: he ſtyles him *ſenior* in one place, and *longævus* in another. He makes him on this account dearer to the god of medicine than the reſt of the tribe, and advances him to be prime phyſician to the founder of the Roman empire, and author of the race of Iulus. The good qualities and great talents of Iapis have, by Virgil's means, a recompence which is proportioned to his merit,

merit, and the juſt conſequence of it. Were the prime phyſicians of princes always preferred with as much juſtice, perhaps many of thoſe princes would ſit longer on their thrones than they do, and reach the years of Æneas or Auguſtus.

It may be obſerved, how ſhort, and yet juſt and full, an account Virgil here gives us of the extent of phyſic and ſurgery, as then jointly exerciſed. He makes them to conſiſt in the knowledge of the power of ſimples, and in great uſe and experience:

Scire poteſtates herbarum, uſumque medendi.

The one relates to the theory of that art, the other to the practice: without the latter of theſe, he inſinuates, the former can be of no ſervice; and for this reaſon alſo he may be ſuppoſed to have aſcribed longevity to his Iapis. The *materia medica*, then conſiſting chiefly in botany, might be acquired in early years; but age, and long uſe, were requiſite to mellow and ripen the phyſician in the art of healing. There are no uſeleſs words, we ſee, in Virgil; all he ſays is full of good ſenſe, and will afford us wiſe reflections, if we have but the ſkill and the patience ſufficient to unfold them.

It

It will not be thought refining, I hope, if I ſuppoſe alſo Virgil's meaning, in this paſſage, to have been, to intimate to us, that art and induſtry, however neceſſary in phyſic, are not ſufficient without an happy genius or diſpoſition of nature, which peculiarly fits men for that profeſſion, and which ſeems born with them, and derived immediately from the Deity. It was by the particular favour of Apollo that Iapis excelled: if he had not been *Phœbo ante alios dilectus*, he had never arrived to the height of his faculty. The ſon of Sirach has ſaid the ſame thing with greater authority. "Honour a "phyſician," ſays he, "with the honour "due unto him; for the Lord hath created "him. Of the Moſt High cometh healing. "And he hath given men ſkill, that he might "be honoured in his marvellous works." It may be thought indecent thus to mix what is ſacred with what is profane: but I cite the author of Eccleſiaſticus on this occaſion, merely as a wiſe obſerver of men and things, without regard to his character on other accounts. And as ſuch perhaps I ſhall take leave to cite him again ere I end theſe papers.

When

When Iapis goes to work, we find the methods employed by him to have been, a bath of herbs and the uſe of the forceps. In one of theſe, Virgil includes the remedies; in the other the inſtruments, of ſurgery. And he particularly, more than once, takes notice of the *manus medica*,

—Multâ manu medica—trepidat—
—Spicula dextra
Solicitat—
Jamque ſecuta manum, nullo cogente, ſagitta.
—Neque te, Æneа, mea dextera ſervat—

or that dexterity in handling the part affected, which is looked upon, as one of the beſt and happieſt qualifications of thoſe that are employed on ſuch occaſions. He ſeems alſo to imply, that the practitioners of that time had a peculiar and becoming dreſs, by which they were diſtinguiſhed; and which was tucked up, or thrown back, but not laid aſide, at the time when they performed ſuch operations. At leaſt, ſuch an habit is by Virgil proved for Iapis; and, by that means, ſome addition, as it were, is made to the gravity of his character.

—Ille retorto
Pæonium in morem ſenior ſuccinctus amictu.

Unleſs

Unleſs we will ſay, that this circumſtance was intended to expreſs the extraordinary diligence of Iapis in dreſſing his maſter, without loſing any time, even by laying aſide his habit. I ſhould have thought ſo indeed, if the words *Pæonium in morem* did not ſeem to refer to ſomewhat cuſtomary.

Virgil has otherwiſe taken care to expreſs the diligence of Iapis in attending Æneas, and his ſolicitude in performing the cure. The firſt words, by which he introduces him, are, *Jamque aderat*, &c. He is at the tent, we ſee, almoſt as ſoon as Æneas himſelf; nor does it appear that he was ſo much as ſent for on this occaſion. The rumour of the maſter's wound ſoon reached the faithful and vigilant ſervant; and immediately we find him on the ſpot: *Jamque aderat*. This is not always the caſe of thoſe who excel in the faculty; but wherever it is, it gives a particular luſtre to their character.

The care and anxiety of Iapis in the operation, and his turning himſelf every way to give Æneas relief, are thus in the moſt lively and emphatical manner ſet out:

— Ille retorto
Pæonium in morem ſenior ſuccinctus amictu
Multa manu medica, Phœbique potentibus herbis,
Nequicquam

Nequicquam trepidat, nequicquam ſpicula dextra
Solicitat, prenſatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Nulla viam fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo
Subvenit.—

Several methods of his art, which he employed, are particularly expreſſed; and it is intimated to us, that he employed all, though none ſucceeded. Nevertheleſs he deſiſts not, nor is diſcouraged; but continues his application, till a divine power comes to his aſſiſtance, and bleſſes his honeſt and ſkilful, though hitherto fruitleſs, endeavours:

Hic Venus, indigno nati concuſſa dolore,
Dictamnum genitrix Cretæa carpit ab Ida,
Puberibus caulem foliis, & flore comantem
Purpureo: non illa feris incognita capris
Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæſere ſagittæ.

The moral I would ſuppoſe couched under this part of the relation is, that where human art fails, divine aid begins, whenever the cauſe and the perſon juſtify ſuch an interpoſition. And it is intimated alſo to us, that the gods ſometimes give extraordinary ſucceſs to the preſcriptions of a good phyſician, who is at the ſame time a good man: ſo that it is wiſe in us, when we want the

aſſiſtance of the faculty, to make uſe of thoſe in it who are of this character. It is plain, that Iapis relied not wholly on his own ſkill, but had ſecretly invoked the god of medicine, while he was buſied in the cure. The words,

—Nihil auctor Apollo
Subvenit—

ſufficiently imply it.

This method of practice would now perhaps be thought a little ſingular; nor was it then, I ſuppoſe, very common; ſince the eldeſt and moſt famous profeſſor of the art, Hippocrates, is obſerved, through all his works, to have mentioned τὸ θεῖον but once; and even then it is diſputed by his commentators, whether that phraſe had any relation to the Deity. However, Virgil, we ſee, was not aſhamed to join theſe two qualifications together, the uſe of remedies, and a dependence on the gods for the ſucceſs; and he has done it not here only, but in other places of his poem; particularly, where he mentions Hippolytus, as brought to life by the favour of Diana, and the ſkill of Æſculapius:

Pæoniis revocatum herbis, & amore Dianæ.

Will

Will it be indecent after this, if I once more cite the Son of Sirach's authority to the ſame purpoſe? "There is," ſays he, "a time, "when in the hand of the phyſician there is "good ſucceſs: for he ſhall (not only pre-"ſcribe, but) pray unto the Lord, that he "would proſper what he gives for eaſe and "remedy to prolong life." This, it ſeems, was a notion that prevailed among the Jews and Heathens, as to the practice of phyſic: would it be any diſgrace to us, if it were countenanced a little among Chriſtians? But theſe reflections are perhaps too ſerious. I proceed to thoſe that may be thought leſs exceptionable.

After Venus had ſecretly made the infuſion,

Fovit ea vulnus lympha longævus Iapis
Ignorans.—

Though Virgil repreſents Iapis as knowing and experienced in his art, he thinks not that he leſſens his character by imputing ignorance in the preſent caſe to him. Divine aſſiſtances are unſeen and unfelt at the time they are communicated: they appear only by the effect; which when it

happened, we ſhall find Iapis to be the firſt who perceived and owned it. It is no reproach to his ſkill, that he did not himſelf light on this remedy, and apply it. How ſhould he, when two of the ingredients were ſuch as a god only, at that inſtant, could furniſh, the juice of ambroſia, and the *dictamnum*, or dittany, that grew on mount Ida, and on that mountain only? It ſeems the virtue of that herb conſiſted in applying it green, and in the flower:

—Puberibus foliis, & flore comantem
Purpureo—

in like manner as the wild goats of Crete made uſe of it. Iapis therefore could not poſſibly be maſter of it without the help of ſome divinity. Each way Virgil takes care that the confeſſed ignorance of Iapis ſhould be no blemiſh to him here; as we ſhall find that his own ready acknowledgement of it afterwards does him great honour.

Upon Iapis's continuing to bathe the part, after this infuſion, the cure is performed in an inſtant:

—Subitoque omnis de corpore fugit
Quippe dolor: omnis ſtetit imo vulnere ſanguis.

Jamque

Jamque ſecuta manum, nullo cogente, ſagitta
Excidit—

Three different ſymptoms of this cure are in theſe verſes diſtinctly expreſſed. The pain Æneas felt vaniſhed at once, the blood ceaſed to guſh from his wound, and the arrow itſelf dropped eaſily out of it. It is obſervable how theſe ſeveral effects are adapted to the ſeveral ingredients that were thrown into the bath by Venus. The dittany looſens the arrow; the plant he calls *panacea* removed the pain (for ſo the very derivation of the word implies); and the *ſuccus ſalubris ambroſiæ*, whatever that juice was, helped to ſtanch the blood, and cloſe the wound by its healing quality. So exactly has Virgil made the cauſe and the effect, the remedy and the cure, to correſpond with each other. The iſſue of all is, after the enumeration of theſe ſymptoms, that Æneas's ſtrength was immediately and entirely reſtored:

—Atque novæ rediere in priſtina vires.

This effect was too unuſual and ſudden to flow merely from a natural cauſe, and therefore is added to ſhew that the cure was miraculous; and ſo we ſhall ſee Iapis under-

ſtands and declares it to be, without the leaſt heſitation.

He had been hitherto ſilent while the operation was going forward: nor could he indeed then have ſaid any thing but what was diſcouraging. Now in a rapture he cries out:

Arma citi properate viro—

Arms, and the man who had now recovered his ſtrength to wield them, are terms ſuited to each other: they are thoſe by which Virgil opens his Æneid, and includes in them the whole ſubject of it. He there uſes them in his own perſon; and now, when the action draws to a cloſe, he puts them again into the mouth of his favourite phyſician, who thus proceeds:

— Quid ſtatis? Iapis
Conclamat, primuſque animos accendit in hoſtes.
Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magiſtra,
Proveniunt, neque te, Ænea, mea dextera ſervat:
Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.

From theſe few words, and this ſhort account of his behaviour, many things may be obſerved to his advantage, which Virgil with a maſterly hand has either expreſſed or in-

ſituated, in order to raiſe the character of Iapis, and render it every way amiable and venerable.

His public ſpirit, his zeal for Æneas's ſafety, and affection for his cauſe, are here apparent. What can declare them more, than the abrupt manner of his entering on this honeſt and beautiful expoſtulation?

He ſtays not to congratulate his great patient upon the cure, or to receive the congratulations of others: his concern is only leſt any moment ſhould be loſt; and therefore he addreſſes himſelf immediately to the croud, and reproaches the delay of thoſe who ſtupidly looked on, and forbore to bring the hero his armour. Intent upon the common good, and puſhed by a ſtrong impulſe, he neglects little decencies; and, forgetting his profeſſion, is the firſt to encourage the drooping ſoldiers, and to warm them into a deſire of renewing the combat:

—Primuſque animos accendit in hoſtes.

Virgil plainly intended by this account to tell us, that he was no leſs a good patriot than an excellent phyſician.

His modeſty, probity, and piety, appear at the ſame time to us. He diſclaims all pretences to merit in this cure: he denies that art in general, or that his art in particular, did or could perform it:

Nec hæc humanis opibus, non arte magiſtra,
Proveniunt, neque te, Ænea, mea dextera ſervat.

He acknowledges the interpoſition of a divine power, without which all his own induſtry and ſkill had been fruitleſs; and having, by this means, ſhewn his maſter to be the immediate care of Providence, he fears not to promiſe him and his army ſucceſs in the approaching engagement. The Divinity that ſupplied the means, he was ſure, would accompliſh the work; and therefore is ſo far from being alarmed at the new dangers which Æneas might run, that he puſhes him anew into the midſt of them:

Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.

This is painting to the life, though in miniature; every ſtroke of the pencil diſcovers ſome new feature, ſomething particularly beautiful, in the perſon intended to be drawn. Apollo, Virgil had told us, beſtowed, originally,

nally, on Iapis three arts, in which he excelled:

Augurium, citharamque dedit, celereſque ſagittas.

Though Iapis had intermitted the ſtudy of thoſe arts to purſue that of medicine; yet ſtill we find him poſſeſſed of the two firſt at leaſt, and exerting them here in a very remarkable manner. His ſkill in divination *(augurium)* manifeſts itſelf by his firſt lighting on the cauſe of Æneas's cure, and then foretelling the event of it. His talent for poetry and muſic, which the word *cithara* implies, Virgil has taken care to ſecure to him, by thoſe fine lines he makes him utter on this occaſion, which are as juſt and numerous as any in the Æneid. And as to his knowledge of the *celeres ſagittæ*, there is, methinks, ſome little reference, ſome alluſion, to that gift, in the very nature of the operation, about which he is employed. So that the poet forgets not in the concluſion of this little epiſode (if I may ſo call it) what he had ſaid at the entrance of it. His account of Iapis is throughout conſiſtent, and of a piece. And I may, after this particular examination of it, now ſafely appeal to men of judgement and taſte, whether

whether what I laid down concerning the character of Iapis be not true; that it is certainly one of the moſt moral, beautiful, and perfect, that occurs throughout the poem; and conſequently muſt have been deſigned to repreſent ſome phyſician of note, with whom Virgil was particularly acquainted; and who could that be but Antonius Muſa? Happy he was to be acquainted with ſuch a poet, and ſuch a friend, who knew his worth, and did ſuch juſtice to it, that I perſuade myſelf, if Muſa outlived Virgil, and the edition of his poem (as I think he did), he valued himſelf more upon theſe verſes of his, than upon all the liberalities of Auguſtus.

An endeavour to ſet this point in a true light, was the real occaſion of what I have written; wherein I have alſo intermixed reflections of a different kind as they occurred, and as I judged them uſeful to illuſtrate the art and conduct of Virgil in managing this incident. Some of theſe reflections will, perhaps, be thought too refined, and rather fanciful than juſt. I am apt to think them ſo myſelf, and that I have here and there indulged my paſſion for Virgil, and aſcribed to him

him more than he expreſsly intended. A very pardonable fault in his commentators and admirers! who are ſure to omit ten obſervations that might be made to his advantage, for any one which they ſtart that does not ſtrictly belong to him. However, moſt of the thoughts I advance, have, if I miſtake not, a real and ſolid foundation. Such as they are, they have offered themſelves to me without the help of books, of which I am not now maſter; and if I were, ſhould, perhaps, have choſen not to conſult them; being perſuaded, that the text of great authors, well conſidered, is always the beſt comment on itſelf, and affords the trueſt light towards entering into the ſenſe and ſpirit of them.

The contemners of the ancients take more pains to cenſure than underſtand them. Such reflections as theſe, if well grounded, may contribute to give them juſter notions than they have, of the exactneſs and propriety of Virgil's thoughts and expreſſions, and lead them to peruſe his works with more attention and reverence than they uſually beſtow upon them. For certainly he was a man, who

who with a noble ambition aimed at immortality, and took the trueſt ways to compaſs it. He had always in his eye that important advice of Longinus, given to thoſe writers who deſire to excel: That they ſhould frequently aſk themſelves the queſtion, Πως μετ' εμε ακουσει ὁ αιων, How will ages to come think and ſpeak of me? In this ſpirit, and with this view, he wrote his Æneid. Had he given it his laſt hand, it would, I am perſuaded, have been the nobleſt work that the mind of man by its natural powers (not only did ever produce, for ſuch it now is, but) is capable of producing. That is not the caſe; for he died before he could finiſh it, and laid that diſappointment ſo much to heart, as to endeavour to deſtroy what did not anſwer the idea of perfection he had conceived. There is no room to diſpute this fact; the authorities for it are beyond exception; and it gives us an higher notion of Virgil, than even his poem can furniſh us with; ſince it was, doubtleſs, a greater proof of his ſuperior judgement and genius to reſolve to burn what he had written, becauſe he held it im-

imperfect, than to have been able to compoſe it. We are beholden to Varius and Tucca, that this reſolution was not executed; and poſterity ought ever to be grateful to their memory on that account. What they wrote themſelves is loſt, and loſt, perhaps, by the ſurpaſſing excellence of the poem which they preſerved, and by the extraordinary praiſes which they themſelves (whoſe judgement was then held in high repute) without envy beſtowed upon it.

How different has the fate of Virgil been in our days, when men have tried their reputation on the ruin of his! and, by finding faults with his matchleſs work, to make way for the reception of their own inſipid performances! The ill ſucceſs of the attempt will not, I believe, tempt others to renew it. Theſe, I hope, may be the laſt efforts that ignorance and want of taſte will make on the characters of men, whom the univerſal applauſes of ſo many ſucceeding ages has put beyond the reach of our cenſure, and whom it will ever be our happineſs to admire, and our glory to imitate.

Hæc

Hæc ego luſi
Ad Sequanæ ripas, Tameſino a flumine longè,
Jam ſenior, languenſque, ſed ipſa in morte meorum
Quos colui, patriæque memor, nec degener uſquam *

* Theſe lines (which it is ſaid the Biſhop ſent to a friend with a verſion of Virgil's Georgics) have been thus paraphraſed:

Thus where the Seine thro' realms of ſlavery ſtrays,
With ſportive verſe I wing my tedious days;
Far from Britannia's happy climate torn,
Bow'd down with age, and with diſeaſes worn;
Yet e'en in death I act a ſteady part,
And ſtill my friends and country ſhare my heart.

RE-

REMARKS on Biſhop ATTERBURY'S ESSAY on the Character of IAPIS.

By Dr. PETER TEMPLEMAN.

Phœbo antè alios dilectus Iapis
Iaſides: acri quondam cui captus amore
Ipſe ſuas artes, ſua munera lætus Apollo,
Augurium citharamque dabat, celereſque ſagittas.
Ille, ut depoſiti proferret fata parentis,
Scire poteſtates herbarum uſumque medendi
Maluit ut mutas agitare inglorius artes *.

Æneid. XII. 391.

BISHOP Atterbury, in a letter addreſſed to Dr. Freind, endeavours to point out the perſon that Virgil had in his eye to compliment under this beautiful character of Iapis. But though I admit that he has given ſeve-

* Him Phœbus lov'd, and, burning with deſire,
Gave him his preſcience, ſhafts, and tuneful lyre:
Pleas'd with the youth, the favouring God imparts
His choiceſt gifts, his own illuſtrious arts.
But to prolong a languid parent's days,
Thoſe arts he ſlights, and ſcorns immortal praiſe:
Unknown to fame, explores the ſecret power
Of healing herbs, and ſearches every flower.

ral

ral ingenious reaſons for imagining the poet had a deſign of *ſhadowing* ſome favourite phyſician in this paſſage, yet I can by no means agree that he has pitched upon the right perſon. My reaſons are, That it is certain, at the time Virgil wrote *this*, the young Marcellus was dead; and we learn from Dion Caſſius, that he was killed by Antonius Muſa, who is by ſome ſaid to have *imprudently*, by others to have been *bribed* to deſtroy him, by an improper uſe of the cold bath; and that the phyſician was, in conſequence of it, ever afterwards in the utmoſt diſcredit. Now it is not probable that, at ſuch a time, ſo courtly a poet as Virgil would pay ſo fine a compliment to ſo odious a character as Muſa then had.

That the young Marcellus was then dead, is evident from the ſixth Æneid, where Virgil ſo pathetically laments the death of that prince in lines by much the fineſt of the whole Æneid, beginning,

"O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum," &c.

The part that Virgil took in the general ſorrow for the loſs of that excellent prince, is, as I think, a ſufficient evidence, that An-

tonius Muſa was not at that time one of Virgil's favourites.

Beſides, Iäpis is celebrated particularly for his knowledge in the virtues of herbs; but I do not find that Muſa was any way remarkable for that; his grand ſpecific ſeems to have been the cold bath; and I am afraid, from the ſucceſs he had in the caſe of Auguſtus, he was induced, like our modern quacks, to preſcribe it indiſcriminately to all patients. Horace fell under his hands, and was ſouſed likewiſe in cold water:

" Nam mihi Bajas
" Muſa ſupervacuas Antonius, & tamen illis
" Me facit inviſum, gelidâ cum perluor undâ
" Per medium frigus. Sanè myrteta relinqui,
" Dictaque *ceſſantem* nervis elidere *morbum*
" Sulfura contemni vicus gemit, invidus ægris,
" Qui caput & ſtomachum ſupponere ſentibus
" audent
" Cluſinis, Gabioſque petunt & frigida rura."

Epiſt. I. xv.

Where, by the way, Dacier makes the *ceſſantem morbum* to be the gout, and Sanadon conjectures it to be the palſey or apoplexy; but neither of them are right, for *ceſſantem morbum*

implies no more than a lingering diſeaſe, without being ſpecified at all *.

* The paſſage of Horace has been thus tranſlated by my worthy friend Mr. Duncombe:

"Antonius Muſa's counſel I obey,
Who bids me Baiæ's ſprings no longer uſe.
Me too her ſlighted nymph with envy views,
While in cold ſtreams in Winter's depth I lave.
I now have left her myrtle groves, and wave
With ſulphur fraught; which ſoon, 'tis ſaid, relieves
The lingering gout. The deſert village grieves,
Shunn'd by the ſick, who now at Cluſium dare
To bathe, or fly to Gabium's cooler air."

Muſa was the favourite phyſician of Auguſtus, whom he recovered by the cold bath from a dangerous illneſs. This raiſed his reputation to ſuch a degree, that all the phyſicians at Rome ſhared part of the honours he received, and were ever afterwards placed in equal rank with the knights. He is the celebrated phyſician upon whom Virgil beſtows that beautiful epiſode in the character of Iapis; and who, after he had preſerved Auguſtus in the manner already mentioned, unfortunately deſtroyed young Marcellus by the ſame method. So uncertain is the godlike art of cure!

Earl of CORKE.

After this warning, it is not likely that Horace would have been willing to run the ſame hazard; and therefore we may fix the date of this epiſtle at the beginning of 731, ſix or ſeven months before the recovery of Auguſtus, which happened in the month of Auguſt. SANADON.

I can-

I cannot forbear obſerving, that our two great champions for the cold bath, Sir John Floyer and Dr. Baynard, mention the great cure performed on Auguſtus by Antonius Muſa, and the honours he received on that occaſion; but keep very ſecret the death of Marcellus through the ſame method, which is agreeable to the laudable cuſtom of moſt writers in phyſick, to vaunt loudly the great cures performed by ſome favourite medicine, but carefully to conceal any miſchief or failure in it.

REMARKS, by the EDITOR, on the Editions of ATTERBURY's Diſſertation.

THE hiſtory of the Biſhop's Diſſertation on lapis has been ſomewhat ſingular. It was written, it is well known, when Atterbury was advanced in years, and in a retirement where he was at a loſs for many books which he wiſhed to have conſulted *. Such as it is, however, it was eagerly ſought after, was greatly admired, and copies of it in MS. were multiplied. One of theſe being, in 1737, in the hands of a gentleman of the law, then at Scarborough for his health, was ſhewn to Dr. Ferrari, who tranſcribed it with a view to publication; and accordingly, on his return to London, committed it to the preſs; ſoon after which he accidentally meeting with a correcter copy, the work was ſuſpended, with an intent of printing the whole anew. But Dr. Ferrari being ſeized with a violent and dangerous diſtemper, under which he laboured more than two years, an erroneous copy of the Diſſertation crept into the London Magazine for January 1738; which

* Dr. Warburton's opinion of this Diſcourſe has been mentioned in p. 171.

not

not coming to his notice till 1740, he then ſet about an accurate edition, in 4to, under the title of "Reflections on the Character of "Iapis in Virgil: or, the Character of Antonius Muſa, Phyſician to Auguſtus. By "F. Atterbury, D. D. late Biſhop of Rocheſter. Collated with the Original MS. "To which is added, A Vindication of the "Author for quoting and intepreting a paſſage in Virgil, differently from the common and generally received reading and "interpretation. With a Poſtſcript, and the "Preface, which was to have been publiſhed "ſome years ago, with the Biſhop's Reflections, had not the then intended publication been laid aſide, on account, that "by comparing the printed Copy of the Biſhop's Reflections with the original MS. it "was found to be incorrect and imperfect." Meantime Charles Corbett, the bookſeller, who had been at firſt engaged with Ferrari, finding perhaps there was no other way of repaying his expences, put forth the 8vo edition, with all its errors, under the title of "Antonius Muſa's Character, repreſented by "Virgil, in the perſon of Iapis; a Diſſertation, by F. Atterbury, late Biſhop of "Rocheſ-

"Rocheſter; publiſhed from his Lordſhip's "manuſcript. To which is added, To the "Duke of B[uckingham], on his birth-day, "a poem, 1740;" and prefixed to it the preface tranſcribed, in p. 329.

I muſt ingenuouſly acknowledge, that when I copied the preface, I knew not the ſecret hiſtory I am now relating; but have ſince compared what I have printed with the edition in 4to of 1740, and find little reaſon to regret the not having ſeen it ſooner.

The good-natured reader, in p. 334. l. 2. will place "in" where "of" now ſtands, and in p. 336. will read "lineaments."

The word *dedit* *, which is the foundation of a Vindication of not leſs than thirty-four quarto

*"The word in queſtion is in the fourth verſe of Virgil's paſſage, wherein our Author has *dedit* inſtead of *dabat*, the common reading of the editions. This difference, though at the firſt view it appears to be of no great moment, yet when well examined and conſidered, does not a little alter the ſenſe; taking *dabat* with the current of moſt interpreters for *offerebat* or *voluit erudire*. According to this interpretation, Virgil's meaning would be, that Apollo did only offer, or intend, to inſtruct Iapis in the three mentioned arts, Augury, Muſic, and Darting; or, as others will have, Apollo profered him, or gave him the choice, of any

quarto pages, occurs in p. 341; and, after all, though not the common reading, is authorized by a ſufficient number of valuable copies to juſtify the uſe made of it by the Biſhop.

For the following note in p. 356. l. 15. I am entirely indebted to the 4to publication, not finding it either in the 8vo. or in the eſſay as printed in Dr. Warton's Virgil (which has likewiſe been collated) or in the MS. lent me by Dr. Morice.

"Auctum eſt—Capras in Creta feras, cum eſſent confixæ venenatis ſagittis, herbam quaerere, quæ Dictamnus vocatur; quam cum guſtaviſſent, ſagittas excidere dicunt è corpore. Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. ii. I ſup-

any one of the four arts, Phyſic included, which he choſe preferably to the reſt, on conſideration of his father's ſickly life: ſo that, by this explication, Apollo did not give him thoſe three arts; that is to ſay, Iapis had not at all been inſtructed, and conſequently was ignorant of them: whereas, on the contrary, admitting, with our author, the reading *dedit*, and the interpretation he gives to it, then the ſenſe would be, that Apollo effectually gave him thoſe arts; that is to ſay, Iapis had been inſtructed, and had ſkill in them; though, for the ſake of his father's life, putting them aſide, he preferred Phyſic to be his peculiar application and profeſſion." Dr. FERRARI.

poſe Virgil to have had this paſſage of Cicero in his eye, becauſe I find, that both he and Horace were very well verſed in Cicero's writings, and made uſe ſometimes of his very words; though they were too good courtiers to venture the diſpleaſure of Auguſtus, by mentioning him with reſpect (as they muſt have done, if they had mentioned him at all) in their poems. And yet both had proper occaſions of doing honour to his memory (as I could ſhew) but avoided them."

ADDITIONS and CORRECTIONS

In VOLUME I.

P. 5. l 3, *r.* "Smalridge."—note, l. 5: "Socinian."

P. 9. note, l. 2. *r.* "Buckinghamſhire."

P. 11. l. 2. *r.* "Dr. Lewis Atterbury."

P. 17. I am the leſs ſorry for having placed an abſurd query in this page, as it gives me an opportunity of acknowledging my obligations to Mr. Kynaſton, for the following very ingenious elucidation: "Biſhop Atterbury's Letters have entertained me much. The *fourth* (to his father) and the *fifth* (the father's in anſwer) are great curioſities: highly expreſſive of a ſuperior genius, impatient of the ſhackles of an humble college life; and of the anxiety, together with a mixture of the *ſeverity*, of the paternal character, offended by the querulouſneſs of the ſon, and his diſſatisfaction. The words, 'For was you willing to 'take thoſe pupils the houſe afforded you when 'MASTER,' in the father's letter, ſeem to have led you into a miſtake, ſo as to occaſion the query in page 17. note, 'Qu. Whether Moderator or Maſ-'ter?' as though the latter were the title of 'ſome 'office in the houſe.' All that is meant is this: It is not *uſual* to ſuffer any perſon to take *pupils* before he is *Maſter of Arts*. Atterbury ſeems to me to have applied to the college for *permiſſion* to take pupils whilſt he was *Bachelor* of Arts *only*; and to have been refuſed. After paſſing two or three years more in the college, he THEN ſeems to have thought too *highly* of himſelf, when *now* become *Maſter of Arts*, to take any at all, and to

'be *pinned* down,' as he ſays it is his '*hard luck* 'to be,' to 'THIS ſcene.' His reſtleſſneſs is what appears to have offended his father.

The 'office in the houſe,' therefore, in the ſeventh letter (which you very juſtly, in all probability, attribute to Smalridge) was either that of *Moderator*, or, what I rather conjecture, *Cenſor*. This latter is an office *peculiar* to Chriſt Church. The *Cenſor* preſides over all the Claſſical Exerciſes; and from his correſpondent ſaying, 'I ſup-'poſe you expect to do little good but *upon the* '*Weſtminſters*,' I have ſcarcely a doubt but this was the office alluded to, in which Atterbury had ſaid, 'he was reſolved to BESTIR himſelf.' The mention of the 'Rhetorical part' (of the duty of it) in the concluſion of Smalridge's letter, ſeems to confirm me in this opinion.

As to your query about the 'Maſter,' it can poſſibly mean nothing but the degree of M. A.

The Lecturer's place, about which Smalridge gives direction [for the proper books to be conſulted, in order to render him duly qualified for the diſcharge of it] muſt be that of the catechetical lecture founded by Dr. Buſby; as is evident from the mention of the authors who have written on the Catechiſm, *Nicholſon*, &c. &c."

P. 20. See more of Mrs. Aſtell, vol. II. p. 33.

P. 23. l. *penult*. Strike out "poſthumouſly."

P. 39. Mr. Pope's father, it now appears, was a Hatter in the Strand.

P. 73. note, l. 3. *r.* "ſon moſt dear."

P. 74. note, l. 23. *r.* "ſaid college."

P. 86. note, Q. Whether Curll's Markland was *the ſame* with Jeremiah? or was there *another* J. Markland of Peterhouſe, Cambridge?"

Ib. l. *penult*, *r.* "ſoft boſom."

P. 91. note, l. *ult*. *r.* "April 26."

P. 98. l. 1. The pamphlet was called, "A Letter to Robert Moſs and Thomas Gooch, 1722."

P. 118. Biſhop Atterbury's ſon (of whom ſee p. 61.) was elected from Weſtminſter to Chriſt Church, in 1722, and continued a ſtudent of that college till 1725. His ſiſter was married to Mr. Morice about 1715. Their mother, the Biſhop's lady, was an Oſborn, a diſtant relation to the Duke of Leeds; a great beauty, of little or no fortune, and lived *at* or *in* the neighbourhood of Oxford. She was no way related to Mrs. Smalridge (as ſhe is by ſome ſuppoſed to have been). Mr. Oſborn Atterbury left a widow and five children behind him, two ſons and three daughters: Francis the eldeſt ſon (now D. D.) was educated on the foundation of Weſtminſter, elected ſtudent of Chriſt Church, Oxford, in 1755; in 1768 was appointed by the preſent Archbiſhop of Caſhel (then Biſhop of Cloyne) his Domeſtic Chaplain; in 1770 was collated by him to the dignity of Præcentor in the cathedral of Cloyne; and in 1776 was preſented to the valuable living of Clonmel, or the Great Iſlands, in the ſame dioceſe.

P. 119. l. 21. *r.* "as far as it deſerves."

P. 120. Since letters XLIX. L. and LI. were printed, I have been favoured with the peruſal of a volume of "Treaſonable Letters," once belonging to the late Earl of Macclesfield, and now to Thomas Aſtle, Eſq. which ſerves to ſhew what pains were taken by Government to unriddle the myſteries of the plot in which Biſhop Atterbury was ſuppoſed to have engaged. The volume conſiſts of a conſiderable number of letters, in diſguiſed characters, ſuppoſed to be the correſpondence of Biſhop Atterbury with the Pretender, the Duke of Ormond, Lord Lanſdowne, the Earl of Mar, the Chevalier Wogan, General Dillon,

Jackſon, Carte, Kelly, and others; and in the margin is a key to the various characters: but as the then Miniſters of State judged it proper to ſix on no more than the three letters exhibited in the Houſe of Peers, I do not think myſelf juſtified in copying any others. They are accompanied with ſeveral letters of advice, to the Lords Townſhend and Carteret, from Sir Luke Schaub, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. Crawford, and other reſidents at foreign courts. Prefixed to the whole is the following remarkable examination:

"At the Cabinet Council, May 23, 1722.

Preſent,

The Archbiſhop of Canterbury,
Lord Chancellor,
Lord Preſident,
Lord Privy Seal,
Lord Chamberlain,
Duke of Grafton,
Duke of Devonſhire,
Earl of Berkeley,
Lord Viſcount Townſhend,
Lord Carteret,
Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mrs. Barnes, being interrogated whether ſhe knew of a little dog that was brought from France, anſwered, that a little dog, whoſe leg was broken, was left with her to be cured, by Mr. Kelly; and that the ſaid little dog was not deſigned for her, but for the Biſhop of Rocheſter: That the dog was called Harlequin, a very fine ſpotted dog: That Kelly promiſed her, the ſaid Barnes, to get the dog for her from the Biſhop of Rocheſter, in caſe it did not recover its lameneſs.

Taken and ſigned in the Cabinet Council." JANE BARNES.

* Dennis Kelly died in July, 1749, at his country ſeat at Connaught, in the kingdom of Ireland.

I will

I will now barely (add from the MS. volume) a key to the three letters I have printed, and ſupply in them a few lacunæ in the "State Trials."

P. 120. This letter, directed "To Mr. Chivers," was intended either for Lord Lanſdowne or General Dillon.

P. 121. l. 2. *Hatfield* is interpreted to be Kelly.

P. 125. l. 14. The "former miſmanagement" is ſuppoſed to refer to Gillenborg's negotiation.

P. 127. l. 6, 7. *Mansfield* and *Jacob* were Ormond and the Pretender. The blank in l. 8. ſhould be "the general declarations."

P. 128. l. 19. ſupply "the concert propoſed,"

P. 129. l. 1. ſupply "declarations,"

Ibid. l. 4. This *perſon*, in other places called *Hacket*, was a man of conſequence, much confided in by the Pretender.

P. 130. l. 1. *r.* "gueſſed"—l. 6. *This opportunity* is ſuppoſed to mean the time of the elections; and *the other that may offer before the end of the ſummer*, is probably the time of the King's going to Hanover.

Ibid. l. 11. ſupply "declarations," and l. 19. "theſe declarations."

P. 131. "*melancholy circumſtances*," his wife's illneſs.

P. 170. l. 6. *r.* "Parentheſis."

P. 182. note, *r.* "Mr. Blackwall."

P. 259. Letter CL. ſhould have *no date*.

P. 278. Of Biſhop Atterbury's "Vindication" (which was firſt printed at Paris in 1721, and produced two notable performances, one in "The Free Briton, Dec. 9, 1731," and the other a pamphlet by Oldmixon, improperly called a "Reply,") Dr. Burton ſays, "it is a performance "which muſt pleaſe every judicious reader. A "paper," he adds, "coming from ſuch an hand, "written with ſuch a ſpirit of ſuperiority and "force of reaſon, with the good manners of a "gentleman, as well as the charity of a Chriſtian, "muſt of courſe provoke the cenſures and cavils "of

" of ſome people, who ſeem reſolved to be diſ-
" pleaſed with every evidence brought to ſupport
" the credit of Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory."

P. 294. l. 15. This " Charles Ratcliffe," or Radcliffe, was afterwards taken, and executed on Tower-hill in 1746.

P. 303. " Exquiſite as Atterbury's Latin com-
" poſitions really are," ſays a valuable correſpon-
dent, " I do really think them ſurpaſſed, both in
" *delicacy* and *ſtrength* of ſentiment, and in *purity*
" of ſtyle and diction, *truly Roman*, by his friend
" Smalridge's." Biſhop Newton thus ſums up the character of his predeceſſor in the ſee of Briſtol:

" Biſhop Smalridge died of an apoplexy, at Chriſt
" Church, on the 27th of September, 1719. This
" was truly a worthy prelate, an excellent ſcholar,
" a ſound divine, an eloquent preacher, a good
" writer, both in Latin and Engliſh, of great gra-
" vity and dignity in his whole deportment, and at
" the ſame time, of as great complacency and
" ſweetneſs of manners; a character at once both
" amiable and venerable. *Nemo illum amabilem,*
" *qui non ſimul venerabilem, diceret.* SEN. Epiſt.
" CXV. He was ſo noted for his good temper,
" that ſucceeding Dr. Atterbury in the Deanries
" of Carliſle and Chriſt-Church, he was ſaid to
" carry the bucket wherewith to extinguiſh the
" fires which the other had kindled. But notwith-
" ſtanding his merits, he never attained to any very
" great or lucrative preferments. He had Briſtol,
" the pooreſt Biſhopric in the kingdom, and Chriſt
" Church, the moſt expenſive Deanry, foreigners
" and perſons of quality, who viſit the univerſity
" of Oxford, being uſually recommended to the
" Dean of Chriſt-Church. He was alſo the Preacher
" at the New Chapel in the Broad-Way, Weſtmin-
" ſter,

" ſter, which at that time was frequented by one
" of the beſt and politeſt congregations in town,
" ſeveral families of faſhion and diſtinction living
" then in thoſe parts. He was beſides appointed
" Lord Almoner to Queen Anne, but was removed
" by the miniſters of George I. on account of
" party; though ſurely no man ever exerciſed
" greater candor and moderation than he did to-
" wards all parties and perſons, and is particularly
" commended for it by Sir Richard Steele and
" Mr. Addiſon, in the Tatler *, the latter of whom
" likewiſe makes very honourable mention of him
" in a letter to Dr. Swift, dated from Briſtol,
" Oct. 1, 1718. 'The greateſt pleaſure I have
" met with for ſome months is the converſation of
" my old friend Dr. Smalridge, who, ſince the
" death of the excellent man you mention, is to
" me the moſt candid and agreeable of all Biſhops,
" I would ſay clergymen, were not deans com-
" prehended under that title. We have often
" talked of you; and when I aſſure you he has an
" exquiſite taſte of writing, I need not tell you
" how he talks on ſuch a ſubject.' The authors
" of the Biographia Britannica, from the pretend-
" ed information of a gentleman well known to

* " Favonius, in the midſt of a thouſand impertinent aſſailants of the Divine Truths, is an undiſturbed defender of them. He protects all under his care, by the clearneſs of his underſtanding, and the example of his life: he viſits dying men with the air of a man who hopes for his own diſſolution, and enforces in others a contempt of this life, by his own expectation of the next. His voice and behaviour are the lively images of a compoſed and well-governed zeal. None can leave him for the frivolous jargon uttered by the ordinary teachers among the diſſenters, but ſuch who cannot diſtinguiſh vociferation from eloquence, and argument from railing. He is ſo great a judge of mankind, and touches our paſſions with ſo ſuperior a command, that he who deſerts his congregation muſt be a ſtranger to the dictates of Nature, as well as thoſe of Grace. He abounds with that ſort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the converſation into the violence and rage of party diſputes."

TATLER, N° 73 and 114.

" the

" the family, ſay, that the Biſhop left a widow " and two children, a ſon and a daughter; the " ſon named Henry. But the truth is, he left a " widow and three children; a ſon named Philip, " and two daughters, both ſenſible clever women. " Conſidering the nature of the Biſhop's prefer- " ments, his hoſpitable manner of living, and his " extenſive charities, he cannot be ſuppoſed to " have made ſufficient proviſion for his widow and " family: but it was happy for him and for them " too that ſome time before his death he grew " much into the favour of Caroline princeſs of " Wales, who generouſly procured a penſion of " £. 300. a year for the widow, and a prebend " of Worceſter for the ſon. The ſon was alſo " preſented to the living of Chriſtleton, near " Cheſter, by Sir Roger Moſtyn, and had the " Chancellorſhip of Worceſter conferred upon him " by Biſhop Hough, out of regard to his father's " memory. A ſubſcription too was opened, and " nobly promoted, for the publication of ſixty of " the Biſhop's Sermons; ſome of which, it muſt " be confeſſed, are unequal to the preſs, having " never been deſigned for the preſs; but others " are truly excellent, and worthy of him or any " author. The widow very properly took the " opportunity of addreſſing the dedication to the " Princeſs of Wales, with an humble acknow- " ledgement of the many and great obligations " which ſhe and her family had received from her " Royal Highneſs."

P. 307. l. 2. *r.* " cogendarum."

P. 319. l. 4. *r.* " frequenter."

P. 329. 332, 333. 335. *r.* " Iapis."

END OF VOL.

*** The *Fac Simile* Plate is to face p. 167.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 15 June, 2016